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Atheos, or, The tragedies of
unbelief





REVOLUTIONISTS OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

ATHEOS;

OR,



THE TRAGEDIES OF UNBELIEF.

BY WASHINGTON FROTHINGHAM.

———"ἄθεοι ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ."

EPHESIANS II, 12.

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PREFACE.

IT HAS never been denied, even by its inspired defenders, that Christianity, (viewed, at least, in some of its doctrines,) is attended with certain difficulties. But it will be found, upon a careful examination, that these arise, not from any defect in the system, but from the impossibility of the finite to comprehend the Infinite. They chiefly involve such questions as the decrees of God—the Divine government, and the origin of sin, and other points equally beyond the grasp of the human intellect; and hence affect no essentials. Notwithstanding this, they are urged with such

vehemence by infidel assailants, that one might at first suppose their own schemes to be free from all defect.

In a controversy which has lasted for ages, originality can neither be claimed nor expected; hence the following delineations are only offered as a new feature in the evidence, so long accumulating, from the insuperable difficulties of Infidelity. The Author's purpose is simply to illustrate, by a few striking examples, the well-established truth, that notwithstanding the pretension of infidel philosophy, its adoption and practice can lead only to individual and national ruin.

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“WE are well aware of the diversity of complexion which Infidelity puts on. It looks one thing in the man of science; it looks another thing in the refined voluptuary; it looks still another thing in the common-place railer against the artifices of priestly domination. It looks another thing in the dark and unsettled spirit of him whose every reflection is tinctured with gall, and who casts his envious and malignant scowl at all that stands associated with the established order of society. And lastly, for Infidelity has now gotten down among us to the humblest walks of life, it may occasionally be seen lowering on the forehead of the resolute and hardy artificer, who can lift up his menacing voice against the priesthood; and, looking on the Bible as a jugglery of theirs, can bid stout defiance to all its denunciations.”

CHALMERS' ASTRONOMICAL DISCOURSES.

BOOK FIRST.

THE CHILD BARD

“FAME IS THE SPUR THAT THE CLEAR MIND DOTH RAISE

* * * * *

BUT THE FAIR GUERDON, WHEN WE HOPE TO FIND,
AND THINK TO BURST OUT INTO SUDDEN BLAZE,
COMES THE BLIND FURY, WITH THE ABHORRED SHEARS,
AND SLITS THE THIN SPUN LIFE.”

LYCIDAS.

THE CHILD BARD.

THERE are hours when the soul, weary of the dull plodding of daily life, turns to its secret wells, and is strengthened for new conflict by their refreshing waters. There are hours when one loves to wander through the quaint fields of memory, all fragrant with unfading flowers, whose aroma restores as well as delights. There are hours when the past overcomes us; and, yielding to its spell, we forget both the bodings and blandishments of the future, and become even oblivious of the present.

Such are the hours which we share with that dear companion of our earlier days, as he revives the wanderings of his youth, and renews his pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, in whose church, so quaint and dreamy, he breathed a silent tribute to the departed great.

But there are also hours when the soul moves to the deep wail of unutterable dirges—when, standing by some memorial of colossal woe, the night side of life opens before us its vast expanse, folding us in shadow; while we hear weeping, like that of Rachel over her children, and are overcome by

the sorrows of the great in genius, but greater still in misfortune.

Such are the hours to whose passion we yield, when, having followed the winding Avon far from sweet Stratford, we stand at last in Bristol, fellow pilgrims to the birth-place of Chatterton, and meet in sympathy with that ill-fated one, whom even Shakespeare would have owned as a joint heir of fame.—Such are the hours when we stand beneath the shadow of old Saint Mary Redcliffe—when we pace her hallowed courts, amid the echo of vaulted tombs—when we gaze on her storied marbles, bowing the while, with reverent heart, to the genius of Chatterton, the Child Bard of that ancient church.

Nor was old Saint Mary forgotten when we, not less reverent, wandered through the antique treasures of the British Museum, admiring the friezes from the Parthenon, on the one hand, and the memorials from Pompeii on the other; for amid these witnesses for the past, her name has been inscribed by the pale boy nurtured in her crypt. He, whose solitary feet once paced her cloisters during brief hours of holiday, or amid the long watches of the night, drank in the moonlight through her mullioned windows, or dreamed sad and mysterious dreams, while sleeping beneath some knightly effigy—he, a faithful son, has consecrated her, even in this place of mighty memories. Therefore did we, while wandering through halls and cabinets, gaze with wonder at the Yellow Roll and others of the Chatterton manuscripts. They were once the enigmas of the literary world; and though that enigma be now solved, they still witness for a genius whom in his youth a serpent stung. That genius was THOMAS CHATTERTON, and that serpent was INFIDELITY. And old

Saint Mary gave inspiration to the marvellous boy, who in her courts inhaled the spirit of the past—learning to love dim black-letter parchments, and feeding his morbid yet soaring intellect on the splendors of bygone romance.

The family had for many generations flourished beneath Saint Mary's patronage—for nearly two centuries, indeed, had enjoyed the office of sexton. The spade, the mattock, and all the appointments of sepulture, were bequeathed from father to son, and in the fulness of time they were, in their turn, borne to graves in the midst of those which their own hands had digged; but among these changes old Saint Mary stood the same to all—kind, watchful, and protective, even down to little Thomas, the last of the direct lineage.

In 1748 John Chatterton was gathered to a place of rest in the very scene of his life-long labors, and once more old Saint Mary beheld her sexton laid to sleep with his fathers, and once more her plaint was heard, knelled forth from the dusty tower, as from the depths of a mother's heart. He was the last of that race who held that time-honored office. In four years Thomas Chatterton, his nephew, was also laid in the grave. He was a man of respectable education, the chorister of the cathedral, and master of the free school. In three months after his death, and while desolation was covering her soul with its pall, his widow becomes a mother. A babe is born, to share her bitter portion; and thou, O Saint Mary, the patron of former generations, didst receive the lorn one, as in her widow's weeds she bears the orphan to thy bosom. And thou didst gaze with pity on the marvellous infant, now to be baptised at thine altar, and soon to repay thy patronage with fame.

And yet Thomas was a dull boy, until a sight broke upon

him, which called forth the longings of a soul, in which the past dwelt as by inspiration. In the words of his mother, "He fell in love with the capitals of an old manuscript," and from that hour his dulness vanished.

In his eighth year the lad was consigned to a charity school, where stupidity and severity were exercised, as they were wont to be, in that iron age; and imprisoned in this juvenile penitentiary, and deprived of communion with mother and home, except a few hours of a Saturday or Saints-day, the unfortunate child passed seven years.

Crushing, indeed, upon all that makes boyhood joyous, must have been the nine hours of daily study: dry and hateful tasks, uncheered by kindness, and only relieved by an early bed. Religion, instead of appearing in winning and gentle aspect, here put on the garb of grim formalism; and the tender counsels of a parental roof were changed for cruel punishment, and hardly less cruel discipline. Yet beneath an influence so baleful and withering, a genius was being developed.

There are few scenes which so combine the beautiful and the saddening as the gambols of childhood; for, as one gazes on its ardent joys, he cannot but sigh to think of the possibilities of the future, and its contingencies or certainties of woe. Who can deny that emotion which the meditative Gray has woven into verse?*

"Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little wanderers play—
No thought have they of ills to come,
Nor cares beyond to-day;
Yet see how all around them wait,
The messengers of human fate,

* Ode to Eton College.

And black Misfortune's baleful train;
Oh, shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band—
Oh, tell them they are men.

“These shall the fury passions tear—
The vultures of the mind:
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame, that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care—
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.”

Nor could dame Chatterton have been free from deep anxiety, as she watched the progress of her incomprehensible boy. At ten, his scanty allowance of pocket-money, instead of finding its way to the confectioner, is devoted to the circulating library. Between his eleventh and twelfth years he has made a catalogue of the books he had read, to the number of seventy—principally of history and divinity. Instead of mingling with the games of his companions, he retires at the hour of play with his book; and sometimes, for days together, will seem lost in contemplation. Then, as the spirit works within him, his burning brain coins withering satire, and his soul, proud and gloomy as the imprisoned eagle, pours forth its bitter torrent, until, having been relieved of its burden, it becomes, for a time, cheerful. With such poetic attempts, dating from his twelfth year, began that unhappy literary career, which at eighteen was to end in untimely death.

It was a favorite expression with him, that “God had sent

his creatures in the world with arms long enough to reach anything—if they chose to be at the trouble.”

Often, during holidays, he would retire to a little room, which he called his own, shutting himself in, and forbidding intrusion. Here he would remain for hours, oblivious of meals; and making his appearance, when summoned, begrimed with ochre, charcoal, and black lead. No doubt, even then, the elements of his dramas were taking shape, and Ella and Bawdin were preparing to live on the page which should be traced in the coming leisure of his apprenticeship.

At the age of fifteen, the boy was translated from the school prison to an attorney’s office; and Mr. John Lambert, in consideration of a fee of ten pounds, receives the mysterious apprentice—to board, clothe and instruct him, while the mother is to wash and mend. He is to lodge with the foot-boy—to attend in the office twelve hours per day, and to have from eight to ten in the evening for amusement. These terms appear severe—but they were redeemed by the abundant leisure afforded for his favorite studies of heraldry and antiquities.

Yet the connection was at best infelicitous. Lambert is said to have been both ignorant and imperious, and to have subjected his clerk to insult, because of his melancholy and poetic disposition. He, however, on the other hand, reports “Thomas” to have been “gloomy and sullen”—especially toward the servants. But how could such a mind abide the society of footboys and coachmen? Those fits of sullenness and stupidity of which he was accused—that total abstraction—those intervals of silence, when “with difficulty he could be got to make answer to an inquiry”—as his sister says, “for days he would say very little, and that apparently by constraint”—those moods, wherein he would sit and weep

for hours, without assigning cause—were nothing less than the throes of parturient genius. Hence he was loud in his complaints of Lambert, and he shrunk from the society into which he was cast. If the master tore up his poetry and threw contempt on his muse, but little better could be expected of the rest of the family, and the inspired boy retreated into his own invisible world, and betrayed by scornful smile and curling lip his contempt for his vulgar associates. His mind indeed was growing antique, from the contemplation of Rowley—it was buried among the cobwebs and parchments of past centuries; and visions of ghostly friars, and shaven monks, and stately knights, swept through his feverish imagination.

Yet, as a proof of his industry in the office, there is still extant a folio book of law forms, in his own hand-writing, of three hundred and thirty-four closely written pages; and if he dreamed of mighty deeds of yore, it is evident that he still bore his share of drudgery, impatient though he might have been of such durance.

The first effort which attracted notice, while in the attorney's office, was an anonymous lampoon on his former school-master; it was easily traced to its author, from its identity with the office foolscap, and his sarcastic muse was rewarded by a cuffing from the tyrannical Lambert. But in the course of a year a paper from his pen threw not merely the little school, but all Bristol in a ferment. The new bridge across the Avon had just been completed, and while the public was alive upon the subject, there appeared in Farley's Bristol Journal a fragment, with the date and in the garb of the eleventh century, giving a quaint description of the opening of the old bridge, and the "Fryar's March," with other cere-

monies. So curious a paper could not fail at this interesting moment to command immediate notice—the Journal office was besieged by eager and astonished antiquaries, and the description flew from mouth to mouth, through gossiping and excited groups. But where was the original?—who had discovered it?—where had it lain six hundred years, to be found just when most wanted? All these inquiries were met by the simple fact, as was subsequently ascertained, that the manuscript had been furnished by the attorney's clerk, who no doubt sat laughing heartily the while in Lambert's office. One happy day, at last, for thee, Oh, Thomas the wonderful! thou hast all Bristol in aching curiosity at thy cunning page! The youth was sought out, and the overbearing spirit of his inquisitors—who treated him as a child—developed on his part surprising hauteur; but being afterwards mildly solicited for an account of this strange fragment, he stated that it was one of a number of ancient parchments which a gentleman had employed him to transcribe. We here note his early proclivity to deception; for upon further inquiries, he contradicts himself by stating that he had received the paper, together with some others, from his father, who had found them in a large chest, in the room over the chapel, on the north side of St. Mary's.

A clearer statement is made by Mr. Bryant in his observations on the Rowley poems; from which we learn that over the north part of the church was a muniment room, containing six or seven chests, one of which in particular was called "Mr. Canyng's Cofre." This chest was secured by six keys, which in process of time had been lost. About fifty years previously the locks had been broken under the town authority, and certain deeds of value had been removed; but the larger

portion of the parchments were left. Most of these were subsequently carried off by Chatterton's father, who used them to cover his books. One day the eye of the boy antiquary was caught by the black-letter manuscripts, and he began to question his mother as to what they were, and whence they came. As he examined their contents he told her that he had found treasures; and she states that after that he was perpetually ransacking every corner of the house, and from time to time carried away the fragments by pockets full.

It was from these that the youth pretended to have obtained the "Fryar's March," at the opening of the old bridge. This publication not only startled all Bristol but brought the gifted boy to the patronage of Messrs. Catcott and Barrett, two gentlemen of antiquarian taste. They supplied him with small sums of money as a compensation for some waifs of a strange poem which he produced as the work of one "Thomas Rowley," a priest of the 15th century; but which in reality sprang from the brain of the poor attorney's clerk, and was penned by his ingenious hand in antique cipher.

His sister Mary says that after his acquaintance with these gentlemen his ambition daily increased, and he frequently spoke in raptures of the undoubted success of his plans for future life. Their libraries afforded him a bountiful supply of reading, and on one day he might be found deep in heraldry and antiquities—the next, lost in metaphysical subtleties, or laboring through the problems of Euclid; while music, astronomy, and even medicine were not neglected.

Whatever he attempted was with the deepest fervor and enthusiasm. "He was," says Smith, "always fond of walking in the fields and talking about these manuscripts. 'Come,' he would say to me, 'you and I will take a walk into the

meadow—I have got the cleverest thing imaginable; it is worth a half crown merely to have a sight of it.’ He would frequently lie down and fix his eyes on the church, and seem as if he were in a trance; then on a sudden he would tell me ‘that steeple was burned down by lightning, and that was the place where they acted plays.’”

Says one of his companions: “I well remember Chatterton’s philosophical gravity of countenance, and the keen lightning of his eye;” and his sister adds, that “when in spirits he would enjoy his rising fame,” whose glory chased away the slumbers of boyhood, and fired his genius during the long vigils of moonlight.

That such a mind could ill brook the drudgery of a law office is not surprising. Yet it is lamentable that the imaginative and the ambitious so often spurn the plodding paths which industry opens to wealth, and even to fame, and sink at last under broken pride and disappointment; it is an error which has wrecked multitudes. How long will it be before our high-toned and aspiring youth will learn that literature and labor may go hand in hand, and that plodding toil is the friend rather than the foe of genius? Indeed, some of the loftiest and most brilliant names in our literature have been chained through life to arduous professions. Milton was State Secretary under Cromwell. Talfourd and Warren were laborious attorneys, and sad indeed was the error of the young bard of Saint Mary’s when he despised a similar profession. Had he lived to a riper age, and under happier influences, he would have learned that few find such exquisite delight in the service of the muses as those who court them in the scanty seasons snatched from toil. It was thus that one whose bread was earned by commercial drudgery ex-

changed in leisure hours the ledgers of the India House for the dearer pages of Elia, and conquered the admiration of critics and reviewers for the name and genius of Charles Lamb.

Chatterton's disgust with his condition now constrained him to many efforts to extricate himself. Not content with his correspondence with London booksellers, he ventured an application to Horace Walpole, the would-be Mæcenas of his day. He wrote to the patronising nobleman that treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered at Bristol, and enclosed several fragments, such as had won his fellow antiquaries. These, however, were at once pronounced forgeries by Mason and Gray, whose acumen was superior to that of Catcott and Barret; but Walpole, while convinced of the imposition, "could not," as he confesses, "but admire the spirit of poetry which breathed through the rejected waifs." This attempt upon Walpole brings before us more closely that singular feature in Chatterton's character, the practice of literary imposition. It had, from years of cultivation, become a passion, and one not without a plea. Alas! it was the sacrifice which pride demanded even of truth—it was the secret incense which he offered to the divinity that dwelt within, and it was the only tribute which his genius received, till tribute came too late.

Imposture is with some a gift. 'Such possess, as by instinct, the command of human credulity, and weave at will their net-work of deception. Thus was endowed the Child Bard of Bristol. But Chatterton soared far above mere game upon confidence. His grasp was as great upon the intellect as upon the credulity, and he possessed the arts of compelling history, and heraldry, and romance, and song, to unite in the most sublime deceptions. It was this unheard-of gift, whose

first exercise may have arisen from want or timidity, which now brought forth the boldest of all literary forgeries.

Next to the "Fryar's March," we have that curious and perplexing play upon heraldry, the "De Burghum Arms and Pedigree." It appears that a worthy pewterer of Bristol, whose sign had long borne the name of Burgum, was one day visited by the boy antiquary, with the astounding news that he, so far from being a plebeian artisan, was a seion of a most illustrious house—nay, that the very blood of earls flowed through his veins. The pewterer was at first overwhelmed, but at length yielded to the pleasing tale, and his rising ambition is soon greeted by a number of ancient parchments, rich with blazonry and quartered arms, all submitted to him by the curious lad. The parchments pursued the research from the reign of Charles Second to that of William the Conqueror, where, in "De Burghum, Earl of Northampton," the delighted pewterer finds his ancestor. The De Burghum Pedigree is one of the marvels of heraldry. It fills forty printed pages, and exhibits such a familiarity with the details of that science as must surprise even an expert. Alas! it was a sheer fiction, coined by the attorney's clerk of sixteen, in whose very existence the gauds and blazonry of the peerage were interwoven. The pewterer enjoyed the brief glory of noble blood, so exalted in the view of the plebeian English, until on application to the Office of Heraldry in London for confirmation, the splendid dream was dissolved. These attempts, however, were but the earnest of a loftier effort, in which the very muses should appear in mask, while the young magician of the eighteenth century should summon past ages to reveal their feats and their heroes before awe-smitten antiquaries.

And now in rapid succession appeared the "Rowley Poems,"

those great enigmas, which so intensely vexed the literary world, long after their hapless author was mouldering in a pauper's shell.

The attorney's clerk had created the august myth of Thomas Rowley, priest and bard of Bristol, in the fifteenth century. His works, embracing poems and dramas of rare power and sublimity, had been hitherto lost to the world. Age after age they had lain in the chambers of old Saint Mary's, their beauties ruthlessly buried in the mysterious *cofre* amid mouldering parchments. In presenting this startling discovery, the youth never produced the original manuscripts, except in occasional fragments, whose antique text sustained the interesting story. They appeared in the clear copies which he wrought from that mass of parchments, whose damp and blackened pages were only shown to a select few.

Among the poems now produced in rapid succession, were the "Parliament of Sprites," and "The Tournament," a series of stately scenes from the days of England's chivalry, with knightly jousts and thrilling deeds of arms. Then came "The Death of Sir Charles Bawdin," a ballad of heroic character, yet breathing the most exquisite tenderness. The next is "Ella, a Tragical Interlude," which indicates a high degree of dramatic genius. Following these is "Godwin, a Tragedy;" and after some shorter but not less brilliant productions, we have "The Battle of Hastings." Thirteen hundred lines are filled with vivid combats and episodes illustrating that famous field. Had we space for extracts we might show, as has well been remarked, "that that afflatus which is vainly sought for in the multitude of elaborate prize poets was the daily breath of the marvellous boy,"* and though bare sixteen, he is not

* Blackwood's Magazine.

far behind the "blind old man of Chios' rocky isle," in the Homeric poetry of action.

Says Gardner, one of his associates, "I heard him once affirm that it was very easy for a person who had studied antiquity, with the aid of a few books, which he could name, to copy the style of the ancient poets so exactly that the most skillful observer should not be able to detect them;—'no,' said he, 'not even Mr. Walpole himself.' Once I saw him rub a piece of parchment with ochre, and afterwards rub it on the ground, saying that was the way to antique it—afterwards he crumpled it with his hand; he said it would do pretty well, but he could do it better if he were at home."

His sister Mary says, "My brother read me the poem on the church; after he read it several times, I insisted on it that he had made it—he begged to know what reason I had to think so; I added, his style was easily discovered in that poem; he replied, 'I confess I made this, but don't you say anything about it.'"

On the other hand, Mr. Thistlewaite, his friend, who never doubted the authenticity of Rowley, says, "During the year 1768, at divers visits I made him, I found him employed in copying Rowley, from what I then considered, and do now consider, as authentic and undoubted originals. By the assistance he received from the Glossary of Chaucer, he was enabled to read, with great facility, even the most difficult of them. Among others I remember to have read several stanzas copied from the "Death of Sir Charles Bawdin," the original of which then lay before him. The beautiful simplicity, animation and pathos that so abundantly prevail through the course of that poem made a lasting impression on my memory."

And these flights, which so long commanded the wonder of critic and antiquary, were the office reveries of the attorney's clerk, before his seventeenth year! In that office he had found an old copy of Camden's *Britannia*, and from a bookseller he obtained a loan of a black-letter Chaucer; by means of these and other volumes he clothed the plain English of his muse with the venerable garb and quaintness of the past.

Absorbed in his epics, we find all things made subservient to its progress. His diet was voluntarily straitened, and when his mother would tempt him with a hot meal, his reply was "he had a work on hand, and must not make himself more stupid than God had made him."

And his sister reveals the economy of his time: "He seldom slept," says she, "and we heard him say that he found he studied best toward the full of the moon, and would often *sit up all night and write by moonlight.*"

In the meantime these peculiarities became the subject of remark. His pride was excessive; for days together he would scarce utter a word—entering and departing his master's house without addressing one of its inmates, and occupying his stool in the office with no notice of his fellow clerks, save a smile of contempt. His fits of absence and abstraction were so remarkable that it was the general impression that he was going mad, especially as he would often look one in the face without speaking, or seeming even to see him for a long time.

Madness, indeed! it was the convulsions of imprisoned genius—its struggles for emancipation and life! There, in his drawer, lay the mysterious sheets of Rowley, in which he found his true existence—and these, of which he hardly dare speak, and still less claim, were crying for birth.

These were the secret of those abstractions which had made him, while yet a lad, the marvel of Bristol. O, charmed boy! what dreams are those which pour their magic stream through thy throbbing brain? The moon has cast its silver radiance on the dark mantle of night, bathing all nature in witching loveliness. Sleep flies the brow crimsoned with Promethean fire; he springs from his lowly pallet, and paces down the silent street until once more he faces old St. Mary Redcliffe. She smiles upon him—a blessed mother, all genial with the moon’s sweet lustre, and shimmering in the solemn noon of night. He walks her aisles—all is peaceful—yet all is life. He gazes on the monuments until the sculptured forms descend and unfold their quaint and thrilling history. The moon hath filled St. Mary with its radiance, dim, holy and inspiring. All things dance together in his reeling brain. Oh, what dreams are these which now pour their magic stream through the fevered intellect! He sees the saintly form of Rowley, all venerable with years—with cowed monks and melodious choirs laying St. Mary’s corner stone. He sees the stately fane slowly ascend, until crowned by the fulness of its primal beauty it is consecrated amid clouds of incense and bursting chaunts and the hushed breathings of the adoring multitude.

He dreams! behold the stately tournament—gorgeous banners flout the sky, gentle dames of queenly beauty grace the terraced seats, while knights, armed *cap-a-pie*, prance through the spacious field. It is a vision of old England’s chivalry efflorescing in all the splendor of romance; each champion, in burnished steel, announced by herald’s blast, casts down his defiant glove, which, when caught upon some spear, bids their ramping steeds rush to the tilt, beneath the glance of lady love.

He dreams! and from the tomb which six centuries has sealed, a mien of lofty sorrow appears to renew appalling woe—it is Harold, gory with his own blood. Now Hastings' field repeats its fatal defeat; now the dawn beholds the serried squadrons, in all the pomp and circumstance of war—now they press to the charge—the air is rife with shouts and groans and the clang of ringing steel—then the cloth-yard shaft wings in hurtling clouds, till at last night hides the lost battle in agonies of shame and despair.

He dreams! the bursting brain cries for relief—and there, beneath the moon's cold beams, he sits upon the chill marble slab; now the grey eye flashes and the brow expands—the dream shall live, and thus inspired, he fills the enchanted page.

Such was the Child Bard of Bristol, and we cannot wonder that in the sublime self-consciousness of genius he should chafe for a wider sphere, or that his deathless ambition burned for the mastery in the great centre of the literary world. Indeed, he who had conquered the style and antiquities of the fifteenth century, and clothed in that undetected garb his splendid dreams, might well aspire to name and rank even in thronged and tumultuous London.

But we have viewed Chatterton not so much in respect to intellect as to infidelity; and here for the first time we are compelled to meet this fatal element in his character. When he received the seeds we cannot learn, but they had sprung up to an early maturity.* In 1769, while but in his seventeenth

* There is a great deal of infidelity in young people, and you have many of them about you. Tell them from me that I have read a great many sceptical books—ancient and modern, of all sorts. It is all very fine, but fallacious; they are very plausible, but can give no consolation in a dying hour.—*Dying Words of Dr. Gordon, of Hull, to his Pastor.*

year, it appears from a poem on "Happiness," addressed to Mr. Catecott, that his mind was thoroughly poisoned; "heaven send you," he writes, "the comforts of Christianity—I ask them not, for I am no Christian." At that day, infidelity was deplorably fashionable—to profess even a nominal Christianity, was to incur peril of public contempt, and might reasonably have been viewed as a social martyrdom. Indeed, Bishop Butler states, in the preface to "The Analogy," that "religion had at that day ceased to be discussed, and was commonly viewed as an exploded affair." The gentry and the nobility held serious matters in polite indifference; and if urged upon the subject, pointed significantly to their book shelves, where Bolingbroke and Shaftesbury represented the end of all controversy. The world of art and letters breathed the same spirit, and the famous literary club, with its Garrick, Reynolds, Langton, Beauclerk, Goldsmith and Johnson, had few, besides the last, to resist the broad current of unbelief. Even the historic pen, in the hands of Hume and Gibbon, subserved error. Poetry too, seemed spell-bound to the same evil service, and the author of the "Essay on Man" was the acknowledged rhymers of Deism. How Johnson was preserved from a similar perversion, while breathing year after year so poisoned an atmosphere, is one of the wonders of Grace.

Yet, though it may find occasional apologists in the ranks of science and learning, it is nevertheless true that infidelity is generally the disease of the immature mind. It may sometimes cling to the cultured and æsthetic, but it will more often take root in the half-formed intellect of youth. It stands allied to its baser passions, and it boasts of the false glory of a specious liberty as it rejects truths which chain the mind to sobriety and decorum.

A little learning is a powerful stimulant to vanity, and vanity is a fitting soil for the foul seed of error. Let but the malignant flippancy of Voltaire, or the sophistry of Hume, or the coarse lampoons of Paine be broadcast there, and the quiet truths of Christianity will be strangled for a time, and perhaps forever. As scepticism and licentiousness are closely allied, it is not surprising that the absence of a pure religious sentiment had degraded English literature to a hideous depth of obscenity. There were but few popular writers whose pages would not at the present time be rejected on this score. Churchill, the leading wit of the day, was an apostate clergyman, and penned the filthiest though most pungent of satires; while the "Essay on Woman," by John Wilkes, was burned by the hangman. Fiction too, as well as satire, derived its interest from licentiousness; for this was the zest which could redeem dulness, and which found universal market. Thus, the "Town and Country," a popular monthly, owed its success mainly to that episode of adultery, which with portraits of each party, under the title of *tete-a-tete*, garnished every number. Such being the public taste, we are not surprised, while we deeply regret, that the splendor of Chatterton's genius is occasionally marred by this revolting feature.

But far more deplorable even than this, is that error which now casts upon us its shadow. One of the first fruits of infidelity is contempt of life, and an unnatural proclivity to self-slaughter. It appears that, even while living with Lambert, Chatterton had intimated a design of suicide. Lambert could not believe his clerk to be in earnest, until he one day found a paper which had been carelessly left upon the desk, entitled "The Last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton."

In this the writer expressed his design of committing suicide the following day. For this offence he was dismissed by the attorney, after having been in his service three years. Lambert also found on Chatterton's desk a letter addressed to the benevolent Mr. Clayfield, containing a touching statement of his distresses, and closing with the assurance that, by the time it should be received, its author would be no more. This was sent to Mr. Barret, one of the poor clerk's sincerest friends, who visited him without delay, and urged upon him the horrible turpitude of suicide. The next day he received the following reply:

“MR. BARRET.—SIR: Upon recollection, I dont know how Mr. Clayfield could come by his letter. In regard to my motives for the supposed rashness, I shall observe that I keep no worse company than *myself*. I never drink to excess * * * and have, without vanity, too much sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of iniquity. No! it is my pride—my damned, native, unconquerable PRIDE—that plunges me into distraction! You must know that 19-20ths of my composition is pride. I must either live a slave—a servant, to have no will of my own—no sentiments of my own, which I may freely declare as such, or DIE! Perplexing alternative! but it distracts me to think of it. I will endeavor to learn humility, but it cannot be here. What it may cost me on the trial, Heaven knows.

“I am your much obliged, unhappy, serv't,

“T. C.”

In the dark catalogue of crime there is none which so completely appals us as self-murder. Our social laws have

visited it with deep and lasting stigma, and sorrowing nature revolts at the hideous thought.

“For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e’er resigned—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?”

And yet suicide has its apologists, and we might almost say its advocates; but they are only to be found among those who either never knew the power of Christianity, or who, having abandoned it, have plunged into shipwreck. Hence it is a distinctive feature in modern infidelity, as it was in ancient paganism, that it pleads for this unnatural deed. Hume, whose pen was so ready and so gifted in the service of error, here enjoys a miserable distinction, for few have labored with equal zeal to prove that suicide is not inconsistent with our duty and welfare. Like one “who scatters firebrands, arrows, and death, and then says ‘am I not in sport,’” his desire seems to have been to speak plausibly of a deed, from which he shrunk, even while exciting others to its performance. We shall not here quote or review his fallacies, as they are made a distinct theme in another part of this volume, but simply refer to that common plea in defence of suicide, that one may do as he will with his own; or in other words, that an existence imposed without consent may be laid down without guilt. In this brief expression there lurks a monstrous fallacy. As to the right of one to do with his own as he will, without respect to the common good, or above all to the glory of God, we deny it. No such right inheres in man. Whether the trust be power, or wealth, or intellect, or simply existence, its holder is bound on the one hand to resist its

perversion, and on the other to improve it to highest good. Above all, should life be sacred to its possessor, since it is the most exalted of God's gifts, both in character and in purpose. It is true that sin has done so much to blast human existence that sometimes it becomes a drear and protracted experience of privation, disappointment, and pain. How often, indeed, does hope spring up only to be crushed, and joy bloom only to be withered, until at last every step in life's journey has become an agony! Yet a serious view of this most serious question is sufficient to convince that no suffering, however appalling, can justify suicide.

Sorrow may wrap its shroud-like embrace about the hapless soul, and nature may sink in the conflict which convulses it, until at last death shall appear the highest boon—yet even at such an awful crisis Christianity affords a power of endurance, through which the unfortunate, instead of collapsing into suicide, may rise to the loftiest attainments of character. And thus patience, and submission, and the joy of a chastened soul, may find new life, even in the horrible pit and miry clay where others have perished. Yet suicide has been garnished by some with a meretricious heroism, and even applauded under the title of “a Roman death.” Yet will any one who understands true heroism apply the term to such a deed, or even offer a similar violence to the lesser word “courage?” Courage, to flee a world which one should conquer—to desert a post which should be defended to the last! Shall we call this courage? If so, what is cowardice?

Among the different causes of suicide we may yield prominence to the shallow and defective education of the day, peculiarly in its moral aspect, through which the showy, the specious, and the fashionable are made paramount to good

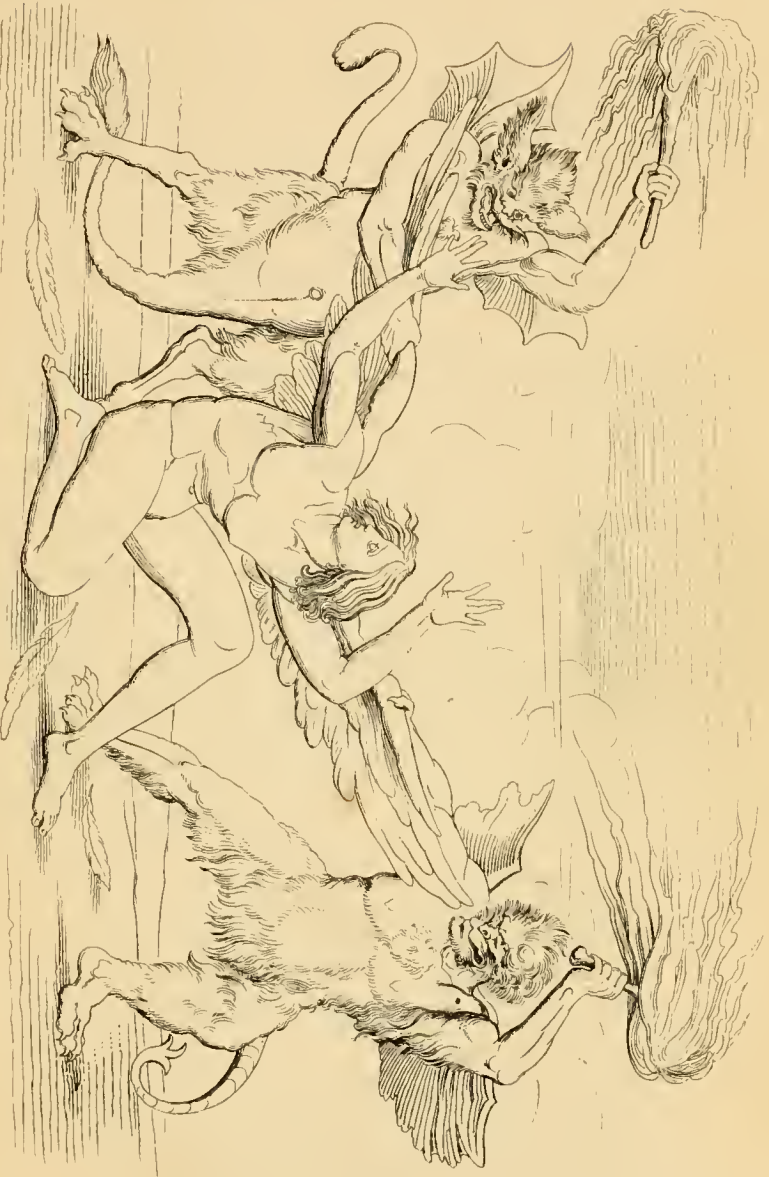
sense and piety. Can it be wondered that those who are hurried into life's battle, destitute of that preparation which arises from moral culture, should often perish, like Saul, amid hopeless defeat? Spiritualism also has wrought desperate mischief in the history of the unfortunate, as has often been proven at inquests held over the dead. To this we may add the more fearful word, Remorse. A darkened yet devouring conscience, unpurged by atoning blood, has driven many, like Judas, to self-destruction. Chief among such terrible examples there stands that of Lord Lytton—the gifted, yet abandoned—the nobleman by birth, but by habit the scourged and degraded slave of sin. This miserable man, having determined on suicide as a last refuge from the horrors of the accuser within, shrouded the deed (no doubt for his family's sake) in the mystery of that vision, whose details are familiar to most of our readers. Let those who, like him, set laws, both social and divine, at defiance, and rush madly into vice and crime, remember that they are day by day arming an array of furies which, at the voice of conscience, shall in each one renew the dark history of Orestes. Byron, who at times writhed with the memory of crime, contemplates a fate which we wonder that he escaped, in the following terrible picture:

“The mind that broods o’er guilty woes
Is like to scorpion girt with fire—
The circle narrowing as it glows,
Till inly searched by thousand throes,
And maddening in its ire,
One and sole relief it knows—
The sting it nurtured for its foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain—

Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
He darts into his desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion, girt by fire.
So writhes the mind remorse has riven—
Unfit for earth—undoomed to Heaven.
Darkness above—despair beneath—
Around it flame—within it death.”

Socialism, also, has proven a fruitful source of self murder—as stated in the able speech of the Bishop of Exeter, before the House of Lords—in which many cases were cited as arising from the prevalence of the doctrines of Owen and his associates. One of these was as follows: A certain apprentice, after frequently attending the socialist meetings, was one day found dead—two bottles of poison and four letters lay by his side; one of the latter was addressed to his father, another to his employer, and another to the jury who might hold inquest. The last contained his creed, in which he affirmed his belief that “the Bible was the most dangerous book ever written, and if such a person as Jesus Christ ever lived, He was the weakest man he ever heard of.” He denied all belief of a place of future retribution—considered apprenticeship slavery, and preferred a brief pain to six years of servitude.

The following incident will present these truths in a still stronger light. A zealous infidel circulated several hundred copies of Paine’s works among his acquaintance. The “Age of Reason” was in this way received by a young governess. In a few weeks the members of the family observed in her a marked change of character and appearance. She expressed great unhappiness, but refused to disclose the cause, and at



REMORSE

after Reizsch.

Gift of C. Fischer book.



last sunk into a state of extreme dejection. Her lifeless body was afterwards found with marks of suicide, and a paper which had been left in her desk gave reasons for the deed. It stated that from the moment she read the above mentioned volume her mind had become unsettled—her former religious impressions were undermined, and in proportion as the views of Paine had taken possession of her she had become miserable, until, from a belief that death was annihilation, she had rushed into its embrace *to escape present distress*.

We may therefore easily judge of the fearful influence which Infidelity must have exerted on the morbid intellect of the young poet; and it was in a frame to which suicide had become congenial that he prepared to forsake Bristol and cast himself upon the tender mercies of the great metropolis. This, too, was at a time when the best intellects of England could hardly win bread, and the world of literature was but a slough of despond. Goldsmith, the gifted and the popular, was with much ado holding off the bailiff; and even Johnson had but lately escaped that extreme destitution which embittered his best years.* There was at that time hardly such a

* "When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown.

* * * * *

Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee;
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause a while from learning to be wise—
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail:
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

JOHNSON.

thing as popular literature, for the masses, rude and unlettered, uttered no demand for mental pabulum; even Shakespeare and Milton were but little known in the land of their fame, and the limited class of general readers was made up of politicians, students, and a few of the nobility. Indeed, without the patronage of the latter an author could hardly expect publication; and at the levees of the peerage, amid pimps, gamesters, and money-lenders, might often be seen the wan visage of some writer, seeking the privilege of a dedication.

This low state of Belles Lettres can only be accounted for by the absence of an active religious sentiment, the consequent decline of education, and the inevitable degradation of the public mind. But be that as it may, it is evident that in the reign of George the Third British literature had sunk to its lowest ebb. Disappointment and inevitable penury were the author's portion. The splendid success of modern genius could not have entered the wildest reveries of that hapless class which was supposed to inhabit Grub street. The great world of periodical literature had hardly a beginning. The "Gentleman's Magazine," with its archæological scraps, and verses beneath the dignity of a boarding school, was kept afloat by the energy of Cave, and this with the "Town and Country," "The Monthly Critic," and one or two others, equally weak, held the place now occupied by British and American reviewers. High-minded criticism was as yet unknown, and the loftiest walk of fiction led through spectre-haunted castles, and mysteries such as those of Udolpho.

And yet, amid this puny generation, an occasional giant towers before us; and we are startled as we meet the author of the unanswerable "Analogy," and the impassioned and

melting Whitefield—the one as unapproachable in argument as the other was in eloquence; while another of the same colossal proportions, with his slouched and snuffy raiment—his twitching countenance and huge, ungainly form, was just emerging from the obscurity of Bolt court, to be lionized at Thrale's, and to astonish the diners-out of London by his table talk. And, unseen by the public eye, though it agonised for the sight—hidden by that veil which even a century has been unable to remove—there was still another, who combined the Titan and the Ariel—plucking secrets from the hearts of diplomatists and kings, and then, through Woodfall's columns, thundering at the very doors of Court and Parliament, until royalty itself trembled at the mighty name of Junius.

Chatterton's advent to London opened a door of hope. He had previously published a few articles in the "Town and Country Magazine," and in his correspondence with the booksellers of the metropolis he had received many promises. But beside this, the past held before his eager gaze one towering example, which could not but fire his ambition anew, and cheer him on to the field for which he chafed. Two centuries before, a youth from the banks of his own Avon, had in that same London achieved fame, and why not he, who owned no lower rank in creative power? Two centuries before, famished and forlorn, his feet had trod those very streets, in search of food and shelter. Two centuries before, he had won his bread upon the playhouse boards—yet at last the vagrant youth, and the humble player, had gained the loftiest niche in the temple of fame, and now held court with universal homage. And what were two centuries in the annals of the great? True, the Globe was gone, and so were the Tudors and their court, who there saw Hamlet's author flit as Hamlet's ghost.

Old London, too, had been purged by conflagration, and the new city had spread to enormous size. But how much greater now the field, and more glorious the victory? And why should there not be another Bard of Avon to win the world's regard, and why should her waters deny to Bristol's son that inspiration they had yielded to the boy of Stratford?

Nor had Shakespeare himself such earnest of success; indeed, what could he offer at sixteen to compare with the gorgeous dreams of Rowley—and one who at so early an hour had given birth to these, what might he not dare in riper years?—for what power has time to stop the flow of Helicon, or hush the midnight wail of the tragic muse?

In April, 1770, Chatterton took farewell of his native city, from which he had never before wandered, save through her rural precincts, and the lumbering coach soon landed him

“In London—that great sea, whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.” *

His first letter to his mother is buoyant with hope, and it would seem that joyous day-dreams swept through his soul, as for the first time he walked the streets which once echoed to the tread of Milton, and Pope, and Spenser, and Shakespeare—to him, indeed, as well as to them, should critics and booksellers bow. O heart, so fondly feeding upon self-created homage, these future splendors are but the offspring of thy brain—baseless as thine own myth of Rowley, and soon, like the mirage, to fade before the desert's burning waste! Indeed, such an alternative seems at times to have cast its forboding shadow. Like one who had staked high,

* Shelley.

he had prepared desperately for the event of failure. Thus he replies to Thistlewaite's inquiry as to his plans: "My first attempt shall be in the literary way—the promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectations, find myself deceived, I shall turn methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised; but if that too fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol."

The following extracts from his letters present the glowing pictures which in his brighter moments he sketched for his beloved mother. They witness for the tenderness of one, who, while he soared so far above the tame details of common life, had not forgotten its humblest duties, and who, while drinking deeply of the Pierian spring, still thirsted for the sweeter streams which flow from a home and a mother's heart. And while we admire the creations of that genius, now exalted before us, we more devoutly honor the filial affection which enriched it, and which added even a higher nobility than that of intellect.

"LONDON, May 6, 1770.

"DEAR MOTHER :—I am again settled—and such a settlement as I could desire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine, and shall engage to write a history of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect! Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings, since I first corresponded with the booksellers here. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of me could not be the writings of a youth * * * I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee House, and know all the geniuses there—a character is now unnecessary—an author carries his character

in his pen. Bristol's mercenary walls were never destined to hold me; there I was out of my element—now I am in it. London! good God! how superior is London to that despicable place, Bristol. Here is none of your little meannesses—none of your mercenary securities, which disgrace that miserable hamlet. * * * The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers; without this necessary knowledge the greatest genius may starve—with it the greatest dunce may live in splendor.”

Again:

“LONDON, May 14.

“Matters go on swimmingly. Mr. Fell having offended certain persons, they have set his creditors on him, and now he is in the King's Bench. I am bettered by this accident. His successors, knowing nothing about the matter, will be glad to engage me on my own terms. * * * Last week, being in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard task for me,) with a young gentleman from Cheapside, partner in a music store—the greatest in the city. Hearing I could write, he desired me to write a few songs for him. * * These he shewed to a doctor in music, and I am invited to treat with this doctor on the footing of a composer for Ranelagh and the Gardens. *Bravo, hey boys! up we go!* Beside the advantage of visiting these expensive and polite places gratis, my vanity will be fed by the sight of my name in copper plate, and my sister will receive a bundle of printed songs—the words by her brother.”

Again:

“TOM'S COFFEE HOUSE, May 30.

“DEAR SISTER:—There is such a noise of business and politics in the room, that my inaccuracy in writing is highly excusable.

My present profession obliges me to frequent places of the best resort. * * * I employ money now in fitting myself fashionably and in getting into good company. * * * But I have engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a Lord, (a Scotch one indeed) who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookselling branches. I shall have lodging and boarding, genteel and elegant, gratis. * * * I will send you two silks this summer, and expect in answer to this what colors you prefer; my mother shall not be forgotten. My employment will be writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers, the beginning of next winter. * * * Essay writing has this advantage, you are sure of constant pay, and when you have once wrote a piece which makes the author enquired after, you may bring the booksellers to your own terms."

These letters exhibit an ecstasy of hope—a delirium of expectation, into which no doubt or contingency could penetrate. The golden atmosphere of the future could only change to increase in brilliance. "Mr. Wilkes knew him by his writings;"—"occasional essays will more than support him";—"Ranelagh and the gardens;"—"his vanity fed by his name in copper plate," etc. Thus the witchery of the dream has fully possessed him, and amid its charmed scenery he beholds his name shooting like a star to the zenith. But ah! amid all this sweet illusion, does not his path traverse an unseen precipice? Aye—and when did hope so quickly end in ruin? We gaze aghast at the downward course—impotent to save—and ere he fall we read with unbidden tears the record of gushing generosity which proves his filial affection. The humble home of his childhood was still paramount, even amid the splendid sights of London, and he lived

in that anticipated hour when its little circle should share the glory of his name.

Thus he writes again: "Dear mother, I send you in the box six cups and saucers, with two basins for my sister. If a china tea pot and cream pot are in your opinion necessary, I will send them, but I am informed they are unfashionable. Be assured that whenever I have the power my will wont be wanting to testify that I remember you. N. B.—I shall forestall your intended journey, and pop down upon you at Christmas."

Again—"DEAR SISTER, I have sent you some china and a fan—you have your choice of two. I am surprised that you chose purple and gold. I went into the shop to buy it, but it is the most disagreeable color I ever saw—dead, lifeless, and inelegant. * * * Be assured that I shall ever make your wants my wants, and stretch to the utmost to serve you." * *

Again—20th July: "DEAR SISTER, I am now about an oratorio, which, when finished, will purchase you a gown. You may be certain of seeing me before the first January. * * * Almost all the Town and Country Magazine is mine. I have a universal acquaintance; my company is courted every where, and could I humble myself to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now. But I must be among the great—state matters suit me better than commercial. * * * I have a deal of business, and therefore must bid you adieu. You will have a longer letter from me soon, and one more to the purpose."

Here terminates the correspondence of the unfortunate boy—presenting in terrible contrast the glowing enthusiasm of hope, and the dark shadow of despair, about to fall upon his wretched head. Within one month from the date of the

last epistle the splendid bubble burst, and the enchanted youth awoke amid the gnawings of poverty and the horrors of unsoothed disappointment. Within one month he "who enjoyed a universal acquaintance, and who could not humble himself to go into a compter," is a hungry applicant at the shop of some haughty bookseller. In that brief episode of London life, from May to August, were crowded the agonies of a lifetime. He had dreamed of the poet's laurel, but he was fain to abandon the muse and seek bread by writing tales for magazines, and squibs for politicians, and burlettas for the theatre. Yet even this degradation of the most splendid dramatic powers of the age availed him not—the promises of the booksellers proved worthless. A few shillings, received from time to time, for these pieces, kept him from starvation; but the eagle genius was unable to win the bread which filled the laborer and the artisan to the full. His entire receipts, during his four months in London, appear to have been but £4. 15s, and at the time of his death the booksellers were in his debt eleven pounds—a sum doubly earned, and then cruelly withheld. And he who for years past had consorted with high tragedy—who had held court among the mighty dead, and who thought to conquer the world's admiration, now writhes in the torments of shame, and sinks among the pauper swarm of Grub street!*

* "I remembered, in crossing Westminster Bridge, that the poet Crabbe walked on it all night, when in distress, and his last shilling expended. Here it was that Otway perished of hunger, and starved Chatterton by poison. And these were the very streets which Richard Savage and Samuel Johnson had so often walked, from midnight to morning, having no roof under which to find shelter."—HUGH MILLER.

And pride too must fall! the last unconquerable passion of that lofty soul. O pride, thou sin of genius! thou canst not bow before the dark array of misfortune—no, never! Therefore well spoke the serene Wordsworth:

“I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy—
The sleepless youth—that perished in his pride.”

And thus we are prepared for the next—the fatal step. Infidelity has taught the youth the art of suicide, and having destroyed hope, now urges him to the deed. He is alone, wrestling with a mighty temptation. It is an hour of unutterable darkness, and his powers are dried up in the grasp of his dread antagonist. Clouds, murky and death-laden, have enshrouded him, and beneath yawn billows, black with despair. He gazes wildly around, and sees himself disowned of earth. The world casts out the chosen son of genius, while it pampers the boor and the profligate—he bursts away, with one desperate act—never more to be retrieved—and asks of that vile world but to hide him from its sight!

* * * * *

There is a temptation—weird and bewildering—of which the soul fears even to speak, for the lips lose their power while it weaves its terrific snare. Oh, how the voice of Nature beseeches utterance, yet to no fond companion may it be unbosomed, and day after day is the heart consumed with the agonizing conflict!

There are few of adult years who have not wrestled with that dark enemy, whose name is suicide; there are few who have not felt, in hours of keen agony—in hours of bereavement and desolation—that death were to be sought as hid

treasure. Even as we write the waking vision comes before us, so often realized in the history of the unfortunate. Let us look and sigh, but let us also learn. He walks the midnight street, but midnight is not so dark as the shadow on his reeling brain. His step is quick and nervous, yet fast as he may stride, he cannot out-march the horrid thought which haunts each burdened moment. "O life, thou bitter cup! thou heavy load! how art thou best escaped?" And the fell sisterhood of Temptation ply their enchantment. O, what blissful treachery, that charms one with promised draughts of oblivion—with visions of coral caves in ocean's bosom, which yield surcease from grief and toil—with thoughts of turf graves, whose peace is broken only by the zephyr's sigh, and where all the hurly-burly of life's battle is hushed in the Atheist's dreamless slumber. We hear that fell sisterhood, in soft voices, pleading for the damning deed, as they pass before the bewildered soul their instruments of death. One holds the steel, flashing with a mystic lustre, which charms the fixed and feverish eye. "O child of sorrow, see, for I will give thee peace—but one firm stroke, and the billows of woe shall be passed, and thou henceforth be free!" Another, with soft beaming eyes, presents the cord, waving in graceful circles through the darkened air: "Here, too, child of sorrow, thou seest peace—though all else have failed, this shall now seal thy woe in sleep!" And this one bears the bowl: lovely as a second Hebe, she presses forward the draught,

"With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed;"

"Drink, then, thou afflicted one—drink and forget; drink, and blot out the dark memories of life!" We cannot wonder

that under such insidious attack, frail nature often loses its resistant power, and leaves us to bewail the triumphant temptation and its awful fruit.*

The late Dr. C— of New York was a touching example of assaults sprung upon the soul by a temptation, which assumed an individuality of character. He stated that “alike

* THE SUICIDE’S GRAVE.

I stood beside a public way,
Where men passed to and fro,
And there was a mound of fresh-turned clay,
And I asked who slept below;
And some among the crowd replied,
It was the grave of a suicide.

I gazed upon the unhallowed spot,
And thought what biting care—
What burning grief had been the lot
Of him who rested there;
What clouds, dark gathering, day by day,
Had chased the light of hope away?

’Twas his—that dark and chilling grief—
That winter of the mind;
When Hope drops off, like the last green leaf,
That’s swept away by the wind,
And the heart is left like a blasted tree—
A ruin, and a mockery.

And was there none to drop the tear,
And none to heave the sigh?—
No faithful spirit lingering near,
To look its last good bye?
Alas! not one! Unwept, unknown,
The cold earth o’er his corpse was thrown.

ANONYMOUS.

in his professional duties, and in the hour of social enjoyment and relaxation, they hovered around and assailed him with ceaseless malice. Their attacks were most vehement, and most difficult to withstand, when he was exhausted by over exertion—an event of frequent occurrence, owing to the extreme delicacy of his organization. His anxiety lest he should become sleepless was unremitting; for he used to say that in that state he was more than ever in their power, and that if long continued, it would certainly drive him to destruction. For several nights before his death he could get no sleep—his spiritual tormentors returned to the charge with greater pertinacity than ever. His agony was fearful—He cried, ‘I must get help from some quarter.’* But help came not, and the unfortunate man died by his own hand.” Oh! what shall one say to the tempted to win him from his fate? “Help must come from some quarter,” exclaimed the suicide physician; “but, brother, there was a quarter from which thou hadst turned away—hadst thou been a believer thou hadst not looked for help in vain.” We know of truth that in that despised Gospel is contained all virtue for thee, O tempest-tost and afflicted! Or if argument could be heard, we would urge that though weariness of life be no damning sin, yet self-destruction were so, beyond redemption. Remember, too, that good men have been at times weary of life, yet borne the load with patience; indeed, were all the life-burdened to yield to suicide, how many an orphan would walk the streets to-day? A smitten one of olden time exclaimed, “I loathe it, I loathe it, I would not live alway;” yet added, “all my days will I wait, till my change come.” Paul knew that death were gain, and was “in a strait betwixt

* The N. Y. Tribune gives the details of this strange affair.

two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." Yet coupled with that thirst to depart, was a willingness to remain and suffer—to live, not for his own, but for others' weal. Such an example opens upon us with a superhuman grandeur. Oh, there is something noble in the endurance of life after the charm of mere existence is over! In such a case how one will cheerfully consent to the prolonging of that which, in itself considered, has been exhausted of all excitements save those of duty. This indeed is the higher life, of which the herd knows nothing—not a base clinging to mere existence, but a willingness to live—a sublime endurance, which welcomes poverty and pain, and defies despair.

Ah! poor suicide—in heart—who readest this page, where is thy heroism to fight the world and all thy foes? It is a good fight, and there be those about thee that battle stoutly. What brave comrades are wife and little ones—a group that despair never yet conquered! And wilt thou drop arms and leave them to battle on? Shame! Say, man, wouldst thou slay the head of some other house? Nay, then, why that of thine own? But ah! thou wilt say, perhaps, "I have no house, but toss alone on life's billow—a waif owned of none." Nay, but God owns thee, and bids thee own Him; and while the cheerless and shadowed hours turn slowly on the iron wheel of existence, his ear is open to thy cry! Let that cry go boldly up, and learn to live in Him. Life, as it is given here on earth, is but a type of that glorious life which is to come, and which is held before the eye of faith as the highest gift of God; "HE ASKED LIFE OF THEE, AND THOU GAVEST IT HIM, EVEN LENGTH OF DAYS, FOR EVER AND EVER."

But now the hour of bitter doom draws near. As Chatter-

ton surpassed in genius, so he seems to hold equal distinction in fearful fate; for when did author ever meet such early and irretrievable ruin? The struggle has lasted but four months, and now it ends in unparalleled horror! His reverses have all along seemed to invite the dread temptation. Pride and poverty have driven him from Walmsey's, in Shoreditch, to the meaner roof of Mrs. Angel, in Brook street, and here, solitary and hopeless, he has passed his few remaining days.*

"Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the earth, on which he moved alone.
The world, for so it thought,
Owed him no service; wherefore he at once,
With indignation, turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude."

* "Thou knowest what a thing is poverty
Among the fallen on evil days—
'Tis crime, and fear, and infamy,
And houseless want, in frozen ways
Wandering, ungarmented, and pain;
And worse than all, that inward stain—
Foul self-contempt, which drowns in sneers
Youth's starlight smile, and makes its tears
First like hot gall, and then dry for ever."

These lines of Shelley's are as false as they are harrowing. Poverty is, indeed, a sore evil, but it is not "*crime and fear, and infamy*," nor "*foul self contempt*." It is one of the evidences of the divine origin of Christianity, that under her sway even poverty becomes endurable; and at this moment, no doubt, thousands are proving by experience that "the little

Thus he, bewildered youth, thinks all is lost, and so must die. Ah, terrible scene! yet we cannot but gaze upon it. He stands before us stripped of every vestige of hope for this world, or that which is to come. He has been crushed in the conflict with the one, and he cannot draw strength from the other, for unbelief has emptied it of all but the dream of oblivion. And the desolation of Infidelity covers his soul as with a pall! Silent, and convulsed with the madness of broken ambition, he has wandered all day, and now, gaunt and famine-eyed, his half-reeling form darkens his cheerless lodgings. No opened Bible spreads its sacred page, to sustain in that dark hour. Christians have borne such distresses before, and why could not he, like others, have endured? What would not the words of scripture have been worth to the overborne soul? Reading, for instance, from the 145th Psalm: "*The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all them that be bowed down. * * The Lord is nigh unto them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth * * He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him, He will also hear their cry and save them.*" Words like these have many a time given new life to the crushed and desolate; might they not have done so in the case of poor Chatterton? O, ye

that the righteous hath is better than the riches of many wicked;" and that "a dinner of herbs, where love is, is better than a stalled ox and contention therewith." Shelley showed his incapacity for reform by ranking that condition as a prime evil which our Saviour voluntarily assumed, and which He taught His disciples to consider of little moment, compared with the great evil, *sin*. Had Chatterton contended with his misfortunes but for a few days, he would have found relief—at the very time of his death a patron was in pursuit of him.

champions of unbelief—ye poisoners of your race, can ye answer these questions save by the accustomed sneer?

He paces the floor—his blood-shot eye, no longer flashing its lightnings, nor rolling in fine phrenzy, but charged with agony too deep for tears. Here are some sheets on whose contents he once relied for wealth and fame. Let them perish with their wretched author! and, rent into shreds, they strew the floor. Now all is done, and he gazes into the arsenic draught. But say! did not one thought of home break in, to cry rescue? There—far away in Bristol, sat a fond mother, whose poverty had been so often cheered by the hopes resting on her marvellous boy. On that very night of horrid suicide her heart is full of thoughts, centered on son Thomas and the Christmas visit, which, with its gifts and honors, was to make all Bristol rife with surprise and admiration. And Mary, too, sits by that mother's side, and as face looks on face with affection's gaze, they speak of that absent one, whose love forms their strongest tie, and the deep drawn sigh, and the unbidden tear, tell of love's cares and fears. Oh, fatal night for mother and sister, did they not feel fore-shadowed grief? And thou, poor Thomas, say, ere that irrevocable step be taken, canst thou not return to that mother's arms, starved and shame-smitten though thou be? Oh, look not in that fatal cup, which trembles in thy grasp! Remember home; bethink thee of Mary and of mother dear, and by those names be saved. "No, no!" cries the voice of triumphant temptation; and PRIDE, too, will not yield. Infidelity has wrought madness—the abnormal mind confesses its eclipse—and reason, and even hope, is buried in endless night!

"Stung
And poisoned was my spirit; Despair sung
A war song of defiance 'gainst all Hell." *

A solemn question offers challenge as we gaze upon the self-slain youth. Where, in the broad annals of misfortune, are scenes like this imputed to piety? Let the reply be given, not in ribaldry, but in facts. Aye! and would not piety have rescued Thomas Chatterton from a suicide's grave, and preserved for poet's corner the form which now fills a pauper shell? Dead, too, and not eighteen! But worse even than this is the thought that longer life could not have been desired for the unfortunate youth, were it to be unchanged in character. Thus, while on the one hand infidelity and impiety rob man of the desire for life, so do they on the other despoil life of its value and purpose. Hence, by how much more protracted the career and greater the position, by so much the more deplorable is his destiny who subserves error. Paine and Voltaire lived even to hoary hairs; yet if there be any choice between their long and miserable lives and the brief yet bitter experience of poor Chatterton, it is, with the exception of his last act, in favor of the latter.

Even thus is Infidelity ever the destroyer of genius, and an unknown grave in Shoe Lane hides a noble victim, over whom memory fain would hover, while poetry weeps, refusing to be comforted. We cannot omit the contrast here suggested between poor Chatterton and another rare and gifted youth, who, like him, rests in an untimely grave. Like him, he was an attorney's apprentice, consumed too by secret ambition,

* Keats.

while chained to the wheel of drudgery, and crushed by penury. Here, however, the parallel ceases, for Henry Kirke White was a Christian. Death smote him ruthlessly; for he fell in the midst of a bright career at the University. Emancipated from toil, and admitted to the halls of learning, he became conscious of the power within, and longed for life that he might achieve a name. This was denied, but grace teaches submission, and the pensive muse serenely resigns its hopes. Sustained by the Christian's faith, the fading poet rebukes the undying ambition which once mastered his soul, and turns from Parnassus to Calvary. Here all the glories which once he thirsted for are swallowed up in the far more exceeding glory of redemption. How foreign—how revolting, indeed, to such an one, would have been the dark dream of suicide! Grace triumphs in all his conflicts, and dear as life's future hours appear to the parting soul, he serenely turns to his God, and surrendering these promised joys, bids farewell to earth and to fame.

“Yes, 'tis the hand

Of Death I feel press heavy on my vitals,

Slow sapping the warm current of existence.

Yet a little, and the last fleeting particle will fall,

Silent—unseen—unnoticed—unlamented.

Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die!

* * * * * *

I did hope

For better things—I hoped I should not leave

The world without a vestige. Fate decrees

It shall be otherwise, and I submit.

Henceforth, O world, no more of thy desires!

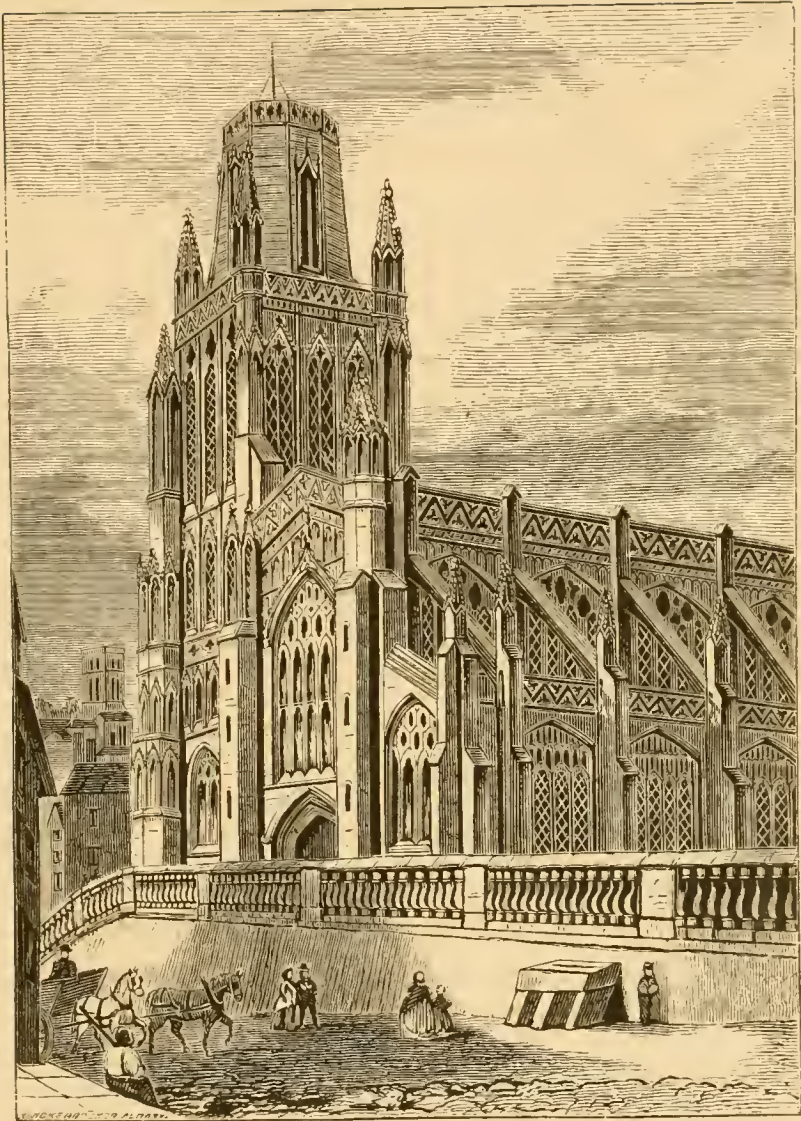
Now other cares engross me,

And my tired soul, with emulative haste,
Looks to its God, and prunes its wing for Heaven.

Yes, 'twill be over soon—this sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my fevered brain,
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before—
Yon landscape smile—yon golden harvest grow—
Yon sprightly lark, on mounting wing, will soar,
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress—
They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
When I am mouldering in the silent grave.
God of the just, thou gavest the bitter cup—
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up."

There is a tender sweetness in these lines, though the thought be neither original nor striking. One cannot claim for their author the rank of genius, but it would seem that the contrast between him and the unfortunate Chatterton were strong proof that that rank receives its brightest glory from the simple faith of the Christian. It was this exquisite combination of poetic taste and cheerful piety, which, while both were at the University, extorted admiration even from the profligate Byron.

We may therefore boldly affirm that so far as respects the beauty or excellence of genius, Infidelity is its destroyer. The experience of ages has compelled the world to honor Christianity as the crowning glory of the intellect. Genius, when deprived of its influence, may dazzle, but her flashes are like those of the storm cloud, startling and terrible,



SAINT MARY'S CHURCH.

instead of the sunbeam, genial and cheering. We have been taught this by a lesson of later days—one of whose bards, while yet, like Chatterton, a youth, was thus betrayed. Henceforth his blighted muse is perverted to error, and in another page we have traced those misfortunes which piety would have escaped. But blinded to this, he wanders through the world like a comet in its aphelion—each moment farther from the sun; nor can we wonder, though we may sigh, at the misery and crime which mark the brief career of Shelley. United with his, stands the name of another, in whom the dazzled age beheld youth, genius, and lofty rank, and at whom, for a while, the world wondered. But that world soon saw in him how Infidelity could pollute genius and degrade rank. In the midst of Memnonian strains, which proved the grandeur of his muse, it heard measures fascinating the young by mingled beauty and licentiousness, and it beheld with sorrow the fall of one who began with *Childe Harold*, but ended with that unfinished medley which interweaves the beautiful and the impure. Had Milton been thus corrupted, we may well ask where would have been the chrystalline purity of *Comus*, or the unclouded majesty of his epics? The world may well be grateful that Milton lived in the days of the Puritans, and above all that he was a Christian.

Therefore, with a sad yet valued lesson, we turn from the tale of thy conflicts, O, marvellous boy of Bristol! for we have gathered wisdom from its darkened page. Thus, too, doth old Saint Mary speak to those who stand where once her Chatterton mused and strayed. Thus doth Shoe Lane also whisper, when the moon looks down on the poor boy's grave.

Thus do the parchments, pale and ochre-stained, seem to read, and even good Sir William Canynge, and Ella, and Sir Charles, and old Father Rowley, in his priestly vestments, and venerable with hoary piety—all unite in that voice, heard from the dim regions of dreamland and romance, and each and all attain the destroyer of that Child Bard, who gave them life on his magic page.



BOOK SECCND.

THE REVOLUTIONIST.

"OH, THIS NEW FREEDOM! AT HOW DEAR A PRICE
WE'VE BOUGHT THE SEEMING GOOD!—THE PEACEFUL VIRTUES,
AND EVERY BLANDISHMENT OF PRIVATE LIFE,
ALL SACRIFICED TO LIBERTY'S WILD RIOT."

COLERIDGE.

THE REVOLUTIONIST.

IT IS written, "The nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish."* These words have passed from prophecy into history. The nations which have abjured Christianity have perished, without exception, and many of them in a manner so different from ordinary decay, as to prove the truth of Holy Writ. The experience of ages has taught us that no country can become truly great unless its foundations be laid in scriptural piety. Without this there may be sudden outbursts of patriotism, as in ancient Greece, or temporary prosperity, as in Italy and Spain, whose palmy days cast their reproachful memory over the ruins of virtue and power; but without it there can be no enduring vigor.

There is but one bond that can hold the human family in unity, and harmonise conflicting opinions; there is but one magnet to overcome the repulsion of selfishness, and there is but one balm to heal the malignant wounds of faction. This is good faith—that confidence of man in man—that assurance of mutual fidelity which ensures the abeyance of selfish ends, when in conflict with the common weal. As a

* Isaiah, 60-12.

principle, therefore, good faith underlies the social compact. It unites our race in defence of common rights; it enables it to establish polity, to enact laws, to administer justice, and to so fulfill the details of government as to reflect the order and justice of Him who has ordained it. Good faith is the fruit of Christianity alone, and the ebb and flow of national prosperity will be found to bear a strict proportion to the Christian element.

In enumerating the benign results of the gospel, the Apostle Paul makes a reference to this truth, and states that the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, *faith*.* Martin Luther, far-sighted and philosophical, thus illustrates the teachings of the apostle: "When Paul here reckoneth faith among the fruits of the spirit, it is manifest that he speaketh not of faith which is in Christ, but of the fidelity and humanity of one man toward another. Hereupon he saith, in the thirteenth of the first Corinthians, that charity believeth all things. Therefore, he that hath this faith is not suspicious, but mild, and taketh all things to the best; and although he be deceived, and findeth himself to be mocked, yet such is his patience and softness that he letteth it pass; briefly, he is ready to believe all men, but he trusteth not all. On the contrary, where this virtue is lacking, there men are suspicious, froward, wayward, dogged, and so neither will believe anything, nor give place to anybody; they can suffer nothing; whatsoever a man saith or doeth never so well, they cavil and slander it, so that who so serveth not their humor can never please them. Therefore it is impossible for them to keep charity, friendship, concord and peace with men. But if

* Galatians, 5-22.

these virtues are taken away, what is this life but biting and devouring one of another? Faith, therefore, in this place, is when one man giveth to another in things pertaining to the present life; for what manner of life should we lead in this world, if one man should not credit another?"*

Such being the beneficent results of Christianity, we understand that the words of the prophet accomplish their fulfilment by a natural law. The nations which disown God rend the only tie which can hold repelling and conflicting interests in peaceful adhesion. The great crucible in which factions, and even tribes are purified and fused, is broken. The structure of society dissolves, like "the baseless fabric of a vision," and its place is usurped by anarchy. The history of mankind has demonstrated the great truth that without the faith above described liberty cannot exist, and that when rooted from the public mind and extirpated by violence, as has been so fearfully accomplished by some of the persecuting nations of Europe, the mutual ties of society become but a rope of sand.

The true statesman is he who is the most truly possessed by this lesson; and when the destiny of man demands the overturn of existing powers, and the reconstruction of politics, he who obeys that lesson will prove himself the true revolutionist. Such an one, indeed; will rank high among benefactors; for revolution is an ever-recurring event in history—it is the necessary and certain corrective of misrule—at the time deplorable, perhaps, yet as inevitable as the thunderstorm, and often as purifying. In peaceful and protracted administration there inheres a tendency to corruption, and undisputed power ever ends in its abuses. Thus wrongs

* Commentary on Galatians.

gradually increasing, culminate at length in great oppression. Then the atmosphere, charged with opposing opinion, bursts from its unrest into open resistance, and rights are vindicated by the patriot's sword. England and America passed through the ordeal, not only unseathed, but renewed in vigor, and advanced in national majesty. Happy is that people which in the hour of trial shall possess piety as well as genius in its leaders, and shall follow some chieftain modelled after Cromwell or Washington.

If, therefore, Christianity alone be the parent of order and the foundation of permanent and prosperous rule, how utterly empty must be the pretensions of the avowed infidel to the lofty position of the statesman? How utterly impossible were it that such an one should achieve deliverance for the oppressed, or establish a successful polity. However brilliant in arms, or eloquence—or lavish in personal sacrifice, he has yet to learn the very first principle of his high calling. An illustration of this important truth is furnished by the career of one who may be considered preëminently the infidel revolutionist of his day; and whose failure to master the science of government was due to the exclusion of Christianity as its first principle.

The year 1737 was an eventful one in the annals of the Deistical controversy. It witnessed the publication of Hume's first and chief attack on Christianity, and the nativity of one of his most zealous disciples. THOMAS PAINE was born at Thetford, in England. The most direct information concerning his early years is recorded in his own language. "My father, being of the Quaker profession, it was my good fortune to have an exceedingly good moral education, and a tolerable stock of useful learning. Though I went to the Grammar

School, I did not learn Latin, not only because I had no inclination to learn languages, but because of the objections the Quakers have against the books in which the languages are taught. But this did not prevent me from being acquainted with the subjects of all the Latin books used in the school. The natural bent of my mind was to science. I had some turn, and I believe some talent for poetry; but this I rather repressed than encouraged, as leading too much into the field of the imagination. As soon as I was able, I purchased a pair of globes, and attended the philosophical lectures of Martin and Ferguson, and became afterward acquainted with Dr. Bevis, of the Royal Society, then living in the Temple, and an excellent astronomer."

He learned the trade of stay-making, and labored two or three years with his father, who pursued the same calling. When about sixteen he went to London, and afterward to Dover, in quest of work; and had it not been for the remonstrances of his father, he would at the latter place have shipped on a privateer. Those remonstrances, however, did not long detain him, and dissatisfied with his trade, he embarked on the "King of Prussia," and gave himself to the fortunes of the sea. How long he was engaged in this service we have no record. It was no doubt a pernicious school, in which his sceptical views, which he admits arose in early youth, were encouraged—and it is evident that the coarseness inseparable from the fore-castle followed him through life. He subsequently abandoned the sea, and resumed his trade of stay-making, cultivating no doubt in his leisure habits of thoughtful reading, and thus gathering a stock of general information. The self-taught man is always in danger of conceit, for a smattering inflates the mind as truly as learning humbles

it, and Paine's slender acquisitions were not without the accompaniment of self-complacency.

The stay-maker was in due time promoted to a place in the Excise. At that day to be a guager was no small distinction. His duties brought him in contact with government officials, and his active mind began to revolve the gross abuses of power, then so rife in England, until beneath the quiet routine of measuring cargoes of Holland gin, or the more exciting one of chasing smugglers, lay a pent-up volcano of thought and opinion.

In 1774 Paine made the acquaintance of Franklin, who had been for some years colonial agent in London. Franklin's position was one of rare dignity and eminence; for while both feared and hated by the Court he enjoyed the confidence of the better classes and the admiration of the world of science. Men of liberal opinions viewed him as their cynosure, and hence a friendship was soon established between the young English guager and the venerable American sage. Paine's mind was at this time charged with revolutionary ideas. The Court and Parliament were foul with corruption. Bribery and injustice pervaded every public department, and tyranny had almost demoralised the army and the navy, whose ranks fared worse than the modern felon.* To these

* "Where change of favorites made no change of laws,

And Senates heard before they judged a cause.

* * * * *

Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,

And ask no questions but the price of votes;

With weekly libels and septennial ale,

Their wish is full to riot and to rail."

JOHNSON.

"The consequence has been that profligate wickedness has become

abominations the masses were beginning to waken, and the throbbing hearts of thousands shook England with indignant pulsation. John Wilkes, hero and debauchee, revived in London that spirit of resistance which a century previous had battled with the usurpations of the crown. He exhibited the boldness if not the morality of the Puritan, and in the fiery columns of the "North Briton," and even from the hustings, he hurled defiance at the King himself.

But soaring far above John Wilkes, there soon appeared the most relentless and scathing of publicists, whose bolts were scattered like those of another Jupiter Tonans. This was Junius—the secret and the terrible—the incomparable and the superb, about whose genius mystery has hung her everlasting shroud. He of the Argus eye—of the Olympian power, and the Apollo's grace, thundered day after day at the rotten Court, until the King and his pampered councillors trembled at his name. Such was the unrest prevailing in London, that France was considered by some as less liable to popular outbreak; while, to add to the misfortunes of England, her colonial difficulties now threatened civil war. Franklin discerned the power of his plebeian friend, and pointed out the new world as a suitable sphere for his vigorous and independent mind.

almost as universal as the air we breathe. * * * O, the unspeakable patience of God! The multiplied instances of impiety, blasphemy, cruelty, adultery, villainy, and abominations not to be thought of without horror, under which this land groans, are only known to Him who knoweth all things. * * * Though some of the Roman poets and historians have given very dark pictures of the times they lived in, their worst descriptions of this kind would hardly be found exaggerated if applied to our own."—From "*A Word in Season*," by John Newton.

Paine soon sailed for America. His was the first arrival of an avowed revolutionist to her shores. His vocation, indeed, was not to build, but to destroy. He was one of the first of those colossal radicals, whose cry is "overturn, overturn, overturn!" unaware of the danger of success—a class whose full career was soon to be fulfilled in the anarchy and bloodshed of France. Yet, though Paine was thoroughly a revolutionist, the mantle of Cromwell had not fallen upon him—no conservative element mingled with his hostility to kingcraft, and over him Christianity held no genial sway.

America had been famed for piety, and her hopes for success were inspired by the prayers daily ascending from her scattered homes; but her new ally was a scoffer at her piety, and an enemy to her faith. Yet he soon aroused public attention by his boldness and decision. Indeed, in this new arena he stood as a herald of advancing destiny. The energies of the nascent republic were anxiously awaiting the voice of its leaders, while many clung timidly to the past, and the boldest trembled at the future. At such a crisis the stranger strode boldly to the front rank, and there bore his part in the sublime act of defiance to the British empire. Unpracticed with the sword, his skill lay in the use of the pen, which he dipped in gall, and wielded with the hand of a master. Indeed, it was soon confessed that in keen invective—sparing neither crown nor official—he stood without equal. None could argue more plausibly in plain, earnest Saxon, or if sophistry were expedient, none could so readily interweave it. None could appeal more powerfully to the patriot, and none could so witheringly adjure the curse upon the coward.

Such as have read those masterly pamphlets which, under the titles of "Common Sense," and "The Crisis," once thrilled

the colonies, will confess their depth and power. How vastly greater then must have been their effect, when those colonies were aghast with the appeal to arms, and these waifs were scattered, like Sybilline leaves, penetrating where the eloquence of Hamilton and Patrick Henry had never reached.

Conscious of the stimulus which he had given to the public mind, their author may be pardoned the self-complacent expression (baseless though its assumption be,) which appears in his letter to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, in 1808. "I do not" says he, "believe independence would have been declared, had it not been for the effect of that work." It is evident, however, that independence was an assured result, from the very beginning of the conflict; yet Paine's early essays confirmed many a wavering mind, and threw light upon the resources of America. He soon received a mark of appreciation in the appointment to the secretaryship of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, which opened to his curious gaze its secret correspondence with European powers; but his proclivity to attack was soon shown by a series of articles in *Dunlop's Journal*, charging both Silas Deane and Beaumarchais with speculation in stores obtained from France. On the appearance of the third of this series, John Jay, President of Congress, demanded the author's name; and it being avowed, his discharge was moved, but lost. Paine then demanded a hearing, and on being refused, resigned the next day. Thus early we find a want of confidence expressed toward him by public men. Perhaps this was in some measure owing to his well-known opinions, for which, at that time, even talent could hardly compensate. The people of America were deeply imbued with the piety which he despised, and his contempt for it thus reacted upon himself. At that day an avowed Deist was

an object both of fear and surprise, and in a Congress whose sittings were opened by prayer and praise, and which at times even breathed a missionary* as well as a patriotic spirit, the scoffing author could only expect distrust.

After the loss of his office, Paine found employment with Owen Biddle, of Philadelphia, and subsequently received the appointment of Clerk from the Legislature of Pennsylvania. In 1781 he accompanied Henry Laurens to France, where a loan was negotiated in behalf of the struggling republic, and at the close of the war Congress honored him with a vote of thanks, and appropriated £3000, as a consideration for his services. To this Pennsylvania added £500, and the State of New York followed these examples by presenting him a valuable farm near New Rochelle. While these honors were tempting him to a life of peace, a new field was being opened to his adventurous spirit, and the world was electrified by the revolution in France, following closely upon that in America. That nation which, thirty years before, was distinguished for stability, and was even considered less liable than England to the perturbations of faction, became suddenly ablaze with revolt—now was beheld an upheaval of all that was ancient; new opinions and strange schemes of ethics were belched, as from some volcano, while the Gordian knot which for ages had bound the liberties of the nation was suddenly cut by the guillotine.

The Court and ministry of England trembled to find their

* On the surrender of Cornwallis, Congress observed a day of thanksgiving and prayer—one of whose objects, as set forth in the preamble, was to pray “for God’s blessing on all institutions of learning; and that the glory of God might cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.”—*Congressional Proceedings for 1781.*

atmosphere permeated by the same revolutionary spirit. Edmund Burke, representing that government, of which he was the brightest ornament, published an attack upon the principles avowed by the revolutionists of France. Paine, who was then in England, where he had just printed "The Rubicon," answered the statesman with "The Rights of Man." The writers in this controversy exhibit a striking contrast. The one possessed genius of the highest order, and his gifts had been cultivated by a life of arduous study. Though for years a leader in the opposition, he enjoyed the friendship of the Court, while England gloried in the very name of the great commoner. The other was the rough-hewn plebeian—the quondam guager and stay-maker, without position or patronage. Yet seldom, if ever, during a long life of severe debate, had Edmund Burke met so powerful an antagonist as the author of the "Rights of Man." The book was read by thousands—and crossing the channel, commanded the admiration, even of Paris; and while an indictment was being prepared for its author in London, a French deputation announced to him his election by the department of Calais to the National Convention. In the enthusiasm of youth, the Republic had embraced all nations in fraternity, and although he was a stranger both to the language and customs of France, Paine was deemed a fitting legislator.

He arrived in Paris in time to behold that earthquake which rocked the nation to its centre. On the tenth of August the king had been dethroned, and was now held in a captivity which was only to end in fearful doom. The revolution had not reached its fiercest paroxysms, but they were rapidly drawing nigh. Order still seemed to prevail, but it was only the lull which precedes the tempest. It was at such a time

that with nervous step an excited Englishman hies to the hall of the Convention, and claims a seat among its crowded and palpitating benches. As one gazes upon that motley gathering, it might be asked, was there any lack of madmen, that he should increase the number? or was there such need of recruits to the ranks of the guillotine, that one should thus be summoned from a foreign land? Shall he, whose mind has been embittered with harrowing doubts, until it has suffered wreck, cast them upon the mountain which crushed the intellect and morals of the nation, and add to the load under which it groaned? Was there need of another champion of error, when already in ethics, and in moral science, and in those fields where the soul should feed on truth, there was neither master nor disciple? Yet at such a time, when the solemn postulates of our destiny, the sanctity of marriage, the rights of property, and the very existence of God, were matters of doubt, the misguided Deist saw, as he thought, redemption drawing nigh.

We do not consider it a begging of the question, to affirm that Infidelity, at least in its grosser aspects, is a phase of insanity. He who denies the existence of a personal God, and the operations of his providence, and who refers all things to chance, can hardly claim integrity of intellect, since by his profession he denies one of the constituents of the normal mind. On truths like these the human intellect finds its enduring foundation, from which it may rise, as in the instance of Milton, to the highest flight of poetry; and from which, as in those of Chalmers, and Newton, and Hugh Miller, it will enter into deepest researches of science. Without the pervading influence of this element, knowledge is only dangerous, since it may become as powerful for evil as for good; and the

history of nations repeats its awful lesson, age after age, that when thus deprived, the progress of human destiny becomes but a vast wave of sorrow.

It is a lesson taught the physician in his walk that lunacy is commonly preceded by conflicting doubts and uncertainty. Indeed, one of the first symptoms which betray a foundering intellect, is its vagaries into the unknown—its aberrations into the dreary fields of supposition and mystery, whence it returns frantic with uncertainty, and perplexed with subjective questioning. These conflicts often segregate one from society, and make him a recluse, even in the midst of a once-loved circle, until at last reason, both smitten and undermined, totters into the abyss of madness. Would you, O reader, escape a misfortune so frequent, and yet so fearful? Avoid habits of doubt, and banish all curious anxieties concerning things too great for you; and while they haunt your restless mind, still contend earnestly as in self-defence, and be not satisfied until your intellect and faith are established on the sacred truths of Christianity.* Without this there is no rest, even for the sole on the foot; for the true repose of the spirit is in Him who created it. Hence there is a psychological, as well as a spiritual truth, of vast moment in the intercommunications of the Psalmist: “Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? *Hope thou in God!*”

This principle applies to nations as well as to individuals.

* Dr. Ray, in the report of the Butler Hospital for the Insane in Rhode Island, says: “I believe—and it is in some measure the result of considerable observation of various psychological states—that in this age of fast living nothing can be relied upon more surely for preserving the healthy balance of the mental faculties than an earnest, practical conviction of the great truths of Christianity.”

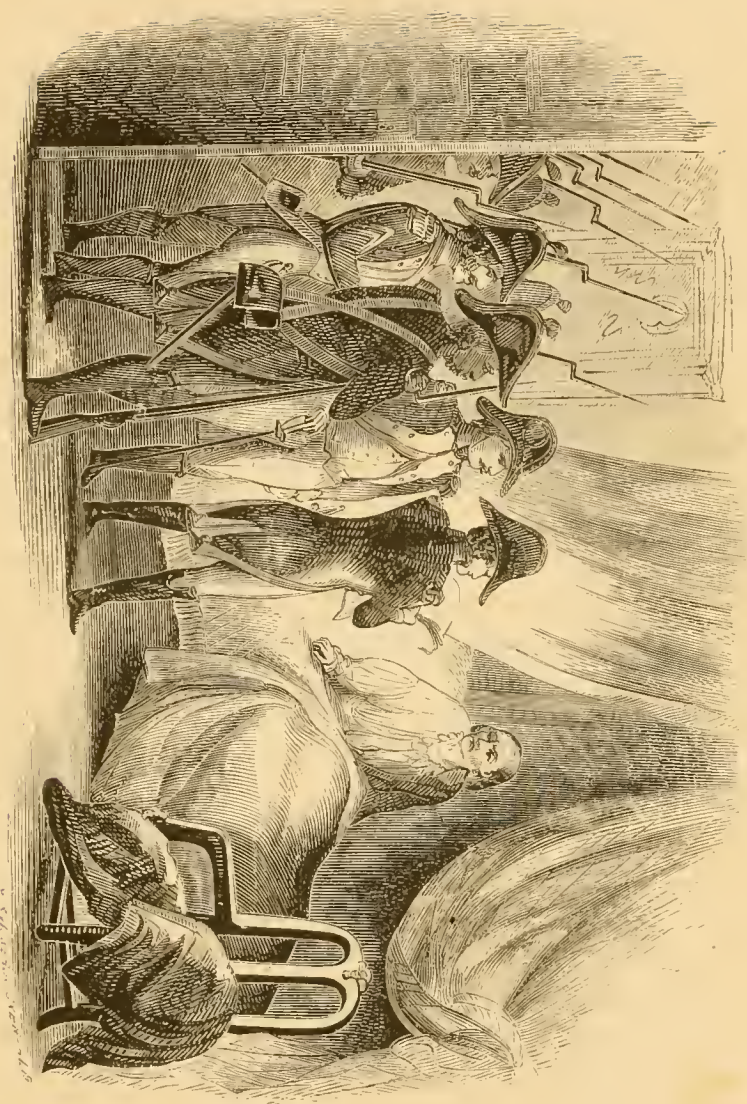
For a century previous to the revolution, France breathed an atmosphere utterly exhausted of religious truth. Both England and America were, during the eighteenth century, re-energized by Christianity, and a second reformation, led by Whitefield, Romaine, Edwards and the Wesleys, had healed old wounds, and renewed national vigor. But a fearful contrast was visible in France, whose teeming yet degraded masses were not only banished from the fountain of living waters, but were drinking from a Circean cup. Here the Bible was at this time hardly known.* The priest chained to a superstition whose mummary he despised, either groaned in life-long durance, or else plied his craft cunningly before the world, and then in secret hours compensated himself for his privations by the orgies of a Sybarite. The flock suffered equally with its shepherd. The masses might cleave to superstition, but the intelligent recoiled from its empty forms and impotent dogmas, and yet were debarred by persecution from that truth which was needful to development, and even to existence. The nation groaned under increasing despotism, and yet its heavy taxes, the *Lettre de Cachet*, and even the grim Bastile, and all the appliances of Bourbon tyranny, were less crushing than the incubus which burdened the soul. Wealth and education could only increase an evil of such a character, since learning, atheism, and licentiousness, went hand in hand, and were often identified in the same individual. Such being the condition of the higher classes, that of the masses must have been equally revolting. Thus year after year the morals and the vital strength of the nation were sapped, until at last it surrendered to the summons of its foe. The subsequent abrogation of the Sabbath, and the worship of Reason were in keeping with the progress of sen-

suality and unbelief. The work, so long in secret progress, was suddenly consummated. It would seem that not only poetry and philosophy, and the drama, but oratory, statesmanship, and even the exact sciences, at one fell swoop, were borne into the service of error. It was an age marked by the brilliance of decay. France gloried in her *savans*, but theirs was a science falsely so called. Thus Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, and all to whom the anxious eye might have turned for counsel, had long been harrassed by enigmas, and from the Cimmerian shadows of that maze, into which they had been led, their voices were heard, in hopeless confusion, and after many fearful throes the mind of France collapsed into Atheism, and shrieked "*there is no God!*" Yet even now, had there been some solemn and heaven-inspired voice, sounding like a trumpet through the land, to rebuke this impious Atheism, and to summon it back to the faith of the persecuted Huguenot, France might have been spared its streams of blood—and after the perils of revolution, might have received an established liberty. But alas! no trumpet voice broke those atheistic dreams. It was the midnight of frantic enquiry; many an anxious watcher cried, "What of the night?" but none could reply, "The morn cometh!" The crisis had been reached, but its turn was fatal. One of Voltaire's soliloquies exhibits the tone of mind prevailing among the leaders of the day. "The world abounds with wonders, and also with victims. In man is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together. * * * Man loves life, yet knows that he must die, and spends his existence in diffusing the miseries which he has suffered—cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay—cheating, and being cheated. The bulk of mankind is nothing more than a crowd of wretches,

equally criminal, and equally unfortunate." Thus the people asked for bread, but received a stone—they looked for a fish, but their teacher gave them a serpent. This confession of hopeless misery, born of unbelief, and still hardened against all cure, may be contrasted with that calm expression of the Christian's faith, which we find in the words of Howard, as he approached the end of his wonderful career. "My immortal soul I cast on the sovereign mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, who is the Lord, my strength and my song, and who, I trust, has become my salvation. My desire is to be washed, cleansed, and justified in the blood of Christ, and to dedicate myself to that Savior who has bought me with a price."

In this simple utterance is contained the principle which conserves and supports, not only the individual, but the body politic, and in which is found that virtuous "Moly" of which Milton spake, and for want of which France so severely suffered. Such, then, was the state of the public mind when Paine entered the capital. It was no longer that gay and thoughtless Paris, whose existence had been a life-long holiday. France had ceased to be *la belle*, and Paris was no longer light hearted. She had put off her beautiful garments, and sat in dismal shadow. The very houses wore a sadness, and the streets appeared like avenues through which some august and sombre funeral pomp has swept in long array, leaving behind it the hush of unutterable sorrow. Those of the citizens who appeared by day, seemed watchful and suspicious, and strangely taciturn and repellant; while from many a countenance there stole an expression of woe, too deep for tears. In market, and *boulevard*, and *café*, each eyed the other with distrust, and haggard countenances exchanged recognition in timid and hasty glances. But at night all was

AT THREE IN THE MORNING, PAINE WAS ARRESTED AND THROWN INTO THE DUNGEONING!—P. 95



changed. Then the restraint of public gaze was removed, and the shadows of the day were suddenly exchanged for the glare and excitement of maddened dissipation. Such is the picture drawn at this time by Madame Roland: "Paris, like another Babylon, sees its brutalised population either running after ridiculous public *fêtes*, or surfeiting itself with the blood of crowds of unhappy creatures, sacrificed to its ferocious jealousy; while selfish idlers still fill all the theatres, and the trembling tradesman shuts himself up, not sure of ever sleeping again in his own bed, if it should please any of his neighbors to denounce him as having used unpatriotic expressions. * * * O, my country, into what hands art thou fallen!"

Thus the excitements of the masses gave birth to the strange contrast of deepest gloom, set off by a degree of midnight levity, which seems almost frantic. Perhaps the public mind, recoiling from daily scenes of horror, demanded and found relief in the most frivolous amusements.

We find in the *Moniteur*, during the Reign of Terror, the following theatres advertised, under the expressive head of "*spectacles*." These in their performances attempt political lessons, and thus illustrate the public appetite, which now, oblivious of Molière and Corneille, craved such instruction, even in its amusements. In his wildest dissipation the Sans Culotte must not forget that he governed France.

Academie de la Musique—"The Offering to Liberty."

Theatre de la Nation—"Recreations of the New Regime."

Theatre de l'Opera—"The Siege of Lille;" "The Rigors of the Cloister."

Theatre de la Republique—"Clementine and the Deformed;" "The Young Landlady."

Theatre de la Rue Feydeau—"The Officials of Fortune."

Theatre de la Montansier, au Jardin de l'Egalité—"The Disguises of Love."

Theatre National—"J. J. Rousseau at the Paraclete;" "The Constitution at Constantinople."

Theatre de la Rue Louvois—"The Patriotic Guard;" "A Day at the Vatican."

Theatre National de Molière—"The True Friends of the Law, or the Republican put to Proof."

Theatre du Vaudeville—"The Chosen Spirit in Apotheosis;" "George and Fat John."

Theatre du Palais Variétés—"The Friend of the People and the Social Comedian."

Theatre du Lycée des Arts—"The Capuchin at the Frontiers;" "The Amours of Plailly;" "La Bascule" (The Sweep, a part of the guillotine).

Theatre Français—"Nicodemus in the Moon;" "The Quaker in France."

In this catalogue scarcely a play of soberness or dignity can be found—frivolity and bloodshed, even in scenes of amusement, were proving that extremes had fully met.

In addition to the theatrical shows, Citizen Franconi, of "L'Amphitheatre d'Astley," announces that "*avec ses élèves, et ses enfans, il continue ses exercices d'équitation, et d'émulation, tour de manège, danse sur des chevaux, avec plusieurs scènes et entr'actes amusans.*"

As the fever wrought more fiercely upon the public mind the Drama became still more patriotic, and lessons in ethics were travestied on the stage. Thus we find in the *Moniteur*, a few weeks later, that the "Theatre du Citié" invites the public to witness "The Follies of George, or the Opening of the British Parliament." The Theatre Louvois changes its

name to "Amis de la Patrie;" and the Theatre of Molière assumes the more popular style of "Theatre du Sans-culottes," in which is enacted "The Inauguration of the French Republic"—a performance in which the whole nation had been for three years engaged, at the cost of rivers of blood. In addition to these, the Theatre du Vaudeville offers "The Happy Decade;" the Theatre du Lycée des Arts "The History of Mankind;" and the Theatre du Panthéon "The Shipwreck of Kings on the Island of Reason."

In dread Thermidor, the same page which announces the fall of Robespierre, and reports at length the terrific debate which preceded it, at the same time giving the long register of the victims of the guillotine during the previous day, with all the detail of name, age, and profession—is garnished with the attractions of eleven theatres, among which are to be performed, "The Hearts of Marathon," "The Conspirator for Liberty," and "The Approved Republican." As if this contrast were not enough, we are startled by the advertisement of Citizen Franconi, who has all along been continuing his feats, and even giving lessons in "*balancite*" and "*volage*," every morning, to either sex—distancing his past efforts, he now announces "*une fête civique*," which "he will celebrate with all the pomp of which it is susceptible, and will close with the entrance of a car of the shape of a national pavilion, illuminated, and drawn by four horses, richly harnessed; all of which is to be preceded by exercises of balancing, horse-back dances, and inter-acts of the most amusing character."

These facts will show that reveries of political and social perfection were absorbing the metropolis—indeed, the past three years had been given to dreams. The starving masses, which so often thronged the avenues to the States General and the

Assembly, were dreaming of some future day of abundant bread. The mechanic at his bench, or as he paced homeward, in nervous discontent, dreamed of what men called Liberty. He knew not wholly what it was, but he well knew what it was not—it was no taxes, no priest, no Bastile, no king; or if the idea assumed a positive shape, it was plenty of food for the wife and children, now famishing in the *faubourg*—it was diminished labor—it was music, fetes, and joys of sense, to compensate for past oppression. And the motto of the dreamer was, “Reason is supreme—death is an eternal sleep—there is no God!” The man of books dreamed, as well as the artisan; and the *grisette*, as well as the *savant*, yielded to the charmed visions of beatitude. That word, about which clustered every other bliss, was *liberty*. But it was not the liberty of Truth, for of this they had no conception. On the other hand, it was that wild exemption from restraint, which constitutes the elysium of the ignorant and the depraved. Of such Milton spoke, at an earlier day:

“They bawl for freedom, in their senseless mood,
And then revolt when Truth would make them free;
License they mean, when they cry ‘Liberty,’
For who loves that must first be wise and good.”

For models, some retreated into ancient myths: with them each man was to be a Brutus, each woman a Lucretia—while others were carried away with exemplary fables from the recent heroism of America.* There was to be no more politi-

* “When Dr. Warren fell on the American shores beneath the fire of the English, his shirt, stained with blood, was borne to a temple. The orator expatiated upon the country’s loss, and exclaimed to his auditors: ‘Whenever liberty shall be in danger, call your children—exhibit to them even a shred of Warren’s ensanguined shirt, and then give them their

cal fraud ; honesty and love were to inspire each department, and all were to be happy. And the motto which floated over this approaching paradise, was "reason is supreme—death is an eternal sleep—there is no God."

Hardly had Paine taken his seat in the Convention, when it became wrought up to frenzy—like the madman, when from quiet moods he leaps up, frantic. The capital defect in its operations now revealed itself, in appalling magnitude—it *was the want of common faith*. The factions of a Convention which never had exhibited mutual confidence, now met, day after day, beneath the withering shadow of distrust. Each member was the object of diverse suspicion, and the throb of doubt increased, until it shook the nation, from Paris to the frontier.

"There is unsoundness in the state—tomorrow
Shall see it cleansed by wholesome massacre."

Such, indeed, soon became the motto of each leader. Faction could alone be healed by purity of principle, and purgation must be complete, even if it drain the best blood in the land. This process had been applied to the priesthood—to the *noblesse*, and even to the Royal line—now it was brought home to the Convention itself. "There be traitors among us!" is the cry of citizen Robespierre. The eyes of some of these madmen fire at that word, with a lurid gleam of joy,

arms.' The assembly swore to conquer, or to be buried beneath the smouldering ruins of their country; and even the children repeated with enthusiasm the language of their fathers."—*Speech of Gregoire, Chairman of the Committee of Public Instruction.—Proceedings of Convention, Moniteur, Sept. 29, 1793.*

while others shrink and shiver in their seats, spell-bound to the fate which awaits them.*

As one enters upon this tumultuous scene, every member is gasping with excitement, until some one has gained the tribune, and will be heard. Then flows the stream of eloquence, kindling with passion and sentiment, and thrilling the soul, as it touches its secret springs, yet after all scathing as a river of lava. Here are Brissot, Roland, Danton and Vergniaud, whose very voices have the flash and gleam of drawn swords, and then is heard, in strange contrast, the tones of citizen Robespierre—soft as the summer wind breathing on the harp. The debate waxes hot, and the changing features tell of dire internal conflicts, whose convulsions are writ on every face, until the haggard lineaments flash in frenzy, and at last the storm falls upon some of that wretched number, whose next scene will be the tribunal and the scaffold.

One may follow them, if he will, to that dark and crowded apartment—rank with fetid breath, and aghast with the last hopeless struggle, where Fouquier and his fell jury are dispatching their infernal task. Are there any forms of justice left? One need hardly ask this, since the thronging prisoners have abandoned the expectation. Each reads his doom in the despair of his fellow victim, or in the demon eye of his judge,

* Illustrations of Revolutionary debate are given in the extracts from the *Moniteur*, in the latter part of this volume. From these it is evident that ordinary parliamentary decorum was forgotten—no restriction was imposed on personality, and the frequent tumults which drown all semblance of order are only appeased (when appeased at all) by the last appeal of the chair. This was the resuming of the *chapeau*. Thus we often read in the *Moniteur*:

“ Une grand tumulte remplit la salle.

“ *Le President se couvre.*

“ Le calme renait.”

and each, in turn, passes to that doom—while from the lofty seat is heard one, soliloquizing in the interval, “Perish, ye traitors! Shall we spare you, for beauty, youth or sex? Heaven forbid!” Louder tones beside these chide each moment of delay—“clear the place for the next *fournée*—the time is precious. Collot D’Herbois, read the list, that the jury may attend. Citizens, to your duty!” Passing into the street, one’s steps are strangely drawn, as by a magnet; and following the jostling crowd, square after square is passed, until a thousand eyes catch the first glimpse of one object of unutterable interest, and each vein thrills with increased excitement—it is the cart, laden and crowded with the doomed. The rapture of that blood-thirsty mob is rising to a higher ecstacy. Surely this must equal old Rome, on gladiatorial days. A solemn hush entrances all, broken by no sound but the grating wheels, or the tread of thousands. Now the guillotine heaves in sight—its black and weather-beaten frame extended, as welcoming fresh food to the insatiable steel. As they pass up to the scaffold, each of the unfortunates receives the scrutiny of many an eager eye. One may be a grey-headed peer, a remnant of the old *noblesse*, thus atoning for the crime of rank; the next is some poor artisan, who suffers for an unguarded word; another is a maiden, condemned, she knows not for what; while others may have been thrown in at random, to fill up the “batch.” Thus day after day,

“Through the streaming streets
Of Paris red-eyed Massacre, o’er-wearied,
Reeled heavily, intoxicate with blood.”

At the close of the Reign of Terror, when thousands had thus perished on the scaffold, we may well inquire whether, after so great a sacrifice, and such dire experience, health and

purity have been restored to the common weal? The murky shadows of the revolution are now lifted up, and as they pass away, we are startled by that governmental abortion, which holds a brief and tottering existence upon the ruins of the old *regime*. It claims the name of a republic, and we proceed to contrast its petty doubts—its atmosphere of suspicion—and its shifting measures, with the simple dignity and truth of the American republic of '76.

“Look upon this picture, and upon this:
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow:
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command—
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on some Heaven-kissing hill,
With fair Hyperion's curls—the front of Jove himself.”

The whole difference lies in the distorted ethics of the one, by which religion is made a jest, and suicide an honor, while reason is defied—and the simple piety which was cherished by the other. It is the antithesis between Atheism and Christianity in the science of government. The rock on which the old Directory split was want of confidence; it was crippled by mutual doubts and suspicions. In an hour of sudden danger it hires a Corsican soldier to defend it from the National Guard, and that soldier, on the moment of success, becomes an object of more fearful distrust. It sends him on a distant campaign, hoping that he may perish in its perils, and trembles anew to hear of his return. Its fears are more than fulfilled, for the Corsican scourges its members from their offices like dogs, and stands defiant—the Consul, and at last the Emperor. The atheistic republic is crushed at his touch, and in its place appears an empire, extemporised at the point of the bayonet.

But confidence is as impossible now as under the former *regime*. A net-work of spies envelopes each town and hamlet, and even each family, while squadrons of artillery protect the throne. Napoleon trembles as he reigns—his ascending progress is haunted by fear, until fear ends in despair on the night of Waterloo.

But O, degraded and atheist France! has this experience, bloody even as it has been, restored confidence to thy borders? The answer is heard from the great upheaval of 1848—her last spasm for freedom. And should one ask what shipwrecked the Republic, born amid that upheaval, once more is heard the inevitable reply, *want of common faith*. The barricade has been well defended—the Tuilleries have been stormed—the Bourbon has fled in obedience to the instincts of his race. The provisional government is formed, but doubt shrouds its councils—not one of its members has confidence in his associates. Marrast doubts Ledru Rollin—Louis Blanc doubts Cavaignac. The anxious populace, throbbing with alternate hope and fear, doubt them all—it has no confidence in a single leader, for in each it beholds only a new tyrant.

The masses once more throng the public halls, till they are surrounded by an ocean of human life—all ranks, sexes and ages, surging together, like billows—yet each repelling his fellow in distrust. The mob becomes restive—or, rather, maddened by the fear of treason. Who shall appease its fury? Send down, ye care-worn rulers, your prince of eloquence to plead your cause, lest your day of doom be come! He goes—the honey-tongued Lamartine. His accents fall on the multitude like a charmed melody—the tempest subsides—he appeals to the national banner—he apostrophises the

fleur de lis—he sweetens their cup with the blandishments of hope. The reeling government is saved, for the time, and obtains a respite of a few weeks. But the diseased community is past restoration. The insurrection of May proves that the foundations of society have been sapped, and at last, in despair, the nation submits to the Napoleonic yoke.

* * * * *

The source of Infidelity is hatred to God: hence it is said by Paul, “they did not like to retain God in their knowledge”* Nothing, indeed, can stimulate unbelief so powerfully as instinctive hate; and as doubt is born of fear and dislike, so Infidelity springs from man’s natural hatred to the ineffable purity of God. Human depravity burrows in darkness, to escape the awful holiness which beams from the sapphire throne; it hates the light, because its deeds are evil. Hence it is always identified with persecution, and they are companions, savage and inseparable. For this reason, in order to exhibit the most fearful results of unbelief, it has been necessary to cite the history of that land which was most richly watered with the tears of the saints, and most deeply dyed with martyrs’ blood; nor can one wonder to behold the thunderbolts of retribution falling upon it, in awful and relentless succession. They were the avengers of the faggot and of the stake, and of the sacred streams poured out in the cruel dragonades; they were invoked by the edicts, solemnly ratified, and then annulled, at the nod of the priesthood, and by the groans ascending from murdered thousands, on the accursed day of St. Bartholomew.† These it was that

* Romans, 1-28.

† In order to show how this retribution was meted out to the priesthood of that false religion, which was to so large a degree the author of

brought at last the great day of wrath. The Protestant armies gave the throne to the house of Bourbon, and confirmed it in peaceful possession. The house of Bourbon turned against

the miseries of France, we translate the following from the "*Liste du Condamnés*," under the head of "Affaire des Religieuses Carmelite:"

"The tribunal held in the Hall of Liberty condemned to death the following:

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| "F. Croissy, | aged 49, born at Paris, | Ex Religieux Carmelite. |
| "M. L. Tresille, | aged 51, born at Compiègne, | " " " |
| "M. C. Lidoine, | aged 42, born at Paris, | " " " |
| "A. Roussel, | aged 52, born at Fresne | " " " |
| "E. J. Verzolat, | aged 30, born at Leigne | " " " |
| "R. Chretien, | aged 57, born at Loreux, | " " " |
| "M. C. C. Brard, | aged 58, born at Bourt, | " " " |
| "L. Souron, | aged 55, born at Compiègne, | " " " |
| "A. Pelleret, | aged 64, born at Cozars, | " " " |
| "M. A. Piedcourt, | aged 78, born at Paris, | " " " |
| "M. Thoursett, | aged 79, born at Meux, | " " " |
| "M. J. Meunier, | aged 29, born at Franciade, | Novice Carmelite. |

"Convicted of having declared themselves the enemies of the people, and of having conspired against their sovereignty; of giving intelligence to the enemies of the Republic; of conspiring with the enemies of France, and imprisoning patriots; of becoming the partisans of Lafayette and Dumourier; of proclaiming *that the Prussians were fine fellows*; of preserving the writings of liberticides; of opposing the recruiting service, and seeking to stir up the people to counter-revolution;—*and were executed the same day.*"

This "*fournée*" of unfortunate ecclesiastics, who suffered under such absurd charges, was guillotined, not far from the church of Saint Etienne, whose bell tolled the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. Their case is but a sample of the wholesale butchery with which priestcraft was visited, and even the hoary hairs of four score could not command sympathy from the bloodthirsty tribunal. But was it not in those very streets that Admiral Coligny was massacred—a reverend old man, whose only crime was Protestantism—and who shared the general slaughter of that fearful day?

its faithful allies, and rewarding them with treachery, sold itself to work out the abominations of Rome.

If ever there was a house that wore out the patience of the Most High, it was that of Bourbon. If ever there was a nation drunk with the blood of the saints, it was France. She destroyed the religious faith of her people, to please the harlot of the Seven Hills, and with the fall of the Protestant church France also fell, self stabbed. O, no sword of man ever dealt a wound so deadly as that received from the viper coiled in her own breast. No retreat from Moscow, nor Waterloo, nor even a continent in arms, were half the foe that God raised up in the work of her own hands. Infidelity effloresced in national insanity, and the madman, when unrestrained, is his own destroyer. We turn gladly from this sad lesson, to the nobler illustration afforded in the history of America. The great moral preparation for the Revolution was the religious awakening, which from 1730 to 1750 spread throughout the colonies.* It was an era which, instead of a Hume, a Voltaire, or a Shelley, developed the majestic Edwards, and the fervent Brainerd, and supplied the nation with a generation imbued with piety and patriotism.

* Even at so early a day as 1735 the great revival then pervading the land was considered by a few leading minds as the herald of some grand feature in the world's progress; and Jonathan Edwards, in a sermon of that date, uses the following remarkable language: "God seems, by the things which he is doing among us, to be coming forth for some great thing. The work which hath lately been wrought among us is no ordinary thing. He doth not work in His usual way, but in a way very extraordinary; *and it is probable that it is a forerunner of some great revolution.* We must not pretend to say what is in the womb of Providence, or what is in the book of God's secret decrees—*yet we may, and ought to, discern the signs of these times.*"

“Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.”

Beside this, Harvard, and Yale, and Nassau Hall afforded education of an evangelical tone. Learning dwelt beneath the guardianship of piety, and supplied not only pastors for the flocks, but also furnished statesmen of the highest character. Thus from the least to the greatest of her citizens, America could glory in that which were truly worthy of Burke's magnificent expression, “the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations—the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise.” It was a necessary result that good faith should afford strength to the nascent republic, and hence, in all the debates which preceded the final appeal to arms, the leading feature was mutual confidence. It was this also which nerved the Father of his Country to new efforts during the protracted struggle. A firm believer in Christianity and its doctrine of a particular Providence, confidence in his associates was a necessary result, for most of them professed a similar faith. Hence we seldom find him doubting the fidelity of his men, and however deficient they may have proved in strategy, he reposed in their truth. While Putnam, Greene, Nash, Mercer, Wayne, and others served under his command, his confidence was never forfeited. Had he been devoured by suspicions, it is evident that national success would have been long delayed, and it is possible that the colonies might have still remained under British dominion. It is a circumstance hardly paralleled in the history of nations, that while there was an envious Lee, an intriguing Conway, and a vain-glorious Gates, this sublime confidence was, during

a seven years' war, never betrayed, save in one wretched exception, and that the annals of the revolution record but one traitor.

During his attendance on the Convention, Paine composed that volume which has so justly rendered him infamous. His mind had for years rankled with anti-Christian prejudices, but so long as he dwelt in America the power of public sentiment checked its utterance. But the time had arrived when no popular voice could rebuke his pen, while the atmosphere of Paris, redolent of doubt, yielded new inspiration. In addition to these facilities, there was a need of recreation from the duties of the Convention, whose sittings could not but be wearisome to one destitute of national sympathy, and utterly ignorant of the French tongue. It was therefore an opportunity of relieving himself of a long-accumulated mass of sophistry and conceit, and the stately title of "Age of Reason" garnished a volume in which reason is unknown. If any apology be necessary for the obtrusion of such a book upon the reader, let it be found in its representative character. It is an apt illustration of both the honesty and method of that controversy in which it bears a part. It assumes to be an examination of the Scriptures, with respect to their authenticity, the character of their teachings, and their influence upon mankind. It also embraces a dissertation upon the miracles of Christ, and the facts of his life and death, and resurrection, as they are accepted by evangelical Christianity. It may be well to note the circumstances under which this examination was made. Considering the momentous nature of the subject, one might reasonably suppose that such a task would require an acquaintance with both ancient and modern authorities, and that when complete, it would

exhibit a careful collation of manuscripts, a research of antiquities, and a calm balance of the evidence afforded by history and experience. So far however from realizing this idea, the "Age of Reason" sprang from the brain of a political agitator, amid the social ferment which preceded the Reign of Terror. Its author admits that he had seldom if ever either attended evangelical worship, or listened to the instruction of the pulpit—or mingled with Christian society. But to say nothing of this deficiency of experience, he was utterly ignorant of the original languages of the Scriptures. As to the explication of such obscure passages as are found in the English version, as to the views of commentators, or even as to Biblical criticism, in any shape, he confessed, or rather proclaimed his ignorance; while, to complete an act of consummate blasphemy, it was only necessary for him to boast that he was destitute of a copy of the Scriptures, even while penning his attack upon them.

We cannot but mark the cool assurance with which he states a circumstance which, for audacity, has hardly a parallel in all literature: "*Under these disadvantages I began the former part of the Age of Reason; I had besides neither Bible nor Testament to refer to, though I was writing against both*—(he does not appear to understand, that the one included the other)—*nor could I procure any; notwithstanding which I have produced a work that no Bible believer, though writing at his ease, and with a library of church books about him can refute.*" The author dedicated his book to the people of America, and then entrusted it to the care of an American ambassador, who was returning to his native land. This ambassador was Joel Barlow, whose principles appear to have been even worse than his poetry, and had he not been a

follower of Paine, we should have been surprised at his thus bearing home a volume charged with poison. It is a matter of more serious surprise that the volume thus introduced was printed by a house which, in after years, became noted for the publication of Bibles, prayer books, and general religious literature—a distinction enjoyed by its successors to the present day. These circumstances prove that Infidelity was then far more prevalent than it is now. The influence of the French army and the associations arising from the recent alliance of the two nations had largely undermined public sentiment. At the present day no ambassador would dare offer a similar volume to his country, and no respectable printing house would incur the infamy of its publication.

The character of the "The Age of Reason" fully justifies all that might be predicated of a book produced under similar circumstances. A copy of the first edition is now before us, with the pungent autograph annotations of the late John B. Romeyn. It is inspired by hate to Christianity, without any disguise; and its attempts at reasoning are quickly lost in the bitter current of its enmity. To reply to such a book were like arguing with a madman; and yet, although its vituperations are beneath the reach of calm discussion, Bishop Watson would not let it stalk the land unscathed. A continued though secret circulation still perpetuates its errors, and indicates an enemy whose character is not too degraded to effect extensive mischief, and whose attack it were not wise to overlook.

"I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride." *

The spirit of the author is shown by the statement "that

* Comus.

having, since the completion of the first part, furnished himself with a Bible and *Testament*, he has found them to be much worse books than he had conceived." In his view "the Bible is full of murder;"—"the book of Isaiah is one continued, incoherent, bombastical rant, full of extravagant metaphor, without application, and destitute of meaning;"—"prophesying is professional lying;" and his self-complacency, in view of this style of *reasoning*, is thus modestly expressed: "I have gone through the Bible as a man would go through a wood and fell trees." The author of Matthew's Gospel is stated "to have been an exceeding weak and foolish man." The seclusion of Christ after his resurrection is "a skulking privacy;" Mark's account of his reappearance to the disciples is "like a schoolboy's dull story;" and Christ's Sermon on the Mount "contains some good things, and a great deal of this feigned morality." Paul's sublime discourse on the resurrection (1st Corinthians, 15) "is a doleful jargon, as destitute of meaning as the tolling of the bell at the funeral;" and the argument, as it proceeds, "shows Paul to have been, what he says of others—a fool." The authenticity of the Epistles "is a matter of indifference"—"they are either argumentative or dogmatical; and as the argument is defective, and the dogmatical part is merely presumptive, it signifies not who wrote them." In another place he exclaims: "What is it that we have learned from this pretended thing, called revealed religion?—nothing that is useful to man, and everything that is dishonorable to his maker!"

These extracts sufficiently prove the character of the "Age of Reason." Other passages occur, from whose levity and obscenity one cannot but revolt. We can scarcely credit the fact that they were written by the author of "Common Sense"

and "The Crisis," and here we have a proof of the natural blindness of the understanding, and the corresponding perversion of the heart. There is no darkness like that of the impure and God-hating intellect of man.

We add, in conclusion, the author's opinion of the four Gospels: "It is, I believe, impossible to find in any story upon record so many and such glaring absurdities, contradictions and falsehoods as are in those books; they are more numerous and striking than I had any expectation of finding when I began this examination, and far more so than I had any idea of when I wrote the former part of the *Age of Reason*; I had then neither Bible nor *Testament* to refer to, nor could I procure any. My own situation, even as to existence, was becoming every day more precarious, and as I was willing to leave something behind me upon the subject, I was obliged to be quick and precise. The quotations* I then made were from memory only, but they are correct; and the opinions I have advanced in that work are the effect of the most clear and long-established conviction that the Bible and the *Testament* are impositions on the world—that the fall of man—the account of Jesus Christ being the son of God, and of his dying to appease the wrath of God, and of salvation by that strange means—are all fabulous inventions, dishonorable to the power and wisdom of the Almighty; that the only true religion is Deism, by which I then meant, and now mean, the belief of one God, and an imitation of his

* The following are all the quotations in the part referred to: "The Lord spake unto Moses, saying:" "Thou shalt surely die;" "An evil spirit from the Lord;" "Canst thou, by searching, find out God—canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?" "All the kingdoms of the world;" "Lo here! lo there!" "Behold the lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin."

moral character, or the practice of what are called the moral virtues; and that it was upon this only (so far as religion is concerned) that I rested all my happiness hereafter. So say I now, and so help me God."

We thus give the wretched man's profession, in order that he may enjoy the position which he seems to have envied, as the model Deist of his day; and we add the following as his conclusion of the whole matter: "Of all the systems of religion that ever were invented, there is none more derogatory to the Almighty, more unedifying to man, more repugnant to reason, and more contradictory in itself, than this thing called Christianity."

We have spoken of the "Age of Reason" as a representative book. Its impudent ignorance sets forth the chief characteristic of Deistical literature. We may not expect our adversaries to be conversant with nice points of doctrine, but one cannot but be surprised to see matters not merely of opinion, but of criticism and history misrepresented, until Christianity is thrust before the world, in all the deformity of prejudice and hate.* If the "Age of Reason" exhibits a misapprehension of scriptural piety, and a perversion of scriptural facts, does it not find a parallel in Hume, Shelley, Volney, and we may add, the Westminster reviewers, none of whom have the excuse which might shield

* "No man ever candidly and perseveringly studied the system of truth presented in the Old and New Testaments, without finding his belief follow. Where there is belief—real, firm belief, that belief will result in corresponding affections; these affections necessarily lead to a holy life.

* * * * *

"The grand error of free-thinkers, and that which should be pressed home on them, is their obstinate persistency in going blindfold, when a light from Heaven is offered them."—*J. W. Alexander's Letters to Dr. Hall.*

the rude stay-maker of Thetford? The reputation of such men gives vast importance to their dicta, and their ignorant, yet boasting disciples, rest in the wisdom of their teachers. And yet, despite this vaunted wisdom, there was one question on which they were not wise. However deep may have been their investigations elsewhere, here they were superficial; and however enlightened they otherwise were, they were here as ignorant as the unlettered mass of their followers.

An examination of the Deistical controversy convinces us that the only exception to the statement is in the case of those whose love of sin has confirmed them in opposition to Christianity, even while convinced of its truth. To such, the Earl of Rochester referred, when in his last moments, laying his hand on the Bible, he exclaimed: "*There is true philosophy. This is the wisdom that speaks to the heart; a bad life is the only grand objection to this book.*"*

* "And now that a professed communication is before me, and that it has all the solidity of the experimental evidence on its side, and nothing but the reveries of a daring speculation to oppose it, what is the consistent—what is the rational—and what is the philosophical use that should be made of this document, but to set me down, like a schoolboy, to the work of turning its pages, and conning its lessons, and submitting the every exercise of my judgment to its information and its testimony.

"We know that there is a superficial philosophy which casts the glare of a most seducing brilliancy around it, and spurns the Bible, with all the doctrine and all the piety of the Bible away from it. * * * But it is not the solid, the profound, the cautious spirit of that philosophy (that of Newton) which has done so much to ennoble the modern period of our world; for the more that this spirit is cultivated and understood, the more will it be found in alliance with that spirit in virtue of which all that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God is humbled, and all lofty imaginations are cast down, and every thought of the heart is brought into the captivity of the obedience of Christ."—*Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses.*

The first part of the "Age of Reason" had barely been finished, when its author was arrested, by order of the Committee of Public Safety. As a foreigner, and especially as an Englishman, he had long been the object of its suspicion, and his opposition to the death of the King sealed him to the guillotine. He had no doubt often contrasted the frenzied Atheism of his associates with the serene dignity of the American Congress, whose piety was confessed by the prayers which opened its daily sessions; but that contrast became the more striking as he felt his peril increasing, from day to day. At last the motion was carried to exclude foreigners from the Convention, and Bourdon de L'Oise, while speaking on this question, denounced the individual who above all others was obnoxious. At three in the morning Paine was seized and thrown into the prison of the Luxembourg. The American residents in Paris besought his release, but the Convention refused, on the score of his English birth and nationality, and he suffered a long and an almost hopeless imprisonment. The Reign of Terror was at its height; more than eight thousand wretched citizens were under arrest, on political charges, and as day by day the tribunal sent its throng to the block, sleepless suspicion supplied new inmates to the crowded jails.

Paine's imprisonment seems only a natural turn in a destiny so strange as his. It was but a year since the death of the king, yet within that year what scenes had met his gaze! He had witnessed the execution of the Girondins, and had shuddered at the daily *fournées* which rumbled on to the scaffold. He had also marked the closing of the churches, the abrogation of the Sabbath, and the adoration of a new deity under the name of Reason.

Thus he had seen the march of Atheism leading suspicion and slaughter at either hand, and yet these spectacles had failed to convey their lesson. Still darkened by unbelief he discerned not the true cause of the horrors which surrounded him. At the end of this year a new experience awaited him, and he who had mingled with the groups of the fore-castle and the excise office, with the political clubs of London, the patriots of America, and the legislators of France, now learned the woes of a prisoner of state. The Luxembourg had been an old and famous palace, but in the exigency of the times it had been transformed into a prison. Toward daylight of a chill wintry morning, its gates opened to receive two members of the Convention, who had nothing in common but infidelity and misfortune. They were the only foreigners in the Convention, but they were as diverse in their manners and opinions as they were in their nationality. The one was an Englishman, unlearned in aught but his mother tongue; by birth a plebeian; in age approaching his sixtieth year, and moderated as respects opinion from his early radicalism by scenes now enacted in his presence. Besides this he had voted against the death of Louis. Such was Thomas Paine when he entered the Luxembourg to spend a year in the midst of gloom, and fear, and alarm, and despair.

The other was a Prussian, in age but little past thirty, by birth a gentleman, to which had been added the title of baron; a man of education and travel; a member of the *Mountain*; a leader in the famed club of Jacobins, an enthusiast impelled by the most extravagant notions, and one who had voted for the death of the king, *pour genre humain*.

Such was Jean Baptiste Clootz, who at the same hour, became a prisoner within the same walls. Of this strange character few vestiges remain, and yet from what may be gathered from contemporary allusions, his history, had it ever been written, would have ranked high in the annals of the gifted and eccentric. Walter Scott indeed speaks of him as "the most inimitable character of the Revolution."

The leading characteristic of this man was a dream of human brotherhood, and the motto which inspired his actions was *pour genre humain*. To accomplish his wild theory he had travelled so extensively as to receive the *soubriquet* of Anacharsis, seeking some goal of human improvement. For this he had renounced his position and become a *Sans Culotte*, thus exchanging ease and wealth for the society of Hébert, Marat, and other of the scum of Paris. Amid all the fears and threatenings of *La Terreur* (as it was termed), he considered his safety insured by his position as a leader, while in fact he was but a tool of Robespierre, and as such perished in due time at the *Place de la Revolution*, under the usual false and unvaried charge.

Such a fate as this, for many a long month, Paine expected to share. He had at an early day appeared at the Tribunal as a witness in the mock trial of Marat, and he well knew the character of an institution which gave life and death at the nod of its master. By that master he was long designated for the guillotine, yet a strange Providence reserved him for another end, and hence he was never reached by the accuser.

In after years he loved to dwell on his wonderful escape,

and in his garrulity he ascribed it to two different causes. In the Age of Reason it is a severe illness which saves him, while in his letter to the people of America—written six years afterward—it is the blunder of the jailor in chalking the inside instead of the outside of the door of his cell. These variations do no credit to his veracity, and we are inclined to believe that the latter statement is unreliable, though it is possible that both may have been true at different periods of his prison life. But as to his danger there can be no doubt, since among Robespierre's posthumous papers there was found an order to demand the accusation of Thomas Payne (he is always called *Payne* in the *Moniteur*) for the interests of America and France.*

The Luxembourg, since the days of the Revolution, has been restored to its original splendor, and its picture gallery is a leading attraction to the tourist. How difficult must it be for such an one to imagine those pictures, unrecorded on canvas, which once unfolded their shadowed forms to the dwellers there. Here have been witnessed bewildering family scenes—haggard parents hovering over children soon to become orphans—soft-faced girls whose gentle eyes were just kindling with the glare of despair—grim-visaged forms of lonely *suspects* torn from distant homes—soldiers in the Carmagnole uniform just snatched

* The reason why Robespierre accused him for the interests of America as well as France, was probably owing to his fear of exciting the displeasure of the United States if he destroyed him without sufficient cause. This fear we think was the reason of the strange delay in bringing forward the accusation, and if Robespierre could now show that it was for the interests of America to send him to the axe, a great end would be attained. We are left entirely in the dark as to the way in which American interests were to be assisted by Paine's death.

from the camp—wrinkled politicians vainly revolving plans of escape. Ah, what pictures of farewells, aghast with despair—of stout men sinking to weakness as their names echoed through the halls, called off for the *fournée*—of shrieking women writhing in the hands of fiendish officials who gloat over their fears and feed high on their horrors. Such were daily exhibitions in the gallery of the Luxembourg seventy years ago.

These scenes have been often attempted by artists both of the pen and pencil; but little can be known of their true character or of their true colors. How shall we portray the startling contrasts of young and old, of gentry and artisans, of plebeians and aristocrats, all huddled together in sudden companionship of misery? The vast edifice, like the other prisons, was crowded by a motley host which embraced all ages and varieties of social rank.

Every night new arrests were made, and the inquiry was uttered every morning concerning those newly come to that place of woe—beside this, each day Fouquier Tinville summonses his quota to the Tribunal, and the fearful question ceases not to agonize the captive throng, “who goes into the next *fournée*?”

Paine kept no record of the dreary hours of his imprisonment; but to his active mind a state of durance must have been doubly severe. A few books and manuscripts served to employ the heavy hours; but what a contrast is this to the prison life of Bunyan, when, instead of a Pilgrim's Progress, he is giving the world the finishing pages of the Age of Reason.

The Luxembourg was a little world, full of secret intelligence, little buzzing expectations, and pale, dying hopes;

but from all participation with these Paine was excluded by his ignorance of French. Yet insulated as he was, he must sometimes have shuddered when fresh groups of the great and the unfortunate were marched along those echoing corridors.

What venerable *noblesse* that dread abode held during the last hours of life's fitful fever! Here might have been seen the Senectêrres, the Grand Maisons, the Malherbes, the Tonnêrres—fathers and sons closing up old ancestries by extermination—high-born ladies and aged matrons soon to totter to the guillotine.

But a thrill far more intense must have been awakened by the appearance of political magnates, who were so suddenly translated from the Convention to the cell. The Luxembourg was a place of strange re-union, and Paine could greet anew his old associates in council, and behold not only the common herd of Jacobins, but the flower of the *Mountain* itself.

Here might have been seen Mormoro who married the Goddess of Reason; Herault Sechelles, who was Paine's alternate in office; Chabôt, the chief witness against the Girondins, who vainly attempts suicide by poison; and Chaumette, who gloated over the early victims of the axe. Here is Fabre D'Eglantine once so prominent in the Convention; and here is Hébert, who offered such infamous testimony against the Queen that its utterance would offend even the least delicate mind of our day, and hence it never has been republished—now going, thank God, to taste death on the same spot where that noble lady suffered. Above all, here is the brilliant, the beautiful, and the accomplished Camille Desmoulins, the Apollo of the *Moun-*

tain, whose tragic fate is interwoven with all the intensity of domestic love—all,—all bound for the *Place de la Revolution*, whither their votes have sent the unfortunate Louis.* Here, too, in a few days, may be seen the pale nun who had become Hébert's bride, and who is to share his fate, and with her is the faltering form of the once gay and happy Lucille Desmoulins. Poor Lucille, aged only twenty-three, now leaving little Horace an orphan with his grandmother. It seems but a day since that lovely Lucille gave her hand to young Desmoulins in the presence of a grand assemblage of his political friends, all of whom have either fled or perished on the scaffold—except Danton and Robespierre, who will come in due time. A few days ago Camille followed some of that wedding group to slaughter, and perhaps his ghost awaits his wife at the place of death. What a history of a bridal pair, and their *suite* of friends!

Such was the concourse of misery which entered and departed the Luxembourg daily during Paine's detention there; but at last appears one whose name might have caused the very walls to shudder. What a sensation was that which convulsed the Luxembourg when the whisper ran from cell to cell that DANTON was there. Danton, late Minister of Justice, late oracle of the Jacobins, late

* Most of these men were editors, and the vigor of political satire seldom run to such boldness as in those *feuilletons* whose authors wrote with the guillotine in view. Brissot edited *Le Courrier Français*. Hébert edited *Père Duchesne*. Marat's journal was *L'Ami du Peuple*. Camille Desmoulins published *Le Vieux Cordelier*, a fiery sheet, of which vast quantities were sold, and which is the only one of the Revolutionary journals which has been reprinted. *Vide Paris edition 1825*. Camille Desmoulins and Robespierre were early friends, and even fellow-colleagues, but the jealousy of the latter could tolerate no rival.

pride and pillar of the *Mountain*, now a prisoner, and in three days to go to the Tribunal and the axe. The captives of the Luxembourg were startled as by an earthquake. What, Danton here? Yes! HE is here! Ah, Danton, giant of the Revolution, "hell from beneath is moved at thy coming!—art thou also become weak as we—art thou become like one of us?"

Danton and Paine met and embraced; misery and misfortune had buried differences of opinions, and a sense of fallen greatness overcame them both. In Danton there was an air of stern loftiness, which, on such an occasion, became grandeur. He was the Titan of the Revolution, and Paine could not have witnessed his departure for the *Place de la Revolution*, whither he expected so soon to follow, without confessing an emotion.

Thus, amid daily tragedy, the months passed drearily on—*Nivousse*, *Pluviose*, *Germinal*, *Prarial*, *Floreal*, until at length came *Thermidor*, sultry with the summer sun, but hotter still with fear, and dread, and the fiery war in the Convention. All this while the axe has no rest—*La Terreur* slumbers not—and the daily *journée* holds its course onward through Rue St. Honoré to the scaffold. On the 20th *Prarial* Robespierre has inaugurated the *Etre Suprême*, but the slaughter ceases not even under the rule of that very *Etre Suprême* which he has set up as the deity after his own heart. The maddening excitement waxes still higher in its pitch, and thrilling rumors begin to penetrate the Luxembourg. There are plots and complots even against Robespierre himself. Hope, still hope, ye pale dwellers of the palace prison—the hour draweth near—he cannot be immortal—his day too must come! But, alas!



DANTON: NO WEAKNESS.

group after group departs, bidding farewell even to hope. Still the hour hastens on. It is the ninth Thermidor. The rumors grow still more rife. He is accused, so they say, in the very Convention—nay, his arrest is decreed. Prisoners fronting the street see friendly signals playing from distant house-tops. Let hope grow stronger during that last night of horrors, for the morn of deliverance is at hand. The sun shines once more—it is a sweet summer morn—the tenth Thermidor—*Décadi*—day consecrated to mirth—day for music and theatricals, fraternal kisses, happy idleness, and worship of *Etre Suprême*. It is just five *Decadis* since that *Etre Suprême* was set up by Robespierre—an infernal pentecost, and a fitting close to such a career. The signals redouble. The gloomy Luxembourg is full of hope—so is the Abbaye, La Force, and other Parisian jails. Word comes that he has been shot in the Hotel de Ville. Yes, his wounded body lies in agony in a committee-room of the Tuileries, awaiting the last hour—there is no need of trial, he has been *mis hors du loi*, OUTLAWED.

The cool of the day draws near; it is six o'clock when the grand *fournée* is rumbling toward the *Place de la Revolution*. Let us watch the carts as they unload. The victims await their turn, gazing listlessly upon the scaffold, at whose base they stand, with cropped heads, coats loosely slung about their necks, and hands bound behind. There is deformed Couthon, tottering on his limp legs, contrasted with St. Just, who stands erect in the beauty of early manhood. There is Henriot, whose drunkenness lost the struggle yesterday, but who will never be drunk again. There is Lebas, and Payan, and Vivier, and all that ill-famed crew, each to feel the edge of *La Sainte Guillotine*, as

once they fancifully named the instrument of death. What a *fournée* for a Paris mob to gaze upon? Was there ever seen such a crowd since the king suffered? No! not even when the Girondins *eternuent*,* or the Danton *fournée* entranced the city. All eyes are eager for the brothers. At last they appear—the famed brothers of the *Mountain*—many brothers they have sent here to suffer together, and the same fate shall be theirs. This is HE of the bandaged jaw. “How art thou fallen, O, Lucifer, son of the morning!” Thus the pistol spares Robespierre for his best weapon, *Le rasoir National*. A haggard form appears on the scaffold—countenance smirched with blood, and the chin supported by a clotted band. In a moment his coat is off (that sky-blue coat of better days), and regardless of the cry of agony the bandage is torn away, for nothing must deaden the axe’s edge. The form is strapped to the *bascule*, and a dull, heavy sound is heard. The work is done; *La Terreur* is destroyed, and Paris breathes free. Thomas Paine shall not die on the scaffold, and in a few weeks he will walk the streets of Paris, a wonder to himself and to all.

Eleven months had been passed in the Luxembourg, sur-

* The heartless character of a people stripped of all religious sentiment, is shown by the frivolous epithets applied to the most revolting features in that day of horror. Thus, by way of sport, the contortions of countenance which followed the stroke of the axe were termed *eternuer*, “to sneeze.” The cross bar of the guillotine which fixed the position of the victim was called “the little window.” *Fournée* was a term from the bakers, and meant “an ovenfull,” while “La Sainte Guillotine” and “Le rasoir National,” were among other pet terms of the day. “Looking through the little window,” and “sneezing in the sack,” were common expressions for the fate of the doomed. Hébert is preceded to the *Place de la Revolution* by men and even boys, who mock him with cries like those of the news-mongers, when hawking his own journal *Pere Duchesne*.

rounded by misery, and with the axe gleaming in the future, but now the opened gate offers liberty, and by one of those startling changes which follow the wheel of revolution, we find him once more in the Convention, a legislator of France instead of a victim of the guillotine. During all these vicissitudes he was befriended by Mr. Monroe, the American Minister, and subsequent President, who did not forget the claims of former service.

In 1802, after an absence of fifteen years, Mr. Jefferson invited him to return to the United States, and in a few months he once more appeared on our shores. It was eight and twenty years since those shores had welcomed the radical and plebeian democrat, and during this interval he had achieved distinction. The once obscure adventurer had written his name in the annals of two continents. He had essayed controversy with the chief of British statesmen, and the force of his pen had been felt in the high places of government. He had sat in judgment on the pale form of the Bourbon, and the King had sought and received mercy from the low-born mechanic. He had participated in two vast revolutions, concerning one of which in his complacency he might have said,

“——— Quæque ipsi misserima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui.”

This eventful career had been prolonged through sixty-five years, and now, broken and destitute, he sought a home in the bosom of that nation whose liberties first inspired his pen. He returned to find the Republic, under the genial influence of Christianity, exhibiting a marked contrast to the vascillations of French polity; for though the presidential chair was filled by an avowed Infidel, yet religion held its power over

the masses. He returned to experience an overwhelming disappointment and to drink deeply of that cup of misery which he had filled for the world. A professed revolutionist, he had fondly contemplated an abrogation of that religion which so long had been the object of his hate. He had hoped, like all apostates, for the destruction of the faith which he had abjured. "Soon after," says he, "I had published the pamphlet *Common Sense* I saw the exceeding probability that a revolution in the system of governments would be followed by a revolution in the system of religion."* The desire cherished for twenty years, as he confesses, was now to be utterly disappointed. It is indeed one of the delusions of Infidelity to expect from one age to another the fall of that sublime system against which it has directed its puny yet malignant attack. The imperial persecutor Diocletian was so confident of success, that he planned the jubilee which should celebrate the extinction of Christianity. Hume, whose hatred was equally implacable, at one time mourns over the ill success of his attacks, but at another seems hopeful that, could his life be prolonged, it would witness the downfall of superstition; and Paine, upon whom the mantle of error so directly fell, expresses his assurance "that a revolution in the system of government would be followed by a revolution in the system of religion." But the volume which these misguided men hate, establishes the future safety of the church, equally with that of the past. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn."†

The assault upon truth admits of no comparison with other conflicts. When battling with European tyranny the author

* *Age of Reason.*

† *Isaiah, 54-17.*

of the Rights of Man may hope for success; but when, in the impious pages of the Age of Reason, he strikes at Christianity, he invokes an inevitable doom. "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder."* The Age of Reason had created an almost national disgust for its author, and he returned in time to receive its full flood—breaking upon his declining years. It is true that Infidel clubs existed in many of the larger towns, among which the volume became authority; it is also true that for a time it circulated with a power of evil, hardly to be estimated; yet, blasting as the upas tree, its very name soon re-echoed the anathema which the nation breathed upon it—and he who aspired to be the associate of Franklin and Washington in the war of independence, returns to the land of Franklin and Washington to be a hissing and a reproach. It were but little satisfaction to have received the courtesies of the President and the transitory attention of politicians, since the force of public sentiment soon drove them from association with the author of the Age of Reason. None cared to share the irretrievable verdict uttered against him, except a few free-thinking friends, who had little to risk. New York became his residence, and the city, with its excitement, was preferable to the solitude of the New Rochelle farm. His old age was one of bitter misery; and the seven years between his return to America and his return to the dust exhibits a descending scale of deep degradation.

"In the city," says one who wrote of him, "he moved his quarters from one low boarding-house to another, and generally managed to quarrel with the blacksmiths, bakers, and butchers, his landlords." His chief employment, at this time,

* Matthew, 21-44.

was in writing for the public journals, and in personal attack his pen had lost none of its early gall. Thus, even before death closed his wretched career, it might have been cited, above all others of his day, as one

“ * * * Who grovels, self-debarred
From all that lies within the scope
Of holy faith and Christian hope;
Yea, strives for others to bedim
That glorious light, too pure for him.” *

Paine's last hours have been a matter of controversy. It has been asserted by some that he expired amid agonies of remorse, but it is possible that, as in the case of Hume, a frame of mind, hardened by a life of sin, remained unblenched until the last.

The latter days of the author of the Age of Reason were an impressive commentary on his doctrines. Contemning Christianity, he had vaunted “an imitation of God's moral character, or the practice of what are called the moral virtues,” and on this, to still quote his own words, he “rested his hopes for happiness hereafter.” How striking the contrast between this shameless boast and that career in which these virtues were so persistently ignored.

Thomas Paine was the founder of the American school of Infidelity, and to the American people he formally presented his Age of Reason. It was upon American soil, no doubt, that he hoped to initiate that revolution which should leave the world without a Bible or a Saviour. The school thus established differed from all others—like its founder, it was coarse, blatant, and vituperative. Hume's vicious teachings smell of the lamp, and have an air of logic; Gibbon, D'Hol-

* Wordsworth.

bach, and the Encyclopædists concealed their hatred of Christianity in the guise of elevated thought; malignant as were their attacks upon our faith, it does not impair our appreciation of their genius. But the American school exhibited its theories stripped of all adventitious garb. The seductive air of philosophy vanished under its forming hand, until the hideous phantom stood revealed in its true colors. It disdained alliance with learning, with manners, and even with the decencies of life. It sought not its proselytes in the alcove, in the study, or in the walks of science. It spewed itself in kennels and gutters—it was ventilated in the teeming abodes of vice—it recruited in pot-houses and club-rooms, whose reeking walls reëchoed obscene blasphemy, while priestcraft and scripture were cursed, amid the clink of cans, and the fumes of pipe and gin-bottle.

This wretched class, diminished though it be, is far from being extinct; and in some of our larger cities each sabbath witnesses its cheerless gatherings and discussions—while the birthday of its apostle, “like Thammuz, yearly wounded,” repeats its stereotyped tirades, and his memory is thrust upon the world, like some cursed thing, which writhes but cannot die. These gatherings exhale the foul effluvia of discontent, debauchery, and ferocious radicalism which marked their master spirit, and society may expect from them its deepest stab.

The infamous doctrines of Thomas Paine are so clearly illustrated by his latter years, that we cannot doubt he was spared the tribunal and the axe for this very end. At the distance of more than half a century, the finger of retrospective scorn is fixed on one form of cumulative horror, and we seem to hear the cry, “Behold! behold!” We turn and gaze,

and shudder as we gaze, for the would-be destroyer of Christianity is before us. His head is grey, but those are grey hairs of shame; his form is bent, but it is not with the dignity of age—the lips, in their last utterances, still scatter blasphemy; and as the wretch totters to his hopeless grave the Faith which he labored to destroy pervades the land with renewed power.* Thus dying, like the apostate Julian, in irretrievable defeat, he might, like him, have exclaimed, “Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!”

We turn away from this revolting spectacle, but again we seem to hear the cry, “Behold! behold!” We cannot but obey, and gazing once more, recognize the lesson, and wonder at the justice of his doom. Henceforth let the chief reviler of the Gospel stand thus in perpetual pillory, an example of un-gospelized humanity, or, rather, like the glare of some midnight beacon, let him throw a ghastly warning upon the future of his race.

Upon a calm review, we are convinced that America owes nothing to Thomas Paine. The claims once urged by the author of “Common Sense” are cancelled by the poisoned pages which flowed from the same pen. As one shrinks from the friendship which only conceals the dagger, so America recoils from alliance with the insidious pamphleteer of her revolutionary days. Far better had it been for her to have remained a colony, in possession of the holy faith of her founders, than to receive an independence thus marred and despoiled. Indeed, so far from expressing gratitude, our

* Paine died in 1809; in 1810 the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was formed; in 1816 the American Bible Society; in 1817 the Colonization Society; and since the year of his death Christianity has exhibited an annual and stately increase.

country now only beholds in Paine the Cataline, whose secret assaults her religion has escaped; and she may measure her once-threatened danger by an estimate of that religion, as the source and security of liberty.

Having thus marked the contrast between the theories of Infidel revolutionists and the conserving power of national piety, we turn from the atheistical abstraction of the former to read, with renewed profit, the lesson of the Christian philosopher:* “HUMAN HAPPINESS HAS NO SECURITY BUT FREEDOM—FREEDOM NONE BUT VIRTUE—VIRTUE NONE BUT KNOWLEDGE; AND NEITHER FREEDOM, NOR VIRTUE, NOR KNOWLEDGE, HAVE ANY VIGOR EXCEPT IN THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH AND THE SANCTIONS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.”

* President Dwight.



BOOK THIRD.

THE POLITICIAN.

“THE PUBLIC PATH OF LIFE

IS FOUL, BUT YET ALLOW

IT MAKES THE NOBLE MIND MORE NOBLE STILL.

THE WORLD'S NO NEUTER. IT WILL WOUND OR SAVE,

OUR VIRTUE QUENCH, OR INDIGNATION FIRE.

YOU SAY THE WORLD WELL KNOWN WILL MAKE A MAN.

THE WORLD WELL KNOWN WILL GIVE OUR HEARTS TO HEAVEN,

OR MAKE US DEMONS LONG BEFORE WE DIE.”

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE POLITICIAN.

“**S**EE how the green-girt cottages shimmer in the setting sun! He bends and sinks! Yonder he hurries off, to nourish new life. O that I had wings to follow on—to see in everlasting evening beams the stilly world at my feet—every hill on fire—every vale in repose—the rugged mountains, with their rude defiles—the heavens above me, and beneath me the waves!”

And surely this were sufficient, had he written nothing more, to have proven its author a poet; and over and over again we repeated the thought, unconsciously yielding ourselves to the full power of that sublime conception—the eternal sunset—which Goëthe gave to the world.

The summit of the mountain had at last been gained, and we were gazing upon a scene of overcoming grandeur. On the north-west lay Amherst, with its college halls looking out from great masses of cloud and foliage; nearer by old Hadley stretched its broad and quiet streets, lined by antique elms, whose arching greenery drooped in patient watchfulness over the venerable town. At another point of the compass

we discerned South Hadley, with its far-famed Seminary—a monument to Mary Lyon, its founder, and a chief feature in New England's glory. At our feet the Connecticut, like a thread of silver, was weaving its way through grove and meadow—while Round Hill sits as a queen, with the sinuous stream at her feet.

Beauties like these, mellowed by the hues of sunset, shall not soon meet our eye—they fill the soul like some magnificent dream; and yet, turning from all else, we soon find our attention riveted on quiet Northampton, whose spires and mansions peep out from a world of foliage. It is the storied abode of holy memories, and they now overcome the heart; it is redolent of ancient puritanism; it is the town of fervent preachers and Pentecostal effusions. It is the spot where Dwight was born; where Edwards lived, and where Brainerd died. How then can we avoid gazing on old Northampton, oblivious even of the other lovely features in the vast panorama, until the mind, yielding to the inspiration of the hour, becomes lost in reverie. We forget the deepening twilight, and at last, as we are buried in the solemn shadows, the wheels of time seem to have reversed their course. Indeed, the past has now begun to renew its quaint existence: the trim cottage gives way to the rude, weather-beaten home of the pioneer, and the stalwart yeoman of a by-gone generation, homespun and uncouth in apparel, but with earnest and commanding mien, passes before us.

A whole century is at last restored. These humble dwellings invite our approach. It is evening; and as we quietly enter, we find the household gathered about the spacious hearth, by whose flickering blaze some one is reading the family Bible. A few volumes are seen on the

shelf, or table, but they are mainly of a religious character, and give proof of incessant perusal. Religion indeed is the common theme, for the sermon having been carefully heard is the subject of discussion during the week, and its doctrines, warnings, and reproofs are the pabulum of each household; indeed, as there are no journals, editors, or reformers to do the public thinking, the pulpit holds undisputed sway. The people travel but little—a journey to Boston is the event of a lifetime—even the intercourse with neighboring towns is limited, while Albany and New York are little known, except by report.

“Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the even tenor of their way.”

Such were the fathers of the American Republic, who laid its foundation in patriotism, born of piety. Earnest, patient, stout-hearted men they were, who put on the whole armor of God, not for occasional tilts, but for daily conflicts. Like the granite which underlies New England, these men, hewn out of rock, still buttress the common weal by example, memory and prayer.

Among the rude dwellings which meet our eye while thus gazing in reverie on old Northampton, there is none so interesting as the parsonage; for here, sitting by his table, piled and strewn with books and manuscripts, one may behold the chief-student and philosopher of his age. He is pale and worn with thought, and as he rises to pace the floor his tall form seems still more attenuated by the intensity of the inner life. One need not fear to disturb him, for it is evident just now that he is absorbed by some mighty theme and is uncon-

scious of all but its solemn questions; and though for a time overawed by his presence, we may still look with calm interest upon the reverend form of Jonathan Edwards. In the lower apartment, for we will descend from the study, we shall meet Sarah, the faithful and accomplished helpmeet, and the ardent and devoted saint, whom her husband has cited as the holiest and most exalted of believers. Surrounding this illustrious woman, and aiding her in her domestic duties, is her lovely group of daughters—Esther, Mary, Jerusha, Sarah, in whom are perpetuated the mother's gifts and graces, and who follow her arduous path in that daily walk which leads to the better land. Ah, who shall dare to even think that from one of this pure and primitive circle will spring the chief sinner of his day? Ah, who shall forecast such a destiny for blooming, dark-eyed Esther—to bear and nurture one who shall be heir of misery and crime? Of these cherished daughters Jerusha shall be first to go hence, and her grave shall for many a year be redolent of the sweet memory of the early dead. Mary shall give the world one who will be worthy of her sire—and in the name and character of a Dwight he shall renew his piety and power. But thou, Esther—eldest and most gifted of all—to thee it is reserved to be the mother of him from whose bad fame all thy house might recoil!

While such thoughts are as yet unborn, we gaze with silent reverence upon this blessed household, for here intellect is hallowed by piety, and childhood mingles its merry innocence with the exhalations of prayer. But now a new name is to be entwined in its history, and Aaron Burr, Presbyterian pastor of far distant Newark, has been proven worthy of Esther's love. Their union, however, will be delayed until Jonathan Edwards, the expelled of Northampton, shall have

found a new home at Stockbridge, when mother and daughter, waiving all form, shall journey to New York and meet the bridegroom in the long expected ceremony.

In 1752 the happy couple establish a new fireside, and here Esther revives the scenes of her early days. Like the good old home in Northampton, it is the abode of peace—where faith daily overcomes the world. And soon two sweet children fill Esther's heart with happiness, and little Sarah has just learned to prattle a few broken words to her mamma as she rocks the cradle in which the tiny Aaron sleeps. Yes, he is awake now, and papa must come in from the study to hear the mother's flood of baby talk—to gaze in those lustrous eyes, and to feed upon the hopes which that beauteous babe has inspired.

* * * * * * * *

But alas! all these things are but as a dream. Baby and his sister are orphans *now*. Father was exhausted and overdone by his sermon at Governor Belcher's funeral, and the fever soon proves fatal. He is only forty-two, and the infant college pleads in vain as it beholds one who is not only its president but its founder and nursing father, smitten in his prime. In vain, too, Esther watches and ministers beside his wasting form—the last conflict is rapidly but serenely finished, and as chief mourner she follows her beloved one to his place of rest. Six months are passed; another fills the presidential seat, and Esther's father, the good and the great, accepts the work which once her husband honored. But, alas! he has only come to die! In six months the chair is again vacant, and all that is mortal of Jonathan Edwards rests by the side of Esther's husband.

Can we avoid a shudder as we behold the shadows still

deepening in gloom? But sixteen days are passed since the death of the last president, when another funereal procession sweeps in sombre array to the same place of burial. And now Esther herself finds rest by the side of a father and a husband—leaving her little orphans to the care of God.

After a lapse of six months a fresh mound appears in the same plat, to mark the grave of Sarah, the widow and smitten mother. She has come from Stockbridge to weep over the turf beneath which a son, a daughter, and a husband are sleeping; but the bitter tears of bereavement and desolation are thus wiped away by the hand of death.

O, precious plat in Princeton burial-ground—rich with the dust of saints, who from these crumbled monuments shall rise in glory! Yet one moulders there of whom we dare not breathe such hope. It is thee—poor orphan! left behind in that busy time of death—left behind, to fill up a harrowing destiny, and only to return when the cherub face of infaney shall put on the sere lineaments of four score—left behind, to follow the bent of youthful passions—to wrestle with temptation in its most fearful shapes—left in the battle, not to conquer, but to perish!

Ah, poor babe! may we not exclaim—would God thou hadst early closed those lustrous eyes, and shared thy mother's sleep, still resting on her breast! But a higher wisdom decrees that this must not be. Therefore we gaze with deepening sympathy on one who is developing into restless and disobedient boyhood, and proving as wayward as he is beautiful. A lithe and active form—a passing grace of manners, and a mind rapid almost to precocity, may offer promise; but that restive and indomitable will bodes no good. At ten he is a recaptured runaway; at thirteen he is a college junior;

and at sixteen he bids the farewell of a graduate to his Alma Mater.

About these days there is a strange thing to be seen by that circle of friends and relatives who are anxiously watching his opening career. Young Aaron Burr has taken a journey into Connecticut, to visit one widely known as "Father Bellamy." He is not seventeen, and the wonder is what can lead so wild a youth to the dull scenes of Bellamy's parsonage. The reply must come from that bosom now heaving with solemn thought and emotion. Incredible as it may appear, that bosom is no longer the abode of levity. A new sense has possessed it. Aaron Burr has suddenly been awakened to the value of the soul—to a view of its guilt, and its need of atonement. He feels the claims of his higher nature, which will not feed on the pleasures of sin. In other words, the Holy Spirit, which convinces of sin, is striving with the youth, and not only has forced him to abandon his evil ways, but has led him to the counsels of Bellamy, the early friend of his father. The parson welcomes the enquirer, who abides in his family full eight months, in order to satisfy himself concerning the momentous question of personal religion.

During this time a mighty conflict agitates the soul of the youth; angels might look on and weep, for at last the battle is lost. It is said in Holy Writ that "when the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, 'I will return unto mine house, from whence I came out;' and when he is come he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh with himself seven other spirits, more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state

of that man is worse than the first.”* Such, we have reason to believe, was the case of the once anxious enquirer, when he left Father Bellamy’s. The expectations of his friends that he would adopt the sacred profession of his ancestors were disappointed; and, what was still worse, their hopes of his personal piety were blasted when they beheld him turn his back upon the pastor and his teachings. We believe it to have been a farewell to Christianity; and if it ever after influenced him it must have only been in that indirect way in which it acts upon the minds of the depraved without their consciousness.

The attack of Infidelity upon the youthful mind is of the most insidious nature. It finds secret allies in the corruptions of the heart—it fraternises with the baser passions, offering promise of abundant gratification. Entrenched in all that is unholy in man, it first exhibits the nascent doubt. The soul is startled—is it possible, then, that that which has so often frowned upon its pleasures may be a delusion? Once more is heard the voice of the tempter, whispering, “*thou shalt not die!*” And can it be possible that this hateful scheme may be a mere figment? Ah, if this were but the case, how happy were our state! If one could but prove that these stern dogmas were indeed but a remnant of antiquated superstition, which science and reason annihilate, how would the soul expand in joyful emancipation! Then with emboldened tone the misled one exclaims, “Prove this to me, ye men of argument, and I will be your disciple!”

Here is Hume—full of mighty reasoning—indeed, in his hands Christianity not only becomes a bubble, but even sui-

* Matthew, 12-43.

cide takes the aspect of a virtue; and when the round of pleasure shall be finished it offers a friendly escape from the bitterness which follows. Or here is Goëthe, radiant with the scintillations of far more splendid genius, and offering a dazzling contrast to the blank and dreary theories of the Deist. The bewildered soul bows before the colossal Pantheist, for

“What if pride had duped him into guilt,
Yet still he stalked, a self-created God.”

And the error which underlies the foul idolatry of the Hindoo is sublimated until it permeates the highest fields of thought. “Henceforth,” exclaims the lost one, “I only bow to Nature deified—Deity, of which I too am a part.”* How that thought pampers the vanity of man! Why should such an one be ruled by apothegms from ancient scripture? Weaklings may thus cringe, but ’tis his to soar, upborne by Nature’s lofty instinct, to himself indeed a God. Thus he is entangled in his own conceit, and calls it philosophy. Unbelief too enchants the eye with an almost boundless vista of pleasures—barriers, once impregnable, now fall as by a spell, and the field of sensual delight expands before unfettered

* Pantheism, or the belief that God is everything, is deeply rooted in the minds of the masses. The soul, they believe, is but a portion of the Divine Spirit, united to a portion of matter. “Brahm,” says one of the Purannas, “is the potter by whom the vase is formed; he is the clay of which it is made. Everything proceeds from him, without waste or diminution—everything merges in him again, as rivers mingle with the ocean.” “I am God,” is the constant assertion of those with whom the missionary in India has to deal.”—(Life in India.) *Goëthe would have been ashamed to acknowledge the degraded Hindoo among his disciples. Yet what is the difference between his Pantheism and theirs?*

appetite. With no law but the love of pleasure the career is begun.

“Oh, foolishness of men, that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the world with odorous fruits and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please and sate the curious taste?
 * * * If all the world '
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse.”*

We shall not attempt a picture of the conflict between the soul and its tempter. Milton has portrayed thrilling resistance and escape in his *Comus*, but Retzsch's noble outline of the Game of Human Life presents a saddening contrast. The triumphs of virtue are seldom found except on the page of fiction, while the sketch of the artist illustrates the history of many a wretched generation. And to this very hour we may behold the Circean cup enchanting its youthful victims, till all the lessons of early childhood shall be lost in the delirium of pleasure, only to return and reproach the last hours of a wasted life.

We believe that it was thus with the once anxious enquirer after truth. He left Father Bellamy's with a careless heart, whose only subsequent pursuit was pleasure; while unbelief renewed itself in tenfold power, and the passions, no longer bridled, henceforth held an unbroken sway. At the age of nineteen he has enlisted in the army of the Revolution, and

* Milton.



LTZSCH.



we follow the rising volunteer as he marches with a gallant but unfortunate band. Led by Montgomery, and stimulated by the desperado Arnold, it exhibits prodigies of valor and endurance—it forces a way through the morasses and over the mountains of an unbroken wilderness, until Montreal yields to its artillery, and Quebec trembles at its approach. But here defeat and disaster are to be encountered, and Montgomery is to die in vain before that fortress, whose capture had immortalized the expiring Wolfe. The morning of the 31st December is fixed upon for the storm. The forlorn hope advances, under the command of Aaron Burr, whose cool and intrepid valor is set off by the freshness of youth. But the attack utterly fails—and the discharge of a single cannon prostrates Montgomery with mortal wound, while the entire front is slain, save two. One of these is young Burr, who retreats bearing the body of the unfortunate general upon his shoulders.

We next behold him in New York, on his return from the unfortunate campaign. The young and elegant officer now enjoys the fresh laurels of arms. He is the hero of the northern campaign, courted, caressed and admired—all wonder at his brilliance—the form is graceful as an Apollo—the voice awakens emotions in the listening groups of the saloon, and the martial fire of the black and piercing eye melts into a subdued lustre before the beauties of the metropolis. Rare gifts centre upon one who will ply them for the worst.* The

* “I mention but one other case—that of the seducer. Playing upon the most sacred affections, he betrays innocence. How? By its noblest faculties; by its trust; by its unsuspecting faith; by its tender love; by its honor. The victim, often and often, is not the accomplice so much as the sufferer, betrayed by an exorcism which bewitched her noblest affections to become the suicides of her virtue! The betrayer, for the most

ambition of intrigue is paramount even to the ambition of arms, and there is no name so honored, and no friendship so

intense selfishness, without one noble motive, without one pretense of honor—by lies; by a devilish jugglery of fraud; by blinding the eye, confusing the conscience, misleading the judgment, and instilling the dew of sorcery upon every flower of sweet affection—deliberately, heartlessly damns the confiding victim! Is there one shade of good intention, one glimmering trace of light? Not one. There was not the most shadowy, tremulous intention of honor. It was a sheer, premeditated, wholesale ruin, from beginning to end. The accursed sorcerer opens the door of the world, to push her forth. She looks out all shuddering; for there is shame, and sharp-toothed hatred, and chattering slander, and malignant envy, and triumphing jealousy, and old revenge—these are seen rising before her, clouds full of fire that burns, but will not kill. And there is for her, want and poverty, and gaunt famine. There is the world spread out; she sees father and mother heartlessly abandoning her, a brother's shame, a sister's anguish. It is a vision of desolation; a plundered home, an altar where honor, and purity, and peace have been insidiously sacrificed to the foul Moloch. All is cheerless to the eye, and her ear catches the sounds of sighing and mourning, wails and laments; and far down, at the horizon of the vision, the murky cloud for a moment lifts, and she sees the very bottom of infamy, the ghastliness of death, the last spasm of horrible departure—the awful thunder of final doom. All this the trembling, betrayed creature sees through the open door of the future; and with a voice that might move the dead, she turns and clasps his knees, in awful agony: 'Leave me not! Oh! spare me—save me—cast me not away!' Poor thing, she is dealing with a demon! Spare her?—Save her? The polished scoundrel betrayed her to abandon her, and walks the street to boast his hellish deed! It becomes him as a reputation! Surely society will crush him—they will smite the wolf and seek out the bleeding lamb. Oh, my soul, believe it not! What sight is that? The drooping victim is worse used than the infernal destroyer! He is fondled, courted, passed from honor to honor!—and she is crushed and mangled under the infuriate tramp of public indignation! On her mangled corpse they stand to put the laurels on her murderer's brow! When I see such things as these, I thank God that there is a judgment, and that there is a hell!—*H. W. Beecher.*

tender as to redeem the sacrifice demanded by the sensualist. It will be sufficient infamy to add that this was his boast through life.

But at last the war terminates—seven years of conflict have won an honorable peace, and the citizen soldiery have disbanded. Aaron Burr, now at the age of twenty-five, is an established attorney in New York, and an aspirant for public honors. New York, as a commercial city, was then in its infancy. But little business was done above Wall street, and after a long and quiet jaunt up Broadway, then an almost rural avenue, one would arrive at the miry purlieus of Canal street. Here the eye might rove over open commons, while little homesteads alternate with spacious country seats and well-ordered farms. Looking from this point to the northwest, there might have been descried a tasteful mansion half hidden in extensive shrubbery. This was Richmond Hill—a villa which preserved to a later generation the name of its accomplished possessor. Here he dwelt for ten years, and here could have been seen many a circle of wit and beauty, fascinated by his courtly elegance, while its hushed apartments often listened to anxious conclaves, whose schemes centered on the astute attorney.

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The dawn of the nineteenth century opened upon one of the most thrilling episodes in our country's political annals. The Federal party had suffered a recent and irreparable loss in the death of Washington. It was still, however, earnestly sustained by President Adams and a powerful organization. But the day of its overthrow was at hand.

There are still living many political veterans who in octogenarian retrospect may recall their entrance of the field, and

the extreme difficulty which embarrassed its manœuvres. A journey either to Boston or Philadelphia required three tedious days, while a voyage to Albany equalled in length a modern trip across the Atlantic. No telegraph flashed from the seaport to the Missouri—no railcar sped across the continent, affording means of rapid communication, and abating the fierceness of political excitement. This may be a reason for the extreme bitterness with which the publicists and partizans of that day assailed their opponents. The press teemed with squibs, lampoons and diatribes of the lowest character, and as personal hate was a ready path to the duel, to be a good shot was one of the necessities of public life.

Among the distinguished men who at that epoch honored New York city, and whose names have been conserved in grateful remembrance, may be mentioned George Clinton; John Jay, Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor Yates, Marinus Willett and De Witt Clinton. Among the journalists, Thompson, Cheetham, and Peter Irving stood prominent; while Paine, fresh from the hot scenes of the French revolution, relieved the tedium of a miserable old age by penning invective. At this time a youth of some twenty years might have been daily seen in Wall street, in whose countenance mingled the pensive, the ardent, and the generous in felicitous union. Just attempting the study of the law, he was enlivening its dry details with the zest of politics. American literature may rejoice that his genius was reclaimed from either of these pursuits, and that instead of a plodding attorney or a weary politician, he has developed in the fullness of national authorship. No success in any other field could have compensated for the loss of the great historian of the liberator of America. Mr. Irving's predilections, at this early hour, were opposed

to those of his brother Peter, the brilliant editor, on whose journal Burr's expectations largely rested.

The attack upon the Federalists was led by Burr and Jefferson. They triumphed—and that noble party which once could boast of Washington as its head, lay for ever prostrate. But a fiercer struggle yet awaited the victorious leaders. This was for the presidency, toward which each had for years turned a hopeful eye, and which, like the fruit of Tantalus, was now within apparent grasp. Now commenced those memorable ballotings in Congress which so persistently exhibited the unchanging “tie.” From day to day was heard the wearying repetition, until exhausted patience and frantic excitement maddened the national councils, and threatened even the safety of the young republic. At last, after a struggle of eleven days' duration, and after thirty-six ballotings, a change of two votes decided the tremendous question. Thomas Jefferson was chosen President. Burr received the next distinguished position, and for the first and only time in our history, these exalted offices were filled by men of bitter and relentless hatred, and only harmonious in their rejection of Christianity.

* * * * *

Our next scene is one of bloodshed and death. Infidelity, uncontrolled in its influences, has at last matured in the full-blown man of the world. And if we were asked the meaning of that term, we would define it as the reverse of the Christian, who is ruled not by the spirit of this world, but of that which is to come. A man of the world glories in contempt for those things which a Christian venerates; with him pity receives a sneer, and sympathy, and forgiveness, and virtue are

but empty words. But what has been erected upon the ruins of true character? A throne, whereon sits Selfishness, holding its accursed court, and ministered to by Hate, Lust, Jealousy and Revenge. "If thy enemy be hungry," exclaims Paul, "give him meat." "If thy friend offend thee," exclaims the man of the world, "call him out, with sword or pistol." Measured by such a rule, Christianity becomes mockery, and even the words of Jesus are unmeaning. Yet there have been, and there are still, those who accord to such an one the rank of "a man of honor." Let us examine his claims to that lofty title. To-day he meets you in the embrace of friendship, and warms your breast with smile and greeting—tomorrow, for a word misspoken, he may pierce that breast with a bullet. To-day he visits your dwelling and partakes of its hospitality, while your children gambol at his side—tomorrow, unless some apology wipe out the offence of what may be a conventional blunder, he visits you through "a friend," who bears the courtly but murderous message. As a man of corresponding honor, you cannot decline it—nay, such an act were doubly damning among the honorable; and ere a few suns have set those children shall be orphans—that house shall be for ever desolate, and your untimely corpse shall be festering in the grave. Such are the demands of that accursed code which even now, in some portions of our land, holds baleful sway.

Yet one word with thee, thou "Man of honor!" Dost think that that swelling word will wipe out the taint of a brother's blood, or mingle some "Nepenthe" for remorseful conscience, or plead for thee at that bar where the slayer shall yet meet the slain? Wilt thou varnish that stern word, MURDER? Will

thy code of honor enchant the Furies of an avenging conscience, till they forget to rend thee?

“The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain;
He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain—
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain.
‘And well,’ quoth he, ‘I know of truth
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe! woe!—unutterable woe!—
Who shed life’s sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream.

“‘All night I lay in agony—
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at sleep.
And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread,
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red.

“‘Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me, now awake—
Again! again! with a dizzy brain;
The human life I take!
And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow—
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!’”

This is a most fearful picture—but so far from being overwrought, it fails before the unutterable reality. Who has ever yet found words for the deep and undying agonies of a murderer's conscience? As we write, instances of remorse crowd upon us, and overcome the mind by their awful shadows. Let the record of one suffice our present purpose. Dr. Benjamin Rush states that among the incurables in a madhouse he found one who had been a successful duellist, and whose ghastly countenance at once told its tale. He was the victim of remorse, which devoured him like troops of Furies—night and day alike they had poured their vengeance upon his miserable soul, until the mind collapsed in its throes and sank into a delirium of despair.*

Among all the passions which consume the heart there is none like the indignation arising from a sense of injury, and which, when aggravated, becomes revenge. When paramount, the mind loses sight of other pursuits, and becomes engrossed in one grand object. Other passions sink in abeyance, for one thought now rules the soul, and pervades not only its waking hours, but haunts those of sleep. The eye is filled by that form, above all others most hateful, about which centres only evil; no beauty is left its name or character, for revenge has stripped its victim of all that can mitigate its demand. And now it pursues the unforgiving one, like his evil genius. It flits across the page he reads; it steals in among hours once given to peace; it seems even to cloud the sun at noonday—while its name grates upon the ear, and excites deeper wrath. Thus do feuds and hatred, the longer they are cherished, increase in bitterness, until passing endurance they provoke to vengeance, which, like the tiger's thirst,

* Rush, on The Mind.

can only be quenched by blood. In nothing, therefore, is the power of Christianity better shown than in its conflicts with a passion which subsides only at the words of Jesus: "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

The steps which led to that famous duel, of which we are now to speak, may be traced through several years of political strife; but it became inevitable from the hour of Burr's defeat. Had he been elected to the Presidency he would never have fought Hamilton; but from the moment the final ballot was announced, his name lost prestige. Jefferson exhibited his jealousy of a once powerful rival by opening upon him the batteries of the Administration; while the Federalists, maddened by their recent defeat, poured their execrations upon their chief destroyer. Burr's once enviable position became suddenly eclipsed—the leader of a triumphant party awoke from ambitious dreams to find himself buffeted by government hirelings—avoided by all who sought official patronage, and only prominent as a target for subsidized journalists. For this the Vice Presidency was no compensation; while, to make matters worse, his finances were in hopeless confusion, and the death of his accomplished wife had made his home desolate. Galled by reverses—the past a history of disappointment—the future robbed of its hope, he seems to have turned away, in despair, from the Presidency—that goal of many an arduous year. Among the passions of one thus soured by the corrupt atmosphere of politics, and consumed by disappointed ambition, Revenge must have claimed mastery, and it could not but have demanded sore retaliation upon all who bore a part in his fall. Jefferson was of all enemies

the most hated; but, elevated above the reach of an antagonist, he could meet all hostile approaches with contempt. But there was another who, while highly obnoxious, was defended by no official barrier—it was one who had met him in relentless opposition for twenty years—sparing neither voice nor pen in exposure of intrigue, and who now, exalted in legal and military fame, and respected even by his opponents, was enjoying the graces of a lovely family, while the fullness of promise hovered over his future.

This man was Alexander Hamilton. A native of St. Kitts, Hamilton was an American by emigration—a republican by choice. Early poverty, while it denied him a liberal education, could not repress the ardor of high-toned ambition, which burst the narrow limits of the counting-house in which he served, and was satisfied with nothing less than the law.* Commencing this study at the age of seventeen, he was soon distinguished for bold opinion, for courage, and for eloquence. While yet a youth, his impassioned oratory gave him rank with Otis and Henry, and he became an acknowledged leader of the patriotic element of New York. It is not our purpose to discuss his character at length—it had its blemishes, and yet, while admitting them, we still are rapt in the colossal splendor of its redeeming features. Indeed, its rare combination of courtesy, intellect and bravery, might have recalled to the romantic the memories of ancient chivalry,

* “To confess my weakness, Ned, my ambition is prevalent; so that I condemn the grovelling condition of a clerk, or the like, to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. * * * I mean to prepare the way for futurity. * * * I conclude by saying that I wish for war.”—*Extract from a letter from Hamilton to Edward Stevens, 1769—atat 15.*

while it could not fail to ensure the paternal affection of Washington.

Hamilton had always viewed Burr with suspicion, and fearlessly indifferent to consequences, he hesitated not in denouncing him as dangerous to the young republic. A few extracts from his correspondence will illustrate the position of the parties, and place us nearer the scenes of a half century past. Let them be received, however, with the abatement due to the intensity of political authorship.

[Hamilton to Sedgwick, Dec. 22, 1800.] "The appointment of Burr as President would disgrace our country abroad—no agreement with him could be relied on. * * His ambition aims at nothing short of permanent power."

[To Gov. Morris, Dec. 24, 1800.] "He is sanguine enough to hope everything—daring enough to attempt anything—wicked enough to scruple at nothing. From the elevation of such a man, may Heaven save our country!"

[To Bayard, Jan. 16, 1800.] "As to Burr, these things are admitted, and indeed it cannot be denied that he is a man of *extreme* and *irregular* ambition; that he is *selfish* to a degree, which excludes all social affections, and that he is decidedly *profligate*. . Beside this, the force of Mr. Burr's understanding is much overrated: he is far more *cunning* than wise—far more *dexterous* than able."

[To the same, Aug. 1, 1800.] "There seems to be too much probability that Jefferson or Burr will be President. The latter is intriguing, with all his might, in New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Vermont, and there is a possibility of some success in his intrigues. * * * Admitting the first point, the conclusion may be realized; and if it is so, Burr will certainly attempt to reform the government, *à la Bonaparte*. He is

as unprincipled and dangerous a man as any country can boast—as true a Cataline as ever met in midnight conclave.”

[To Wolcott, Dec. 16, 1800.] * * * “As to Burr, there is nothing in his favor. * * * He is bankrupt, beyond redemption, except by the plunder of his country. His public principles have no other aim than his own aggrandizement, *per fas et nefas*. If he can, he certainly will disturb our institutions to secure to himself permanent power, and with it wealth. He is truly the Cataline of America.”

Hostile as was the position of these distinguished men, their characters exhibited some points of close parallel. They were equal in the beauty of high-bred manhood; they were both distinguished in eloquence and in arms; both were veteran politicians; they were almost identical in stature, and differed but a year in age. But with these features the parallel ceases, and as respects genius the difference was vast. The one possessed ripe judgment, broad political vision, and tried patriotism, and hence was preëminently the statesman. In oratory his was the voice to arouse, to control, and to pacify the masses. Opulent in style, even to redundancy, he seemed master of the heart—the very passions awaited his command; the sigh, the tear, or the indignant thrill sped as he might list, and the lofty thought, or the biting sarcasm, or the calm argument flowed at will from his lips, with that ardency of manner which characterised the rhetoric of the Revolution. But far above all gifts was that national confidence which he enjoyed, and which rendered his name a tower of strength.

The influence of Burr, on the other hand, was limited to his immediate circle of friends—of no small extent, indeed, and closely knit to him by the fascination of his person and

the peculiar history attaching his character. To the noble name of Statesman he never could lay claim. As an orator he had many admirers; indeed, as a concise, pungent, perspicuous speaker, he has seldom been equalled; for this reason his speeches could not well be reported, and of the best we have little more than an outline. Upon the whole it is evident that he was deficient in that lofty tone which ennobled his opponent, whose penetrating remark time has confirmed, and thus proven that he was "far more cunning than wise—more dexterous than able."

* * * * *

Linked as has been the previous history of these men, it now becomes cemented by blood; and that unhappy tenth of July, 1804, summons us to renew its scenes of woe. Oh, sad tenth of July, awaking so serenely upon the horrors of fratricide! And thou, Weehawken, prepare to behold thy dew brushed away by the nervous step of these miserable and misguided men!

The seconds have carefully measured the ground, and as carefully loaded the pistols. What next? Two men are to shoot at each other, in order to prove their honor, while two others watch narrowly that the shooting be honorably done, according to the code. And these civil-looking gentlemen in black, who seem as though they would not harm an insect, stand face to face, at ten paces, each with pointed weapon, awaiting the fatal word. How impressive the contrast between Nature's innocence—the summer's loveliness—the sweet matins of the woodlark and robin—and the part which man is to play in this bewildering scene!

“With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child;
Thou pourest upon him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of words, and winds, and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing,
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized.” *

Would that these lines were as true as they are beautiful. But the human heart is as little moved from evil purposes by the voice of Nature as is the ravening beast. To either the poet might sing, with equal disappointment, for it is in the midst of such a scene that we witness a damning deed. Yes! the seconds utter the signal, and the affair of honor is done—for in that instant one falls, writhing in blood, and the other hies away, covered with everlasting guilt.

It is evident that Hamilton had long regarded the duel as a remnant of barbarism, but he could not break the bondage of a false code of honor. Twenty years before, he had served as a second; and now, in the ripe judgment of manhood, he violates his conscience by appearing as a principal—or, rather, as a victim to that code which he abhorred.

Dr. Hosack states that he found Hamilton sitting on the ground, upheld by the arms of his second: “His countenance I never shall forget; he had at that instant just strength enough to say, ‘This is a mortal wound,’ when he sunk away, and became to all appearance lifeless.” The dying man was conveyed to the house of a friend, in the suburbs of New York. As the skiff shot across the river, the sea-breeze re-

* Coleridge.

vived him—he opened his eyes, and turning to the surgeon, uttered a few faltering words. The memory of his wife and children had aroused him to consciousness—"Let her be sent for, but break the news gently, and give her hopes."

The meeting of the Hamiltons about the bed of the misguided father was one of those scenes in which history exceeds the deepest hues of romance. The very pen shrinks from an attempt at description. But yesterday that father was buoyant with life—to-day he is writhing in the agony of dissolution! But yesterday the merry laugh and the kiss of affection cheered that home, and hushed the voice of boding care—to-day, in their place, are heard the widow's groan and the wail of orphanage! And this is an affair of honor! What deeds, then, shall we designate by Shame?

A posthumous paper calmly sets forth Hamilton's reasons, or rather his excuses for accepting the challenge, while it avows his determination to throw away his life. Alas for the weakness of so great a mind! After following to the grave, but a few years previously, his own son—a similar victim to duelling—had he not sufficient firmness to abide by the convictions of conscience? No!—here even the courage of Hamilton failed. He could storm the batteries of Yorktown, but he could not face the current of a public sentiment which he knew to be false.

The dying man exhibited his wonted serenity, even under what he knew to be mortal agony—yet a mountain of woe lay upon his soul and compelled the frequent and bitter utterance, "My beloved wife and children!" Once they were gathered about his couch, in order that he might bid them farewell—but the scene exceeded his endurance, and he closed his eyes until they were removed. Yet, notwithstanding this,

so great was his composure, that as his wife sat by his side, in the calmness of stifled agony, he strove to console her with the soothing and oft-repeated voice of affection, faltering with these words: "Remember, Eliza, you are a Christian!"

Hamilton's obsequies have not yet been forgotten in the city where they were celebrated. All classes and all parties, however divided by opinion, united in a solemn expression of honor and grief for departed greatness. The vast procession seemed overcome with woe—it exhibited the sublimity of numbers and the unutterable pathos of public misfortune. The bereaved populace followed the remains of the unfortunate statesman to its place of rest in Trinity burial-ground, and then listened to an impressive eulogy which was delivered by Gouverneur Morris from a stage in front of the church. Four surviving children, from six to sixteen years of age, sat by the speaker's side, and their mute eloquence completed the mournful grandeur of the scene.

As the Broadway pedestrian passes Trinity Church, he may seldom think of him whose remains repose so near the crowded avenue; but he will note, in one of the cloisters of that graceful minster, the tablet erected to his memory by the affectionate brotherhood of the Cincinnati.*

Upon the death of Hamilton public opinion rolled its verdict upon his slayer. It was a verdict of such indignation that

* "This tablet does not propose to perpetuate the memory of a man to whom the age has produced no superior, nor to emblazon worth eminently conspicuous in every feature of his country's greatness, nor to anticipate posterity in their judgment of the loss which she has sustained by his premature death; but to attest, in the simplicity of grief, the veneration and anguish which fills the hearts of the members of the Society of the Cincinnati, on every recollection of their illustrious brother, Major General Alexander Hamilton."

its force seemed like that of an avalanche. Words fail to express the anathema—not of a party, but of the nation. All political differences were absorbed in the current of popular wrath which burst upon the successful duellist, and which, however subsided, followed him to the grave. And who, after that fatal tenth of July, was the more to be pitied—the living or the dead? The former had been laid in an untimely grave, but the latter was under indictment for murder, both in New York and in New Jersey. Having fled beyond the bounds of either state, he escaped immediate trial, and eventually no action was had upon the bills thus found.

Under the load of infamy thus newly fallen on him, Burr at first seems to have reeled, and to have almost sunk; but the recuperative powers of a strong mind and an iron will restored his wonted impassibility. His position and feelings at this time are illustrated by his letters to Mr. Alston, the husband of Theodosia. “General Hamilton died yesterday; all unite in exciting sympathy in his favor, and indignation against his antagonist. I purpose leaving town, but know not whither.”

Having fled to Philadelphia, he writes, a week subsequently. “The duel has driven me into exile from New York, and it may be perpetual. A coroner’s jury is now sitting, for the fourth time. They are determined to have a verdict of murder; and if a warrant be issued on the inquest, and I be taken, no bail will be allowed.”

Two weeks afterward he writes from the same place: “The jury continued to sit and adjourn for fifteen days; my second has secreted himself, and two of my friends are in jail for refusing to testify against me. How long this persecution may last I cannot tell.”

In a few days he again writes to his anxious son-in-law: "The jury has brought in a verdict of wilful murder, and I am informed that the Governor will be required to make requisition on this state for me—I shall, notwithstanding, remain a few days."

The road from New York to Philadelphia had been familiar to his pious ancestors, in their journeyings as messengers of the Gospel of Peace; but the descendant of those honored pastors now fled along that great highway—a blood-stained fugitive from justice.

* * * * *

The next scene in this career of moral shipwreck is the Court House in Richmond. The boy Infidel who nearly forty years before forsook Father Bellamy's parsonage, imbued with contempt for his teachings, is now developing an advanced stage in his downward course. A cunning, yet unsuccessful partizan—a noted duellist—an adulterer, stained by countless intrigues—he now appears before us, a prisoner of the United States, charged with treason. It is 1808, just fifty-two years since Esther first dandled her babe in the rude parsonage at Newark. His locks are now quite silvered, but his form is erect and graceful, and his military air is unchanged, while his eye flashes with undimmed radiance.

We pass over the years intervening since the duel, as they embrace matters not relevant to our subject. Among their events, however, may be recorded his long sojourn at the south, and his return to Washington, where he fulfilled the duties of the Vice Presidency, and where, at its close, he delivered that brief but touching valedictory which moved his audience, in some instances, to tears.

After years of investigation have thrown all possible light

upon the question, it is still impossible to specify the precise character of those plottings for which Burr was arrested. The two years of his life preceding that arrest had been engrossed by schemes so mysterious that at last they justified the darkest suspicions. It was well known that he had traversed the vast extent of the western frontier, holding conferences with prominent citizens, and even with officers of the government; and as these facts took root in the public mind it became rife with the excitement of impending danger. But the great end of this dark enterprise was still secret, and was never frankly divulged, even to his most intimate friends. Like many other of his secrets, it died with him. We may state, as the popular opinion, that it was the invasion of Mexico, and the establishment of the Burr dynasty upon the usurped throne; while the dismembering of the Union was an adjunct of the scheme. This may be accepted as close approximation to a point never clearly settled; and, acting on a similar view, the government charged him with a conspiracy for its dissolution. That charge was never proven.

There can be little doubt, however, that Burr was dazzled by the splendid career of Napoleon, and had determined, like him, to establish a new polity, which should restore his fallen fortunes and renew the lustre of his tarnished name. This would require the secession of several of the southern states, or rather territories, and the colonizing of vast tracts of wild land. Louisiana had recently been purchased from France, and was far from being in sympathy with its new owners. This fact added much to the chance of success, and adventurers from New York made their way to New Orleans, where they expected to meet recruits from Ohio.

But notwithstanding his military genius the great secession-

ist of his day failed. Like those who, following his example at a later day, have plunged America in civil war, he had undertaken a work vastly beyond his powers. The adventurers disbanded on their arrival at New Orleans—the feeble organization along the Ohio and Mississippi collapsed, and the progress of their leader was brought to a sudden close as he was travelling on the Tombigbee. It was his second arrest, and he was conveyed to Richmond for trial, while the bursting of a bubble so splendid and so threatening threw the nation into increased excitement, and afforded an inexhaustible theme for public discussion. The Sheriff exhibited no little awe, as for a few days he was required to hold in durance so distinguished a criminal, and readily furnished him with the best accommodations of the jail. “I hope, Colonel Burr,” exclaimed the polite turnkey, “that it will not be disagreeable to you if I lock the door?” “By no means,” was the reply, “it will keep out intruders.”

The trial of Aaron Burr is one of the most remarkable in our country's history. A little more than fifty years have passed away since the American bar was engrossed with its details. Nor was the bar of that day soon to be excelled. In Kentucky Henry Clay was just opening his long and brilliant career. In Massachusetts the brothers Ezekiel and Daniel Webster were bending their mighty energies to their profession. In New York city De Witt Clinton was exchanging the duties of the court room for those of the senate chamber; but Brockholdst Livingston, Cadwallader D. Colden, and Chancellor Kent were maintaining the reputation of that bar which once had been graced by the unapproachable Hamilton. In Albany Ambrose Spencer had won distinction, which he only shared with the Henrys and the Wood-

worths, while in Johnstown Daniel Cady was laying the foundation of his greatness. Such were the men who from a distance, day by day, awaited the reports of that famous assize.

Those who were present could have seen Richmond Court House thronged with the magnates of the land—there sat the wealthy tobacco-planters of the James River, contrasted with groups of ladies, eager to behold the far-famed culprit; there stood the United States Marshal, with his aids, in uniform, and in all the dignity of high office—there sat the pale and nervous form of John Randolph of Roanoke, the foreman of the grand jury, tremulous with excitement; while near by might have been seen Washington Irving, the Apollo of early American literature, in all the freshness and beauty of opening manhood, but with moistened eye and cheek flushed with indignation and sympathy for the prisoner. The bar was crowded by careworn attorneys, half buried in huge piles of testimony; while upon the bench, presiding at this august tribunal, appeared the majestic form of John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States. Judge Marshall was intermingling the duties of the jurist with those of the historian, and had already published the *Life of Washington*; but little could he have dreamed that in that court-room there stood one who should bear from him the palm as the biographer of the great liberator, and stand as exalted in literature as he himself was upon the bench. But how different the feelings of these two illustrious Americans! The one sat in judgment—the other, though a political opponent, gazed with all the emotion of a generous heart on one thus fallen on evil days, and who, instead of being the leader of New York, now stood arraigned for treason.

In the midst of this array there sat one in whom all its mighty interest centred; but instead of the whiskered Drawcansir which some looked for, they saw a small man, of calm and elegant deportment, yet one sternly resolute, and unmoved by the tremendous charge which overhung him. The trial was marked by a surprising degree of bitterness and asperity, and the counsel seemed but seconds to a duel between the President and the prisoner, to be fought there, in Richmond Court House, with heated words and vituperation as well as with legal argument. "We do not," exclaimed Wirt, "stand here to pronounce a panegyric on the prisoner, but to urge upon him the crime of treason. When we speak of treason, we must call it treason; when we speak of a traitor, we must call him a traitor." In the defence five distinguished lawyers were associated with the prisoner himself. It was an affair of tedious length—fifty witnesses were sworn, and their cross examination revealed hideous depths of perjury. The government put forth every attempt to obtain a conviction, but failed. But Burr here received a lasting stigma—a man of plots and conspiracies, he left Richmond acquitted but ruined.

Wirt's philippic on this occasion is the best known of all his efforts. He was at that time in the full glory of manhood; his countenance still indicating his German origin, his silver voice occasionally charged with Teutonic thunder, his blue eye, his crisp locks—every feature and every member instinct with the grace of eloquence. There, in the midst of that convulsed auditory he stood, leading it at his will—at one time through the depths of constitutional law; at another by the banks of the sinuous Ohio, where he recalls that Eden which once bloomed within its bosom, and in which the exile

Blennerhasset finds solace for his misfortunes. Then he presents that Eden desolated by the successful intrigues of the prisoner, on whom he pours the torrent of invective, such as those walls have never heard before. Thus hour after hour he urges the dark catalogue of crime, until the audience shrunk aghast—the jury trembled in its seat—the bar was in an ecstasy of admiration—while, fixed on that fell accuser, was the prisoner's gaze—his countenance unblenched—his form motionless—while his stern black eye flashes back its defiant lightnings. And hour after hour the flood of accusation leaps forth, sweeping away with it all sympathy, until that spell-bound auditory has lost sight of all but two objects on earth—the one a mighty crime—the other a mighty criminal, on whom it is called to pronounce judgment.

* * * * *

The next scene bears us across the Atlantic. We are in Paris, under the stern rule of Napoleon. As we walk the street we mark the same martial form—the same fascinating smile, and the same piercing gaze which years ago commanded the admiration of the gay circles of Richmond Hill. Then he was in the midst of a host of friends and admirers—now he is alone. Alone he paces the thronged boulevard—alone he eats his scanty meal in the *café*—alone he walks his silent lodging. How much there is written in that word, *alone*.

“In ‘nevermore’ there is despair;

In ‘fare-thee-well’ a dirge-like tone;

But agony, too hard to bear,

Breathes in that mournful word, *alone*.

It tells of broken hearts and ties—

Long silent lips and curtained eyes;

Of vanished birds—abandoned nests,

And white hands clasped on silent breasts.

“Alone! alone! what echoes wake
In memory’s cavern at the sound?
While phantoms their appearance make,
As if the lost again were found.
But oh, how desolate that thought!
Such figures are of moonlight wrought.
Alone! alone! no sadder word
By mortal ear is ever heard.”*

That lonely sojourn in Paris which is now before us had succeeded a brief residence in England. A new project had engaged his restless and adventurous mind, and he had solicited the aid of the British government to redeem Mexico from Spanish misrule. A few weeks residence, however, in England convinced him of the futility of his hopes. So far from being received by the government, he found himself an object of its suspicion. His steps were dogged by spies, not less than when he wandered along the banks of the Ohio and Tombigbee. While travelling through the kingdom the police warned him to return to London; here he was arrested, searched, held in durance several days, and only released with an injunction to depart the country. Cast out of England, he embarked for Germany; from Germany he travelled to Sweden, and from Sweden to France, where he now appears before us. Here, to his surprise, he found that his reputation had preceded him; and no sooner had Napoleon learned of his arrival than he was surrounded with a net-work of espionage. A few weeks were passed in Paris, under the sleepless eye of the police, during which he was denied all access to that great leader in whom he had hoped for a patron; and as the disappointed wanderer attempts to depart, he finds, to his

* Hosmer.

astonishment, that permission is denied him. Burr was thus numbered among those *detenus*, to whom Napoleon cruelly refused passports, thus holding a large class of foreign citizens in exile, many of whom never returned to their kindred, but wore out their weary lives in a strange land.

During this time his remittances from America were cut off, and the luxury of his better years was exchanged for bitter poverty. It was with difficulty, indeed, that he obtained the necessaries of life, and the privations recorded in his diary command our sympathies. "Nothing from America, and I am on the point of starving; borrowed three francs today; two or three little debts threaten me with a jail."

Again: "Paid my last sous today; started to take a walk to St. Pelagie, when I recollected that I should pass the stand of a woman whom I owed two sous for a segar, so I changed my course for the bridge Des Arts, but suddenly I remembered that I had not a sous to pay toll, and therefore went back."

Such are some of the vicissitudes of an eventful life. Ten years ago he dwelt in lordly elegance, surrounded by friends and clients—now he stands before us, a solitary and famished exile. But at last a passport was obtained, and he embarked in a French ship bound for America. Strangely, however, the providence of God again crosses his path—alas! must he fulfil the wanderings of a second Cain? The vessel was captured by a British cruiser, and he was turned adrift in an English seaport, with hardly a penny in his pocket. Having no means of obtaining passage across the Atlantic, he was saved from utter destitution by the hospitality of Jeremy Bentham. In a few months he embarked again, with better success, and arrived in New York in 1812, just before the declaration of war.

On his return, Col. Burr reëstablished himself in New York in the practice of the law. He was little more than the wreck of that genius which once contested with Hamilton for præminence at the bar, and which could boast of the supremacy of the northern democracy. The thirst of ambition and the hope of military fame had alike passed away, and for the first time in many years he appeared in court an unassuming attorney. Sixty years had silvered his brow, and dimmed the fire of his eye; but old friends rallied about him—new clients sought his aid, and the cloud which had shrouded his name seemed breaking away. This prospect, however, was soon to be blighted. He was only ripening for another blow—one whose overwhelming desolation should cause all previous misfortunes to be forgotten—one which should finish the work of retribution, and sweep out of existence whatever might have redeemed the wretchedness of age.

There was, indeed, one spot which remained green and fragrant in his soul—there was one heartstring which had not been broken—there was one treasure which compensated for his poverty. All these were summed up in the name of Theodosia.

Among those who grace the highest rank of female portraiture, whose genius may command admiration, or whose misfortunes may awaken our sympathy, we recognise that gifted but unfortunate one, of whom American womanhood is so justly proud, while it bewails her sad and mysterious fate. She inherited much of her father's talent, and having been educated by him with sedulous care, was early introduced into the gay and brilliant circles of the day. Beautiful, high toned and accomplished, Theodosia Burr, at the age of eighteen, was the cynosure of the social and esthetic, and, we

had almost added, the intellectual circles of New York. She was the only one whom her father ever deeply loved, and whatever capacity he possessed for refined attachment was exhausted by his paternal affection. The bond of their union was of no ordinary strength; and she, who only knew Aaron Burr in genial, fireside hours, when cunning and intrigue were for the time banished, and his splendid mind, whose fascination all confessed, poured forth its brilliant conversation, must have been rapt in admiration, even if a daughter's love had not thrilled her heart.

There are ladies still to be met, though Time has laid his blanched honors upon their brows, and bowed their graceful forms—ladies, whose sons have even passed the meridian, and whose children's children are just entering life's active sphere—ladies who love to recall bygone scenes, and to dwell amid the fragrant memories of the past—who can describe that serene and dignified, though *petite* form, that Grecian outline, and that sparkling repartee which marked the companion of their early days. They can, through the vista of a half century, call up the social hours, the *soirées* and reunions of Richmond Hill, where the Crugers, the Livingstons, the Clintons and the Hoffmans were received with less splendor, but with far more of the graces of the intellect than is now to be found in the palaces of the Fifth Avenue. Nay, there are courtly old men with us yet, who, notwithstanding that Time has conquered romance, will confess the adoration offered in the days of their youth upon Theodosia's shrine—and who will not deny the pang which followed her union with a southern lover. This took place in the year 1800, when she married Joseph Alston, of South Carolina—a gentleman of distinguished family, slightly her senior—who combined the

attractions of wealth and education with those of political influence. It was

“A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom;
Like trees that never come to fruit,
But early shed their bloom.

“With vanished hopes and happy smiles,
All lost for evermore;
Like ships that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore.”

The alliance gave to the father of the bride the vote of the state during his unsuccessful canvass for the Presidency, and Alston was subsequently chosen its governor. He was an ardent admirer of Col. Burr, whose name was given to their only child. During each deeper descent into misfortune this noble pair clung to their father, drawing the nearer as public opinion heaped ignominy upon his name. And now, severed from the world, and forsaken by fortune, all that earth held dear to him was bounded by that faithful household. Alas! could it not be spared? Does retribution demand the sole remaining bliss of a lonely old man? Must he witness the gradual extinction of his race? Such, indeed, seems the relentless decree. The blight which had withered him now extends to his kin, and thus all who were identified with his name shared the anathema which pursued it.

Soon after his return from Europe he received a letter from his son-in-law, from which we make the following extracts: “A few weeks ago, sir, in spite of your misfortunes, I should have congratulated you upon your return; now one dreadful blow has destroyed us and our hopes. That son on

whom we rested—our companion, our friend—he whom we hoped to have redeemed your reverses, and shed new lustre on our name—that son is dead. We saw him die—my own hand surrendered him to the grave. But it is past! I will not conceal that life is now a burden, which, heavy as it is, we shall both support with decency and firmness. Theodosia has endured all that a human being is capable of, and has proved herself worthy of being your daughter. Our plans of life are now broken up, and she will join you, as soon as possible, to mingle her tears with yours.”

Ah! weep not, thou gentle yet heart-broken Theodosia! Those tears, which now bedew thy lost one’s grave, will soon cease, and a more pungent woe will bewail thy more fearful doom. Hasten thee to the old man’s arms—those crimes which have steeled humanity against him cannot weaken a daughter’s love! Yet, alas! that father’s embrace thou ne’er shalt know again. Even now there awaits thee a grave beneath the green billow—even now the storm wind is sighing thy requiem! In a few weeks Theodosia sailed from Charleston for New York, and her husband thus writes her:

“Another mail, and still no letter! I hear rumors of a dreadful gale since you left—the state of my mind is agony. Let no man, wretched as he may be, think himself beyond the reach of another blow. I shall count the hours until the next mail.”

In four days he writes again: “Wretched and heart-rending forebodings distract me. I may no longer possess a wife, yet my impatient restlessness addresses her a letter! Tomorrow is three weeks since we parted. Gracious God! for what fate am I reserved?”

Unfortunate man! thy forebodings are but too true—those

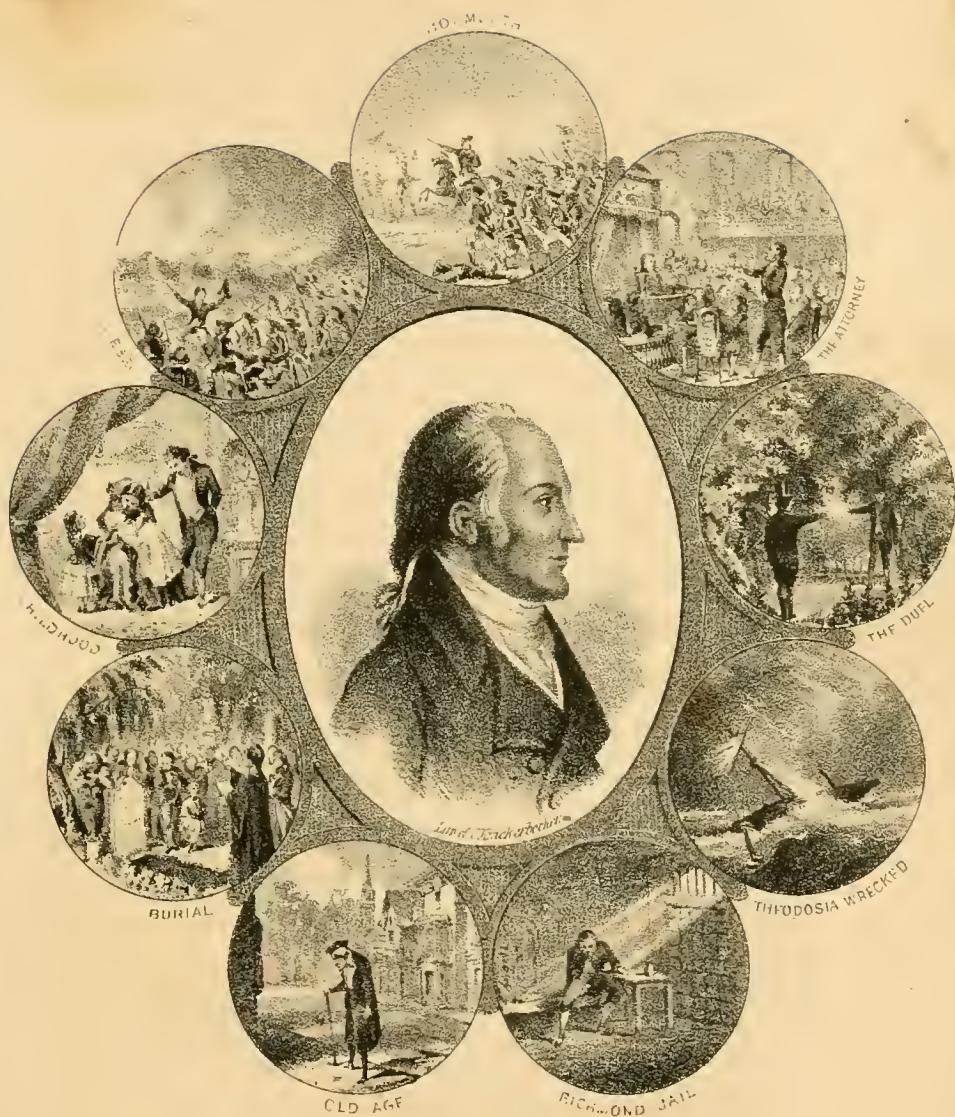
trembling lines shall never meet thy Theodosia's eye. Upon
amber bed, in some coral cave, thy loved one has found a
place of rest, and thou mayest dream of her as of one of
whom

“Nothing—that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.”

In a short time Alston again addresses the father: “You
ask me to relieve your suspense. Alas! it is to you that I
have looked for similar relief. Tomorrow will be four weeks
since I parted with Theodosia, since which not one line has
been received. My mind is in torture! Not one word of
vessel or wife! Sir, when I turned from the grave of my
son, I thought that misfortune could have no severer blow for
me. I was mistaken. Theodosia is either captured or lost!”

After six months of correspondence with neighboring ports,
and every possible search, he again writes: “No hope is left
us! Without this victim our desolation would have been
incomplete. You may well observe, sir, that you feel severed
from all mankind. She was the last tie that bound us to our
race. What more have we left? I have been to the apart-
ment where her clothing, her books, and the playthings of
my boy renewed the shock. I walked to his grave—the
little plans which we had formed rushed into my mind.
Where was that bright-eyed boy?—where that mother, whom
I had cherished with such pride? Grief, sir, made me stupid,
or I could not have borne it.”

We forbear further extracts from this sad correspondence;
it seems like some bewildering dream of woe, or some epi-
sode of heart-rending romance. Yet it is all in keeping with



Aaron Burr



the life of one who united romance and crime, but found that the first only sharpened the sting of the second. One of the most painful features in the history of the Alstons is the entire absence of religious hope, and the consolations of the gospel. The only support was neglected in the hour of trial, and the soul's anchor was abandoned in this overwhelming storm. Mr. Alston sank under the double catastrophe, and, after a few years of decline, died of a broken heart.

The destruction of this family was the finishing stroke of external retribution. Against all previous adversities Burr had fortified himself with a stoical apathy; but now the sword pierced to the very soul. Schiller finely alludes to the power of time to soothe the agony of bereavement, as he portrays the conflicts of the great but unfortunate Wallenstein:

“This anguish will be wearied down, I know;
 What pang is permanent with man? From the highest,
 As from the vilest thing of every day,
 He learns to wean himself; for the strong hours
 Conquer him.”

But beautiful as this sentiment may be, Nature denies its absolute truth; there are griefs which visit us in age, when time is shorn of its healing power, and the hours have lost their strength.

“Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries—
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.”

* * * * *

The last scene now opens before us. It is the shattered and diminutive old man, as he was seen occasionally in the streets, nearly a quarter of a century ago. It is eighty years

since Esther imprinted her first kiss on her new-born babe. It is more than sixty since he bade farewell to Father Bellamy, and exchanged the purity of a New England home for a career of selfishness and lust. It is thirty-four years since he canvassed for the Presidency; it is twenty-six years since he starved in Paris and lost Theodosia. All is changed! Youth, vigor, and reputation have forsaken the unfortunate man. The wreck is complete, for how can one fall lower than to point the moral of public reproof?

He is old—and “the evil days have come when no man can say, ‘I have pleasure in them.’” Oh! if there be a time when piety can be doubly precious, it is during old age. Thus spake the wise man, in the eloquence and pathos of the closing chapter of Ecclesiastes. Youth enjoys natural buoyancy and the flow of spirits arising from warm blood and strong hope; but what does age know of these? Nothing, but a pining memory! With the relentless march of Time the faculties forsake the drooping form. We behold these companions of youth now about to take their departure as it enters the chill regions of senility.

“I am Strength! I girded thee many a year—I bade thee climb the mountain and hew the forest, but now we part, sad though it be! Look to thy God! for even to old age he is thine, and to hoar hairs will he carry thee—and when thy ‘flesh and thy heart faileth, He will be the strength of thy heart and thy portion forever.’”

“I am Joy! I gave thy veins the ecstatic thrill, and filled thy heart with the delights of innocence—but now, farewell! Look to thy God—the fountain of joys that cannot perish!”

“And I am Memory! I have made thee rich with the past—I have garnered precious names in thy heart—filled it

with the rich scenery of bygone hours—but I too must leave thee! Look to thy God! who hath sworn to forget thee—to leave thee *never!*”

Without these holy exercises, which are far from being imaginary, advancing years bring nothing but sorrow.

“Ere I was old! Ah, woeful ere,
Which tells me youth’s no longer here!
O youth! for years so many and sweet—
’Tis known that thou and I were one;
I’ll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone.
Thy vesper bell hath not yet toll’d,
And thou wert aye a maskerbold;
What new disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou hast gone?” *

But the old age of the Christian has not only its uses but its blessings. It proves God’s unchanging faithfulness—when all but His promises are exhausted; it proves the efficacy of grace in the time of utter feebleness; it developes the vigor of faith and hope, which only rise higher amid the general shipwreck.

“In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art!
Strength of my failing flesh and heart.
Oh, could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into Eternity!”

But the last days of Aaron Burr exhibited a sad reverse of this; they were only marked by the sere and yellow leaf, shorn of all hope, and blasted by Infidelity. He dwelt in

* Coleridge.

the vicinity of New York, and his support was chiefly derived from his pension as Colonel in the Continental Army. He had lost caste, and age and evil report had separated him from the sympathies of the world. His blood ran in the veins of no one, if we except a few who bore his name as a reproach, and only the kindness of a few faithful kinsmen redeemed him from utter desolation. Such was the old age of one who so early and so resolutely forsook the way of life, and ever afterward chose evil. It revealed neither the cheerfulness which may light up the closing hours of the peasant, nor the honor which should have crowned the hoary head of one, distinguished in his country's battles. He had sown to the flesh, and of the flesh he had reaped corruption. During youth and manhood he had sacrificed friendship, honor, and confidence to lust; and age never yet purged away the rottenness of early licentiousness. A small chest, filled with faded *billets doux*, the memorials of the almost countless adulteries and intrigues of his whole life, was carefully preserved by him, and the contents were often gloated over, and occasionally exhibited to others.

"So he lies,
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of ever more deformity."

Such an existence could have but few charms, even for one the most tenacious of life, and he confessed its weariness. Indeed, the grave, though dark and hopeless, offered a seeming escape from that death in life with which he was burdened. In due time the hour came, and on the 14th of September, 1836, he expired, in the eighty-first year of his age.

The suitable military honors accompanied his interment, and his grave is next to those in which his parents were laid, nearly four score years before. In that rustic burial-ground in Princeton the little Aaron had rambled during his boyish days; perhaps, also, in after years he might have sometimes turned from the turbid currents of life to visit those honored tombs, and there have partially realized the contrast between the career of the fathers and that of the son. Perhaps, too, when galled by the reproaches of awakening conscience, he may have envied their pure and happy lives, and their still happier rest.*

“O! were my heart as free and still
From pangs that burn and blasts that chill,
And shafts that pay joy’s spendthrift thrill
With bitter usury.”

Our task is done. The character of Burr has been a favorite theme with reviewers and paragraphists, but we have considered it simply as illustrative of Infidelity in public and political life. Contempt for Christianity was so boldly stamped upon his long career, that while the political history of America records the names of others noted for scepticism, his will always claim an unenviable prominence.

As such an illustration his example is too important to be

* The following terrible sketch which Byron drew—no doubt from his own experience—is a fitting illustration of Burr’s latter days:

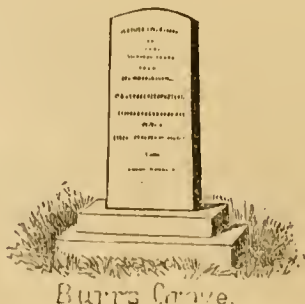
“He was past all mirth or woe;
Nothing more remained below,
But sleepless nights and heavy days—
A mind all dead to scorn or praise—
A heart which shunned itself, and yet,
That *would not yield, nor could forget.*”

overlooked by the teacher of morals, and in this aspect it is now presented to the reader. It offers an instructive contrast to those of the pious and high-minded Jay, his cotemporary, and Quincy Adams, the colossus of a later day—both of whom, had he possessed their tone and purity, Burr might have approached—we had almost said, equalled. But the character which he has bequeathed to America compares with theirs only as the reptile-haunted ruin compares with some resplendent temple. And turning from him to that Holy Book which he contemned, we read the lesson which he so terribly illustrated, “HE THAT PURSUETH EVIL, PURSUETH IT TO HIS OWN DEATH.”

Ushered into existence amid the prayers of saints, and surrounded by the halo of ancestral piety, he proves the power of an evil life, not only to neutralize such influences, but to drive at last the bark, whose early voyage was radiant with promise, into forlorn and hopeless shipwreck.

“There is
Guilt too enormous to be duly punished,
Save by increase of guilt: the powers of evil
Are jealous claimants. Guilt, too, hath its ordeal,
And Hell its own probation.”

* Proverbs, 11-19.



BOOK FOURTH.

THE REFORMER.

"ONE CAME FORTH OF GENTLE WORTH,
SMILING ON THE SANGUINE EARTH;
HIS WORDS OUTLIVED HIM, LIKE SWIFT POISON,
WITHERING UP TRUTH, PEACE AND PIETY.

* * * * *

MARK THAT OUTCRY OF DESPAIR—
'TIS HIS MILD AND GENTLE GHOST,
WAILING FOR THE FAITH HE KINDLED."

SHELLEY.—"PROMETHEUS UNBOUND."

"I AM PREPARED TO EXPECT THAT ON THE EFFORTS WHICH ARE NOW
MAKING IN THE WORLD TO REGENERATE OUR SPECIES WITHOUT RELIGION, GOD
WILL AFFIX THE STAMP OF A SOLEMN AND IMPRESSIVE MOCKERY."

CHALMERS.

THE REFORMER.

THAT was a weird scene in necrology which, on the sixteenth day of August, 1822, concluded the brief career of erring and unfortunate genius. It would have been a weird scene anywhere, and under any circumstances; how much more when enacted on the lonely and desolate beach—where, hour after hour, the funeral pile shot up its flickering blaze, while masses of smoke, laden with perfume and frankincense, cast their broad shadow on the sand and on the wave?

It was the funeral pile of a worshipper of Nature, and she, as though to sympathise, had surrounded it with features of exquisite beauty, as well as with the sublimity of desolation.

“Earth, ocean, air—beloved brotherhood,”

which he had so often apostrophised, when communing with the elements—all united in loveliness, as this last rite was performed in behalf of their bard. In front the Mediterranean spread its calm and resplendent bosom, dotted with

sunny islands. Its waves, so lately lashed by the fatal tempest, now

“Satiated with destroyed destruction, lay
Sleeping in beauty on their mangled prey,
As panthers sleep.” *

On the right extended the magnificent Bay of Spezzia while far to the left the towers and spires of Leghorn glistened in the sun. The sombre majesty of the Appenines, frowning in the rear, hushed the wild joy of nature’s beauty, and with the clumps of gnarled and twisted trees that writhed on the monotonous beach, added a dreary but congenial tone.

A band of Italian officials surrounded the blazing pile, alike ignorant and careless as to the mortality which fed its flame, and only intent upon the duties of the Quarantine; but a few earnest ones, from a far-distant land, communed in pensive silence on the untimely fate of their countryman—so young, so gifted, and so unfortunate. One of this number was Trelawny, who has furnished the best description of the solemn rite. Another was Captain Shenly. Leigh Hunt viewed the scene from a carriage—but nearer by stood Byron, in thoughtful silence, as though rapt by the strange and bewildering spectacle. Such an one, indeed, it must have held by a strong fascination. It was a revival of the classic and of the antique. The rainbow-colored blaze

“Gracefully curled up,
As if from offered flowers, that to the flame
Gave all their beauty.”

And thus, amid the perfume of frankincense, and spicery, and scented fire, was momentarily consuming one whom he

* Shelley. Epistle to Mrs. Gisborne.

loved—if love could dwell in a soul so cold and so selfish as his. It was also that of one who with him had clomb the Alps, and skimmed the surface of Leman and Constance, and who had breathed the same spirit of Poetry and Atheism.

We therefore cannot wonder that the scene absorbed him with an overcoming interest, and perhaps with prophetic doom, since the untimely death of his friend may have cast upon him its boding shadow. Within two years, indeed, there was borne over those same Mediterranean waters a confined corpse, seeking rest in its ancestral tomb at Newstead Abbey; and these two, linked in life by the graces and miseries of genius, met once more in reunion far different from those erst of Pisa, or the Alps, or even here, on the desolate beach at Lerici. But from that group of careless officials and pensive exiles now surrounding the funeral pile, we turn to scenes which marked the earlier hours of him who thus returns—ashes to ashes—dust to dust.

In that bloody spasm of social forces—the French Revolution—the energies of a nation burst forth under the patronage of Infidelity. Philosophy and Reason were the watchwords of the founders of the new republic. Religion having been, as it was supposed, utterly exploded, the new principle, so loudly vaunted, could suffer from no rival. If ever an Atheistic philosophy could have aided in the reconstruction of society, or have availed for government, this must have been the time—It was peculiarly her hour of test and demonstration. Paris was full of philosophers, from Paine and Robespierre, down to the vilest Sans-culotte, and their schemes and opinions were paraded with all the assumed dignity of a celestial mission. Nor was their progress confined to France. A channel of but twenty miles in breadth could offer but a

slender barrier to influences which seemed to fly as upon the wings of the wind. Hence England, amid all her loyalty and staid conservatism, soon reëchoed the popular cry which exalted a vain philosophy above that piety to which she owed her greatness, and she soon beheld a generation of beardless propagandists, as defiant in their Atheism as the ribald blasphemers of Paris. The reconstruction of society and of government was discussed as well in pot-houses as in universities, and the removal of social evils, so long a hopeless problem, seemed approaching its solution. Pantisocracies and similar schemes became popular, and, as it was supposed, practicable, for Christianity was no longer to enchain the mind, nor the Bible to oppose human progress. The world was soon to be restored to peace and happiness, and rapt with this grand idea the student philosophised in the alcove—the poet philosophised in his attic—while in the tap-room were heard the discussions of

“Smith, cobbler, joiner—he that plies the shears,
And he that kneads the dough—all loud alike,
All learned, and all drunk.”

Yet, after all, this happy consummation was only to be attained through conflict, and hence mankind was summoned to that struggle which should end in the destruction of kings, courts, priests and demagogues, as well as in the removal of poverty and sorrow.

Such were the schemes which agitated England at the commencement of the present century; yet, futile as they proved at last, who shall say that their object was not worthy of the most earnest effort, since for ages man had felt the heel of oppression, and the masses had groaned in ignorance

and in serfdom. And yet we sigh to think that the mighty question fell into the hands of those whose strongest arguments only exhibit invincible ignorance. Alas, what could be expected of the blind? They had turned the back on that true light which shone from the Scriptures, and now, in doubt and confusion, they ground in the prison-house, like chained and darkened Samson.

But this capital mistake was not owing to the want of example and illustration. England had already enjoyed the labors of some of the most gifted and successful of uninspired reformers. Whitefield—the Wesleys, and their fellow-laborers, had evangelized the masses. Howard, the calm, the devoted, and the sublime, whose hoary hairs had not abated the ardor of his sympathies, had remodelled her prison system—had brought comfort to the debtor and to the felon, and at last, while in pursuit of a remedy for the plague, had fallen a victim to its ravages, and filled an humble grave in the distant Crimea. These men had been arrayed against the worst forms of tyranny. They had grappled with SIN even in its most hideous shapes, and they had demonstrated that theirs was the only specific for that dread malady. Indeed, in their hands it had wrought wonders. It had elevated a stolid and brutish peasantry to the rank of Christianity; it had renewed the brotherhood of the race, and inspired it with benevolence; and it was quietly accomplishing its benignant mission when, with many a flourish of trumpets, the reign of an untried and boastful philosophy was suddenly inaugurated. Modern Reform is the offspring of that philosophy—born amid the convulsions of the French revolution, and fed upon the wild theories of rhapsodists.

While the long-continued paroxysm was being wrought up

to a fearful pitch, and while storm clouds were gathering over ill-fated Paris, the first wail of the infant Shelley was heard in the family seat in Sussex. It would seem that the dreamy and delusive ethies of the day breathed upon the new-born babe of Field Place a bewildering inspiration. Its ancestry was noble, and it could boast even the name of Sir Philip Sidney; but the loftier stamp of the youthful mind gradually developed in greatness transcending that of blood. Indeed, the daily life of the young aristocrat seemed to be permeated by a tender sympathy with the distressed. As though indifferent to the accidents of high birth and the blandishments of pride, he appears willing to share the burden of the heavy-laden, and asks only the privilege of redressing wrongs. Such was the promise, soon to be blasted by ruthless unbelief; but now it buds before us, unconscious of coming ruin, and we, who see no danger nigh, hail that life of worthy deeds which opens before the noble boy.

The exercises of his soul, at once high toned and chivalrous, are finely expressed in a few stanzas from the *Revolt of Islam*:

“Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first

The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.

I do remember well the hour which burst

My spirit's sleep. A fresh May dawn it was,

When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,

And wept, I knew not why; until there rose

From the near school room voices that, alas!

Were but one echo from the world of woes—

The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

“And then I clasped my hands and looked around—

But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,

Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground—

So without shame I spoke—‘I will be wise,

And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
 Such power; for I grow weary to behold
 The selfish and the strong still tyrannise,
 Without reproach or check.' I then controlled
 My tears—my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

"And from that hour did I, with earnest thought,
 Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore,
 Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
 I cared to learn, but from that secret store
 Wrought linked armor for my soul, before
 It might walk forth to war among mankind.
 Thus hope and power were strengthened more and more
 Within me, till there came upon my mind
 A sense of loneliness—a thirst with which I pined."

These lines command our admiration, for where shall we find true greatness if it be not in the sacrifice of self upon the altar of sympathy, and in strong will to vindicate the oppressed? Such traits indeed marked Shelley, not only in boyhood, but in some degree through life, and therefore one cannot but the more deeply mourn to see him early blighted by the chill conventionalities of a heartless society. Under the genial influence of piety his character might have developed in a philanthropy hardly less than that which has consecrated the name of Howard. Indeed the great gulf which separates two men, who each sought the welfare of their race, but whose influences differ, as balm from poison, is only to be accounted for by the fact that the one was an earnest Christian—the other was as zealous in his Infidelity. With striking truthfulness is the character of the latter set off in his own lines:*

"'Is it not strange, Isabel,' said the youth,
 'I never saw the sun?'"

In his tenth year, after suitable preparation, Shelley entered a school, whose leading features have made Sion House synonymous with tyranny. It was a place to better learn lessons of sympathy and indignation than those of the classic page, as day after day he witnessed the outrages of "fagging" and other abuses which happily have never cursed American schools. And his contempt for the institution which thus held him in durance is thus expressed in the verses already quoted:

"Nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
Cared I to learn."

His leisure was mainly devoted to the perusal of the Radcliffe school of romance—and his youthful mind became subject to a habit of waking dreams, which held him with such power that often it was with difficulty that the spell was broken. When brought back from such vagaries his eyes would flash—his lips would quiver—his voice would be tremulous with emotion, and a species of ecstasy would so overcome him, that his speech would be more like that of a spirit, or an angel, than of a human being. This remarkable idiosyncrasy followed him through life.

The hated school was in due time exchanged for the halls and groves of Eton, where two years were given to study. But romance gradually wove its fascinations about the young enthusiast, until at the age of seventeen his reveries have found life upon the printed page. The pair of novels which now sprung from his heated brain, like Byron's maiden volume, little indicate their author's genius, and the occasional poems by which they are graced may only be noticed as displaying the versification of the subsequent *Queen Mab*.

In 1810 the self-conscious Etonian entered University College, Oxford. He was but eighteen, which was much below the average age of beginners, while in addition to his youth his figure was so slender and delicate that he might have been taken merely for a precocious boy. But that slim and youthful stranger, in whom the indolent Oxonian sees but a fresh butt for his vulgar wit, is destined to a career which shall soon change contempt to surprise; and brief as that career may be, it shall ere it close, shake Oxford to its centre. One of his more intimate associates, Mr. Hogg, has furnished some interesting sketches, which we now quote, in illustration of this eventful period.

“He was the sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much as to appear low of stature. His clothes were expensive, but they were tumbled, rumpled and unbrushed. His complexion was delicate—almost feminine, and of the purest red and white. His face and whole features, and particularly his head, were unusually small; yet the last appeared of remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy. In the agony of declamation he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands, so that it was singularly wild and rough. His features breathed enthusiasm and intelligence, that I never met in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual—for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise some) that air of profound religious veneration which characterizes the best works of the great masters. ‘This is a fine fellow,’ said I to myself, ‘but I shall never be able to endure his voice—it would kill me; what a pity it is!’ The voice, indeed, was excruciating.

It was intolerably shrill, harsh, and discordant, and of the most cruel intension—it even excoriated the ears.”

The reveries of his earlier days invaded the student life of Oxford; but they had abandoned romance for the loftier pursuit of Philosophy. His early inkling for Reform now developed rapidly, and began to assume the character of a passion, but alas! he commenced his pursuit of truth with an extinguished torch. A solution of life's great problem was now to be attempted, with Hume's Essays as his text, and with Atheism as his word of hope. Thus has error mastered the most earnest and true hearted of Oxonians, and terribly will error finish its work. His early speculations are of an amusing as well as of an earnest character, and one cannot but smile at the account which Hogg furnishes of the reforms which are to be wrought by *chemistry*. He even anticipated from the triumphs of science the release of the laboring classes from their unceasing toil. “By a chemical agency man may effect vast changes, and even transmute a barren waste into a region of plenty. Thus, as water is made of combined gases, why might it not be manufactured by a scientific process, and thus transform the deserts of Africa into verdant fields? So too, heat might be generated, and cold climates rendered genial and productive. What a mighty instrument might electricity become—and the balloon! could not aeronauts be despatched on a voyage of exploration to Africa, whose entire continent might be examined in a few weeks? The shadow of the first balloon would virtually emancipate every slave in that unhappy country.”

Hogg visited Shelley's rooms and found them as oddly furnished as was the mind of their occupant. “Every thing

new and costly, but lying in inextricable confusion: books, boots, philosophical instruments, money, clothes, all scattered on the floor.* The carpet well stained by acids bore witness to the pursuit of chemistry, and a tongs still supported a retort over an Argand lamp." While welcoming his friend the liquor boiled over and filled the room with a "fiendish smell." Hogg was constrained to ply the galvanic battery till Shelley was charged with the fluid, and his long wild locks bristled fiercely. Hogg proceeds with the pleasant sketch of his classmate, and developes his plans of reforming mankind. One of their principal features was abstinence from animal food. The restoration of peace, order and unity

* "Whoever should behold me now, I wist,
Would think I were a mighty mechanist.

* * * * *

Upon the table

More knacks and quips there be than I am able
To catalogize in this verse of mine.

* * * * *

Next

Lie bills and calculations, much perplex
With steamboats, frigates, and machinery quaint,
Traced over them in blue and yellow paint;
Then comes a range of mathematical
Instruments, for plans nautical and statical;
A heap of rosin, a green broken glass,
With ink in it; a China cup that was.

* * * * *

Near that a dusty paint-box, some old hooks,
A half-burnt match, an ivory block, three books,
Where conic sections, spherics, logarithms,
To great Laplace, from Saunderson and Sims—
Lie heaped in their harmonious disarray."

SHELLEY—(Epistle to Mrs. Gisborne.)

would be hastened by a general adoption of vegetable diet. On this point the young Oxonian has been closely followed by other reformers. In the notes to *Queen Mab* the subject is discussed at much length in language, a part of which we quote: "I hold that the depravity of the physical and moral nature of man originated in his unnatural habits of life. * * * The allegory of Adam and Eve eating of the tree of evil, and entailing on their posterity the wrath of God, admits of no other explanation than the disease and crime that have flowed from unnatural diet. * * * Prometheus, who represents the human race, effected some great change in the condition of his nature, and applied fire to culinary purposes, thus inventing an expedient for screening from his disgust the horrors of the shambles; from this moment his vitals were devoured by the vulture of disease. * * * It is only by softening and disguising dead flesh by culinary preparation that it is rendered susceptible of mastication or digestion, so that the sight of its bloody juices and raw horror does not excite intolerable horror and disgust. Let the advocate for animal food force himself to a decisive experiment of its fitness, and as Plutarch recommends, tear a living lamb with his teeth, and plunging his head into its vitals, slake his thirst with the streaming blood. * * * Who will assert that had the populace of Paris satisfied their hunger at the ever furnished table of vegetable nature, it would have lent its brutal suffrage to the proscription list of Robespierre?" It is a redeeming feature in this absurd scheme, that spirituous liquors were equally forbidden; but the main strength of the argument lay against the use of meats.

We close our extracts with the following picture of a happy abstinent: "Above all he will acquire an easiness of breathing,

by which such exertion is performed with a remarkable exemption from that painful and difficult panting, now felt by almost every one after hastily climbing an ordinary mountain. He will be equally capable of bodily exertion, or mental application, after, as before his simple meal. He will feel none of the narcotic effect of ordinary diet. Irritability, the direct consequence of exhausting stimuli, would yield to the power of natural and tranquil impulses. He will no longer pine under the lethargy of ennui, that unconquerable weariness of life, more to be dreaded than death itself. He will escape the epidemic madness which broods over its own injurious notions of the Deity and realizes the hell that priests and beldames feign."

With such ardent views it is not surprising to read Hogg's statement that "bread was his chief food, to which he sometimes added raisins—exhibiting a schoolboy's taste for fruit, gingerbread, sugar and honey." And one is not surprised to learn that whatever were its moral effects, this low diet did not fail to impair the enthusiast's health. But while he is thus musing in the groves, or by the streams of quiet Oxford, dreaming of pre-existence, Pythagoreanism, abstinence and reform, the University is suddenly electrified by his expulsion, and the young philosopher becomes an object of public sympathy or dread. The antecedents of this affair are matters of controversy, and the two statements made by men of character are directly in conflict. Hogg, who must be considered reliable, relates that Shelley, who had become a disciple of Hume, drew up a brief statement or syllabus of his doctrines, adding his own inferences, and affixing to the whole the mathematical Q. E. D. This he had printed and circulated in every direction—"it was," says Hogg, "a small

pill, but worked powerfully." He would enclose a copy in a letter to some individual, observing that he had met this little tract accidentally, and that unhappily it seemed to him quite unanswerable. If an answer were returned to any of these mischievous messages, it was sure to receive a reply of fierce argument—and thus the boy Infidel was discharging his shafts under the guise of an enquirer after truth.

• The tract was entitled "The Necessity of Atheism." The notice it attracted and the important results which followed, are chronicled by Hogg, who states that he went to Shelley's rooms one fine spring morning in 1811. Shelley was absent, but soon rushed into the room, greatly agitated. "I am expelled," he exclaimed, and added, "I was sent for, a few moments ago, to the common room and there found our master and two or three of the fellows. The master produced a copy of the syllabus and asked me if I were the author." Shelley refused to answer—the question was repeated and Shelley again refused, insisting on the unfairness of the interrogation, and demanding witnesses to sustain the charge urged against him. The master then said, "you are expelled, and I desire that you quit the college early tomorrow morning, at latest." On this, one of the fellows handed Shelley a paper, which he discovered to be a regular sentence of expulsion. One of his friends the next day addressed the master and the fellows, soliciting a reconsideration—but this note only subjected its author to a similar fate, for being viewed as an accomplice rather than an advocate, he was most unjustly expelled also.

On the other hand, De Quincey gives a very different account, and states that Shelley "put his name, and that of his college on the offending publication (which we heartily

disbelieve). The heads of colleges felt a disagreeable necessity for an extra meeting. There are in Oxford five-and-twenty colleges, to say nothing of halls. They met—the greater part were for mercy. The pamphlet was not addressed to them. They were not officially bound to have any knowledge of it, and they determined not to proceed in the matter. Shelley, on hearing this, determined to force it upon them, and sent his pamphlet with five-and-twenty separate letters to the five-and-twenty heads of the Oxford hydra. The many-headed monster waxed wroth, and the philosopher was expelled.”

It is possible that this contradiction may be explained by referring the one statement to the action of one college—the other to that of the University. But whichever of these statements may be correct, it is evident that Oxford could have done no less than expel one who not only contemned the national faith, but stood defiant in Atheism, even in her consecrated halls, and made them an arsenal for his poisoned arrows. Common sense would have forecast a result so inevitable, and admitted the indignant University to some degree of justification; but Shelley seems to have viewed himself as a martyr to the truth, and he retired from Oxford with lofty indignation. Expelled the University—alienated from his home—and subjected to the displeasure of a disappointed father, the unfortunate youth took lodgings in London. His sisters, who were then attending school near the metropolis, ministered affectionately to his wants, and divided with him their little allowance of pocket money. This was often sent by the hands of a fellow scholar, whose parents lived in the city, and whose occasional errands to the poor and lonely student, were like angels’ visits. Shelley in his solitude longed for sympathy, and the fair almoner

opened her heart to his hopes and to his schemes. Their fondness ripened, as he subsequently visited her at her father's, and before the ardent eye of hope all obstacles to their union vanished as quickly as had the evidence of Christianity before the sophistry of Hume. But though thus united by affection, the social distinctions of England opened a vast gulf between them. The lover of nineteen was a scion of haughty aristocracy, wholly dependent upon a father, who had warned him against the unpardonable offence of a *mésalliance*, while on the other hand, Harriet Westbrooke was but a girl of sixteen, whose plebeian birth could not escape the scorn of the high-born house of Shelley. These difficulties were avoided or delayed by an elopement, and at Gretna Green their plighted vows were consummated, with burning words and still more burning thoughts.

“We'll live together, like two neighboring vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another;
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit—
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn;
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.”

Such were the golden hopes that seemed to hover above the cottage which amid the sweet scenery of Keswick, welcomed the successful lovers. The ill-starred union certainly began in peace, and under proper influences might have been exempt from all but the ordinary woes of life. The relenting father supplied their needs, while De Quincey and Southey gave an intellectual tone to the little circle of society. But they were unhappy—one cannot wonder at this, considering their mutual inexperience; but might we not add the question—when was Atheism ever congenial to domestic peace? The young philosopher, in his search for reforms, had not

found one for the heart. In addition to this, their life was embittered by jealousies which sprang up concerning their literary neighbors, and in a short time the restless pair forsook Keswick for an abode in Ireland. Shelley had yearned over that unfortunate island, and in the ardor of his sympathy had supposed himself called to her aid. Hence, previous to his arrival, he had prepared a pamphlet, in which her difficulties were discussed, and which was subsequently distributed, in order to arouse her citizens. Burning with a noble desire to reform mankind, he had, to quote his own language, "chosen Ireland as a theatre—the widest and fairest for the operations of the determined friends of religious and political freedom." The addresses which the youthful reformer delivered in Dublin were chiefly notable for the discordant scream of their utterance. His schemes were crude and impracticable—but his confidence in their success was inversely proportioned to their wisdom, and a brief stay in Dublin enabled him, as he supposed, to fully learn the state of the public mind. The fruit of his mission was a recommendation of "an association for the purpose of restoring Ireland to the prosperity she enjoyed before the union."

One cannot but smile at the conceit which marks this mission, but we do not wonder that he who had accepted Hume's sophistry as superior to an ancient and genial piety, should leap with equal rapidity to conclusions nearly as erroneous. Having, after this brief sojourn in the capital, mastered the woes and cure of Ireland, he was no doubt surprised that the nation yielded no response; baffled thus in his great scheme, the enthusiast speedily embarked for the Isle of Man, and shortly afterwards we trace him to a residence in Wales.

It was a period of intense mental excitement, and schemes of reform, intermixed with poetic ecstasy, fused all the

energies of his mind, until the calm scenery of his sequestered abode was in strange contrast with his conflicts. Without any farther subjective probing, a sufficient reason for this miserable unrest might be found in that warfare which he had commenced on Christianity. He could not boast that cold apathy which sheltered Hume, and hence his nervous system seems at times worn by deep tossings of excitement. A single incident will illustrate this. He was assaulted one night in his study, and only escaped the assassin by a long and desperate struggle. To this he deposed in detail before a magistrate; yet it is now believed that the horrible affair was but the work of imagination—a renewal of boyish waking dreams, wrought to this extreme by agony of soul.

Two years of married life witnessed the wreck of domestic peace. Christianity is the true basis of the home, but within the family circle of the Shelley's its genial influence was never known. Its place had been usurped by wild theories, which seem to have frightened away those affections which should have surrounded the fireside.

“Tell me on what hallowed ground
May domestic peace be found?
Halecyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of seeptrid state,
From the rebel's noisy hate;
In some cottaged vale she dwells—
Listening to the Sabbath bells.”*

* The above is sung by Adelaide, in Coleridge's tragedy of “The Fall of Robespierre.” *There was at that time no Sabbath in France.* The enquiry here suggests itself—did the poet forget this, or was it an allusion to the time when the Sabbath bell had not been forbidden, and an expression of his conviction that Christianity was essential to domestic peace?

The youth of twenty, while ambitious to reform the world, had coped in vain with his own passions; and we may suspect that the wife of eighteen, after feeding for two years upon the poisonous teachings of her husband, may have been somewhat disabled from effecting her own, or the happiness of others. At the end of this brief period, Shelley deserted her, justifying his conduct by the worn-out plea of uncongeniality.

One of the most striking beauties of Christianity is the grace which it throws about the family circle; and in its temporal blessings there can be none greater than that union, enjoined by its precepts and endeared by its influences. Had these controlled that little household, we should not here be forced to record a deed so base as to silence the voices of his apologists. And now that fatal error, whose inception had blasted the prospects of the Oxonian, hopelessly wrecks the household, of which he should have been the example and protector, and renders the father an exile—the mother a suicide—and the children orphans. After two years of desertion, the miserable Harriet drowned herself at Bath. Though still young, grief like that of ages had devoured her—and turning from desolation to the chill utterances of despair, she threw away a life which under other influences might have been both useful and happy. Within six years, the fate of the drowning wife overtook her perjured and adulterous husband, in the avenging billows of the Mediterranean.

However uncongenial may have been this unfortunate union, it is evident that the deserted wife was a person of respectable gifts and accomplishments. Indeed, in a letter to Fanny Godwin, Shelley himself thus speaks of her: "The ease and simplicity of her habits, the unassuming plainness of her dress, and the uncalculated connection of her thought and

speech, have ever formed in my eyes the greatest charms." Whatever may have been his antipathy to poor Harriet, it was brought to its climax by an intimacy with the family of William Godwin, where he found relief from the bitterness of matrimonial disappointment. His genius and his misfortunes awoke the girlish sympathy of Mary, the daughter of his host, and he found in her that ideal which Harriet failed to realize. Here, then, we have the whole excuse for a crime so atrocious that the school of Godwin, in its boldest sophistry, has failed to varnish its guilt, or remove one jot of its stigma. And from her unblessed grave poor Harriet brings her accusation against those false teachers, who wrought mutual ruin to the wedded pair.

Mary Godwin was but sixteen, but even at that early age she had learned from her parents that marriage was an institution of doubtful importance, and one often found adverse to human weal. As the views of Mary Wolstonecraft had thus possessed the heart of her daughter, we do not wonder at her elopement with the poet. The suicide of poor Harriet relieved the adulterous pair of restraint from a step required by custom, and led perhaps by a regard for their infant, or impelled by social laws, they improved the liberty thus afforded by marriage. If their subsequent union was of apparent harmony, still accusing conscience pursued the guilty husband during his few remaining years, and threw a sombre cloud over their mutual career. Shelley's efforts seem henceforth to have been largely given to apologizing for his crime, and in these he seems to anticipate the vicious spiritualism of our own day, in its favorite doctrine of "Affinity."

Here we are compelled to witness genius degraded by these foul and pernicious sentiments, addressed to a woman,

who had basely robbed a wife of her husband, and a mother of the protector of her children. We quote the lines thus imbued with falsehood, and which show the degradation to which Infidelity has sunk its victim.

“Alas! that love should be a blight and snare
To those who seek all sympathies in one.
Such once I sought in vain. Then black despair—
The shadow of a starless night—was thrown
Over the world, in which I moved alone.
Yet never found I one not false to me—
Hard hearts and cold, like weights of icy stone,
Which crushed and withered mine, that could not be
Aught but a lifeless clog, until revived by thee.

“Thou friend, whose presence on my wintry heart
Fell like bright Spring upon some herbless plain,
How beautiful, and calm, and free thou wert,
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,
And walked as free as light the clouds among,
Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain
From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung
To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it long.” *

The misguided poet appealed to the law, in pursuit of the children of the first marriage; but Lord Eldon, with admirable rectitude, denied the claim, on the ground of Atheism, and the nation honored the decision; indeed, how could an avowed Atheist be a safe guardian of youth?

Shelley's attack upon marriage, as we have observed, exhibits the same vicious and degrading notions which of late years have been rife, and whose vocabulary includes the cant

* Dedication to Revolt of Islam—addressed to his second wife.

terms of "Freelove" and "Personal Sovereignty," as well as "Affinity." Thus he eulogises the woman who lived adulterously with him, as having "*burst the mortal chain of custom, and walked as free as light.*" These errors he no doubt imbibed from the teachings of Wolstonecraft and Godwin, but they had earlier apologists in the mad legislators of France. One of the first objects of Satanic attack, next to Christianity itself, is the sacred institution of the family. Hence the Infidelity of the National Convention is indirectly revealed by its debates upon this question. Cambacères, Chairman of the Committee of Legislation, reports as follows—"The matrimonial compact owes its origin to natural laws. It is perfected and strengthened by the institutions of society. The will of the united couple makes the substance of the contract; the change of that will works its dissolution. Divorce is a wholesome institution, for a long time repressed from our customs by a religious influence; it will become the more useful, owing to our attention to simplify the required procedure, and to shorten the prescribed delay."*

This report was inspired by the poisonous sentimentalism of Rousseau, whose philosophy had corrupted and bewildered all Europe, and now permeated the sickening theories of chaotic France. Rousseau was to this wretched nation what Hume had been to England—the leading assailant of Christianity; and though differing essentially in genius, they prove the identity of error by the fact that the doctrines of each were absorbed with equal avidity by the young Reformer. And this identity has been brought before us recently, by a mis-called Woman's Rights Convention, where the corrupt principles of Rousseau, of Cambacères, of Hume, and of

* Discussions upon the Civil Code. (Moniteur, 23d August, 1793.)

Shelley, were embodied in resolutions so revolting and shameless that they would have startled the boldest of those errorists.

Following his masters, therefore, Shelley with his habitual intensity initiated his schemes of reform by an assault upon marriage. Springing as it does from the religion which he hated, it could not escape his blind and implacable zeal. "How long," he enquires, "ought the sexual relation to last, and what law ought to specify the extent of the grievances which should limit its duration? A husband and wife ought to continue so long united as they love each other; any law which should bind them to cohabitation for one moment after the decay of their affection would be a most intolerable tyranny, and the most unworthy of toleration. * * * *Love is free; to promise for ever to love the same woman is not less absurd than to promise to believe the same creed.** * * I conceive that from the abolition of marriage the fit and natural arrangement of sexual connexion would result. * * * *A system could not well have been devised more studiously hostile to human happiness than marriage.*"

These pernicious views flow from the rejection of Christianity. The grave and logical Hume, while boasting of his utilitarianism, would perhaps hardly have uttered or endorsed them—yet Shelley was a true disciple of David Hume, and differed only in experimenting where the master theorized; he had learned that "happiness was the sole end of the science of ethics," and this he sought, though it led him into adultery and exile.

Soon after the second marriage, he published "The Revolt of Islam;" it had been preceded by "Alastor," and as that

* These italics are ours. All others in quotations from authors (except in our notes) are copied.

brief but exquisite production was free from social attack, he now returns to the charge. The Revolt of Islam is a metrical essay on reform—an idea which seems ever to haunt his mind—and in this poem he weaves scenes involving the fate of nations—either sunk in slavery or battling for freedom—with glorious trains of thoughts, clothed with the magic of lofty rhyme. It presents the grand drama of some mighty revolution. Tyrants were to be dethroned—religious frauds were to be exposed—the banded despots and their hireling armies were to be annihilated. Yet all these attempts fail before allied kingcraft. The patriots fall, by murder or treason, and while the poem closes in defeat, the reader is reassured of some coming day of bliss, when liberty and virtue shall hold earth in their genial sway. This great end is to be accomplished without the hand of God, or even a single recognition of his power; without the removal of sin, or any reference to it as the source of human misery.

Thus the splendid intellect labored blindly in the service of error, building airy castles when it should have been achieving great results, and spinning theories when it should have grappled with man's gigantic foe. That foe is Sin, and of sin, alas! Shelley seemed to be unconscious.

* * * * *

In the spring of 1819 the little circle of English residents at Rome welcomed a returning group, consisting of parents and child, whose strange and peculiar history had long preceded them. Curiosity and general interest would have led many to their door, were it not soon evident that their sphere was far above that of the tourist idler. The appearance of this well observed pair indicated genius as well as rank, but both were shadowed by misfortune, for which they might find solace in the society of a chosen few, or in antiquarian re-

search. The year which had just closed had led them through incessant change. Last March they had forsaken England, in pursuit of a more congenial abode. A month had been passed at Milan, and a longer time at the Baths of Lucca. August found them at Byron's villa near Este, whence the illness of their babe drove them to Venice, and as they crossed the lagune, it expired. The sorrow of these homeless ones permeates the lines now written among the Euganean hills, in which it is said:

“Many a sacred poet's grave
Mourns its latest nursling fled.”

Abandoning this scene of bereavement, they had sojourned at Ferrara and Bologna, and after a brief stop at Rome, they had wintered at Naples. Here one exhausted by ill health and the distresses of a life of wandering, might fitly exclaim,

“I could lie down, like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel, in the warm air,
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.”

New recreation, however, was found in researches in Pæstum, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Baïæ, and now the returning March beholds them again at Rome. Here they were to learn that the past, bitter as it had been, was only the beginning of sorrows; for hither had they come, while old wounds ran fresh, to meet that direst stroke which can fall on parental love. Death snatched away their Willie—their first born, and their only one. The exiles laid him in the English

cemetery, and then sat down, desolate, amid ruins. Some of the poet's fragments of this date are utterances of a soul pierced with anguish as with a sword.

"Oh, world! Oh, life! Oh, Time!
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before,
 When will return the glory of your prime?
 Never more—O never more!

Out of the day and night,
 A joy has taken flight—
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight,
 No more—O never more!"

And again:

"They die! The dead return not. Misery
 Sits near an open grave and calls them over—
 A youth with hoary hair and haggard eye."

"Death is here, and Death is there;
 Death is busy everywhere—
 All around, within, beneath—
 Above is Death, and we are death.

* * * * *

First our pleasures die, and then
 Our hopes, and then our fears; and when
 These are dead, the debt is due—
 Dust claims dust, and we die too."

"Far, far away, O ye
 Halcyons of memory,
 Seek some far calmer nest,
 Than this abandoned breast;

No news of your false spring
 To my heart's winter bring—
 Once having gone, in vain
 Ye come again.
 Vultures, who build your bowers
 High in the Future's towers,
 Withered hopes on hopes are spread—
 Dying joys choked by the dead
 Will serve your beaks for prey,
 Many a day."

And he breathes a sweet tribute to the little one just torn
 from his arms:

"My lost William—thou in whom
 Some bright spirit lived, and did
 That decaying robe consume,
 Which its lustre faintly hid,
 Here its ashes find a tomb.
 But beneath this pyramid
 Thou art not. If a thing divine,
 Like thee, can die, thy funeral shrine
 Is thy mother's grief, and mine."

* * * * *

During the serene hours of an Italian spring, a lonely one
 might have been seen pursuing his pensive way amid the
 ruins of ancient art. Though not more than twenty-seven,
 his brow was flecked with gray, and his tall form was bowed
 by sorrow and care, and dark hours of conflict.* Nature was

* "Twas said that he had refuge sought
 In love from his unquiet thought,
 In distant lands, and been deceived
 By some strange show; for there were found,
 Blotted with tears, as those relieved
 By their own words are wont to do,

putting forth her vernal beauty, and the wild vines were renewing their foliage, and hiding prostrate columns and graceful arches in greenery and flowers; but to him, there was no more spring. The present and the future were alike overcast, and the past held up its withering record. His first wife filled a suicide's grave, and her children were far away from him, whom once they knew as father, but whose name must now be banished from their memories. His second union had been invaded by death—one babe lay at Venice, and here he might watch the tomb of his Willie, and say, "I envy death the body far less than the oppressors the minds of those whom they have torn from me. The one can only kill the body—the other crushes the affections."

Alas! how changed is he of the drooping brow and the saddened countenance from the bouyant youth of Field Place, or the jubilant enthusiast of Oxford? But still more pitiable is the change in character; there was a time when his boyish lips would have quivered at the thought of present dishonor; there was a time when his high-toned soul would have shrunk from the prophecy of so dark a career. Yet even of such an one has this been accomplished, and he now stands before us the violator of plighted troth, the apologist

These mournful verses on the ground,
 By all who read them blotted too:
 'How am I changed! My hopes were once like fire—
 I loved, and I believed that life was love.
 How am I lost * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * I wake to weep,
 And sit through the long day gnawing the core
 Of my bitter heart."

SHELLEY.—ROSALIND AND HELEN.

of adultery, and the assailant of that holy faith, which is the hope of the world. O what a fall is here! How does it prove the power of error—so rapid, and so damning? Thus does it master even genius, and transform it, as by some horrid sorcery, until the once noble boy has become an enemy of his race. And the sad spectacle, as we gaze upon it, recalls those fearful lines, whose truth and power familiarity cannot impair, and which are even now as fresh as when uttered by the thoughtful Mantuan.

“——— facilis descensus Averni

* * * * *

Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras

Hoc opus, hic labor est.”

* * * * *

It is midnight. All Rome is bathed in moonlight, so soft and dreamy, that the beauties of even an Italian day yield to its enchantment. The bell has just uttered its plaintive record of the fleeting hours, when that same bowed form is seen forsaking the stranger's quarter, and wending his way toward the suburbs. As he passes with listless step down the Corso, the stately palace of the Barberini reminds him that there the lorn Beatrice, year after year, keeps her vigil of sorrow, and he breathes a tribute to the memory which his pen shall consecrate with better art than even the pencil of Guido. In a few moments the city of the living is passed, and he stands in the region of the dead. The wilderness of ruin now opening before him seems vocal with the glories of the ancient Forum. In silver radiance, but relieved by deep-toned shadow, there stand the exquisite columns of Jupiter Stator, while the arch of Severus indicates the *via sacra* of imperial days. A little further on he is greeted by the

graceful Foca, and then the beetling walls of the Coliseum bury him in shadow. Soon he is tracing his way through the open and ivied chambers of Caracalla's baths, and at length his restless feet bear him to his Willie's grave. And this, after all, is the sweetest place, even in storied Rome; for here is laid his chief treasure. The moonbeams kiss the turfy mound, beside which his own ashes shall soon rest; near by is the grave of poor Keats, while the tall pyramid of Cestius, glistening in the magic light, seems to guard the sacred spot. We have followed the perturbed wanderer to the place where

“—— the holy calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.”

But the throbbing heart is still in conflict—and no voice of resignation, and no utterances of faith soothe the soul's unrest. As he gazes around, the past and the present weave their history into one. The bards of olden time, who have embraced his own Adonais, approach to welcome their smitten compeer, and the mourners of by-gone ages seem to march by in solemn pomp of woe, extending sympathy to one who inherits their tears, and who distils them on the little grave at his feet. At last, as the spell becomes stronger, reverie changes into life, and old Rome opens before him, in the glory of her prime. The vast area is teeming with the throng of her palmy days, whose splendors change only to increase in varying majesty. He sees, or seems to see, all that Time has buried in silence and in dust, and his heart beats with new life at the imposing scene. He hails the Gracchi—he

bids Brutus strike—he burns beneath Tully's words of fire—and the cry at which the nations trembled thrills his soul, "*Senatus Populusque Romanus*." New life has for a moment come to his weary heart—but ah! tis gone, for the dream is broken. Where is he now? And the solitary buries his face in his bosom, while desolation wraps him in its icy shroud, and hope even flies from the future.

O, among all that marked the fall of the imperial city, what was there so moving in pathos, or so mournful in its history, as that living ruin which Rome now contained? This thought so powerfully inspires some of his lines as to prove its secret power over his soul, and while he refers to "the vigorously awakening spring, and the new life with which it drenches the spirit, even to intoxication," as the inspiration of his newly-attempted drama, yet it is evident from its character that that inspiration was drawn from his own dark and fearful experiences. These, indeed, were a fitting preparation for sympathy with the sublime sorrow of ancient tragedy, and its crushed yet defiant heroism. The "*Prometheus Unbound*," the fruit of these shadowed hours, was the author's favorite, as well as his greatest poem. In it he rises to the grandeur of the bard, and takes rank with the masters of the drama. It was written amid the ruins of Caracalla's baths, "a maze of gigantic chambers, opened to the sky, and carpeted with verdure—of shattered towers, wreathed in a drapery of glorious weeds and trailing ivy, with which the stone-work had been almost incorporated—of heaped masses of masonry, out of which sprung groves of flowering shrubs—of broken arches, winding stair-cases, and hidden nooks for quiet thought."*

* Shelley Memorials.

the working up of high tragedy, and he wrought out of his own agonized soul the anguish of the unconquerable Titan, while amid sunshine and beauty the vulture fed upon his heart.

But the sacred communion of sorrow embraced others besides the fabled groups of the ancient drama, and the sad inspiration which now mastered the poet's soul yearned over all the heavy-hearted. If excluded from sympathy with the living, he was not from the dead. While wandering through the galleries of the Barberini Palace, a lorn and lovely, but heart-broken maiden whispered to him her dark and harrowing tale. It was a sweet, girlish countenance—all woe-begone, and pale as the drapery that hid her golden tresses; but Guido's pencil had wrought the features into life, and innocence survived despair.* A voice, weak from torture,

* "The portrait of Beatrice at the Colonna (Barberini) Palace is most admirable, as a work of art. It was taken by Guido, during her confinement in prison. But it is most interesting as a just representation of one of the loveliest specimens of the workmanship of Nature. There is a fixed and pale composure on the features: she seems sad, and stricken down in spirit, yet the despair thus expressed is lightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound by folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape and fall about her neck. The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eye-brows are distinct and arched; the lips have that permanent meaning, of imagination and sensibility, which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems as if death scarcely could extinguish. Her forehead is large and clear. Her eyes, which we were told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping, and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity which, united with her exquisite loveliness, are inexpressibly pathetic. Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons in whom energy and gentleness dwell together, without destroying one another. Her nature was simple and profound."—*Preface to "The Cenci."*



Künstlerische Färbung

BEATRICE CHENCI

ascending from the dark and slimy cell, appealed to the poet's heart from that fell tribunal which adjudged her to the scaffold, and besought vindication from ealunny and shame. From day to day he held converse with that maiden of awful doom, until the groans of the deep-souled Prometheus found a response in her wailing whispers, and one act of sympathy enshrined them in his chambers of imagery. The tragedy of "The Cenci" was composed before even the "Prometheus" was finished; and in its stately acts Beatrice summons her judges to the tribunal of the world. It is impossible to view without emotion that countenance, in which youth, prematurely broken, yields to a bitter destiny; but not until she is pourtrayed by the tragic muse can we truly sympathise with the victim of a demon father, or enter the world of woe wherein she dwelt.

But it is not of the Poet that we so much write as of the Reformer. While as the first he takes rank amid the bards of all ages, as the latter his doctrines poison many an unwary reader, and give assurance to those who care nothing for his afflatus, and view him only as an assailant of Christianity. By a peculiar misapprehension, he always conceived his mission to be Reform, rather than Poetry, and even three years before his death he writes his publisher, from Florence, "I am preparing an octavo, on Reform. * * * I intend it to be an instructive, readable book, appealing from the passions to the reason of men."* Yet, notwithstanding his conceit, his philosophy only deforms the splendor of his genius, by its harsh and bewildering Atheism. As Shelley will always be

* "Let this opportunity be conceded to me of acknowledging that I have, what a Scotch philosopher characteristically terms, 'a passion for reforming the world.'"—*Preface to "Prometheus."*

read, we are glad to know that a Boston house has issued an expurgated edition, and thus, while enjoying the author's beauties, one may escape the serpent which they otherwise conceal.

It is stated, by way of extenuation, that *Queen Mab* was published surreptitiously, and that the copies printed by its youthful author were intended merely for private circulation. But lame as such an apology must be, it is utterly vitiated by the fact that in his later days he abated not one jot of its Atheism, or tempered its virulent tone. It is true that a year before his death, when the surreptitious edition appeared, he wrote to the *Examiner* that "it was written at the age of eighteen—I dare say, in a sufficiently intemperate spirit. I have not seen this production in several years. I doubt not but that it is perfectly worthless, in point of literary composition, and that in all that concerns moral and political speculation, as well as in the subtler discriminations of metaphysical and religious doctrine, it is still more crude and immature." But while thus admitting it to be "crude and immature," he never disclaimed its purpose to attack Christianity, and it still lives to breathe its malignant enmity, and to strengthen the crude unbelief of thousands.

Shelley thus became prominent as the exponent of the Infidel Reform of his age, and the Socialism which lurked in his teachings was in due time developed by another. The broad radicalism of his schemes may be expressed in a few words. There was no reality in the word "Sin," and there was no necessity for sorrow. The misfortunes of mankind arose from the tyranny of kings and priests. Hence the cry was "overturn, overturn!" and in this fell swoop were included religion, marriage, and other such social institutions as were

supposed to be of an antagonistic nature. This having been done, society was to be reorganized upon a new basis. The mind was to be expanded in genial and æsthetic culture, while the body was to be emancipated from all things inconsistent with health and pleasure. Disease having been banished by temperance, and poverty by industry, a universal brotherhood was to fill the earth, and Reason and Nature were to be the only objects of worship.

In 1819, while Shelley was racked with these futile schemes, the mighty mind of Chalmers was achieving true reform among the degraded masses of Glasgow. In a lecture delivered at this time, he presents a scathing analysis of the false philosophy of Rousseau, which Shelley unconsciously reproduced. The Swiss of the eighteenth and the Englishman of the nineteenth century, exhibit one feature of striking identity, for while both were guilty of high crimes against God and society, neither of them seemed conscious of sin. In this they differ from the dissolute Byron, who, while sharing their impiety, continually admits the great fact of human depravity—a confession no doubt wrung from him by the bitter experiences of his wretched career. The antithesis between them is thus drawn by Chalmers, who remarks of the latter: "He never aimed to better a world, of which he seldom spoke but in the deep and bitter derision of a heart that utterly despised it—not because of its ungodliness, for it is not this which calls forth the vindictiveness of his most appalling abjurations. But it is obviously his feeling of humanity that its whole heart is sick, and its whole head is sore—that some virus of deep and deadly infusion pervades the whole extent of it; and never is he more in his own favorite element than when giving back to the world, from

his own pages, the reflected image of that guilt which troubles and deforms it. One should have liked to see a mind so powerful as his, led to that secret of this world's depravity, which is only revealed unto babes, while hid in a veil of apparent mysticism from the wise and the prudent. And yet, even as it is, does he in the wild and frenzied career of his own imagination catch a passing glimpse of the truth that he had not yet apprehended."

"Our life is a false nature—'tis not in
The harmony of things—this hard decree—
This uneradicable taint of sin—
This boundless Upas—this all-blasting tree,
Whose root is earth; whose leaves and branches be
The skies, which rain their plagues on man, like dew:
Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see,
And even the woes we see not, which throb through
The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new."

These lines exhibit Byron's nearest approach to truth, and are in contrast with the striking picture of life's conflict, drawn by Wordsworth. The one pauses from the pursuit of pleasure, to gaze upon the stupendous woes of mankind, and is then hurried away by his vicious career; the other saw not only the wound, but the balm which alone can heal it.

"O life! without thy checkered scene,
Of right and wrong—of weal and woe,
Success and failure—could a ground
For magnanimity be found,
Or Faith, midst broken hopes, serene—
Or whence could virtue flow?"

"Pain entered through a ghastly breach;
Nor while life lasts must effort cease.

Heaven upon earth's an empty boast—
 But for those bowers of Eden lost,
 Mercy has placed within our reach
 A portion of God's peace."

Reform, without religion, has been the standing boast of the Infidel—yet were the highest success attained that ever an Owen or a Fourier dreamed of, it is very easy to prove that it would not ensure man's chief good. THAT GOOD MUST BE RECEIVED THROUGH THE MORAL NATURE. We may imagine the fairest of domains, with its associated groups—its divisions of labor—its highest felicity of attraction and æsthetic culture, which, despite all these, might be the scene of heart-misery such as physical suffering never approached. "Is not the body more than meat, and the soul more than raiment?" Can these glittering advantages, in all their fulness, administer to the wants of the moral nature, or prescribe for what Byron so despairing calls "the immedicable soul," or answer that appeal which the sin-sick, and the sorrow-laden, so vainly utter?

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased—
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow—
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
 That weighs upon the heart?"

Were it not for man's natural blindness, we might here confess our astonishment that the Infidel school of reform persists, age after age, in overlooking the great question of *sin*—its nature, and its remedy. The problem is not merely the escape from poverty, for mankind may be as happy and as

useful in poverty as in wealth; but to obtain deliverance from sin, the source of all evil. This question meets us at every turn, and is only answered by that gospel, so maligned and despised. It is this alone which can give peace to the dying—can sustain the soul when sinking under misfortune—can cheer the bereaved—can revive hope even in the despairing; and it is this which must work that restoration “not dreamed of in your philosophy.” Thus we are brought to the conclusion that Christianity alone affords a remedy for the otherwise “immedicable soul.” Yet, while accomplishing her holy purpose, she still receives the vilest execrations from Infidel reformers, who adjure her to cease her stately march, and give place to their crude inventions.

The crazy attempts at Socialism which were agitated a few years since illustrate this truth, and teach an enduring lesson. Among others, New Jersey Phalanx, Sylvania and Skeneateles leaped into sudden existence, and were hailed as marking a new and happy era in social life. They were to demonstrate the ability of man to attain the highest good without the aid of Christianity. They were to fulfill the hopes of the Positive philosophy, and to exhibit a world abundant in physical and moral, as well as æsthetic delights, independent of that element which is the only foundation of happiness. Its motto was, “a boastful Deism.” But socialism is of too rank a growth for America; the moral tone of our country must sink still lower before it can flourish within her borders, and the Atheist fraternities, one after another, disbanded. Their day is past—and while we shrink from the foul blasphemy which breathed from their nostrils, and the malignant slanders which they poured on the gospel and its ministry, we can not but refer to one of those chief demonstrations which so truly reveal

their character. We quote from the proceedings of the New England Social Reform Convention, held in Boston, June, 1844.* Mr. Collins (one of the speakers,) after briefly enumerating the vices that grew out of all religions having their foundations in mystery, said that "The actions, views, and policy of society were graduated by a false philosophy. * * * Mystery is essential to the clergy; Reason is their deadliest foe. If mind could account for the good and bad, and all the varied actions of men, upon natural and philosophical principles—if he saw that love, virtue, and purity were native elements of the human mind—that vice, crime, and misery were the results of a false society, which had its foundation in ignorance of man's nature and capacity, and not in his own will and choice—that abundance of love, peace and purity would necessarily spring from true social relations—then the hocus-pocus of the clergy would be seen and appreciated accordingly." * * * "We have had religion, some say 6,000, but I say 60,000 years, and what better are we for it? Religion is essential to darkness. She cheats man into his present suffering, and cheats him out of present enjoyments. It is absurd to think that men can exist under vice and want without hope. He must have some hope on which to fix his mind, when ground to dust beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of a church! Religion gratifies his hope. She tells him that Heaven is beyond the grave—that to merit it he must show becoming fortitude under his affliction here—that just in proportion as he suffers the keenest sorrow, will he be entitled to the highest joys hereafter. She thus cheats him of the present by a lie, and of the future by an unsubstantial dream."

* From "The Social Pioneer and Herald of Progress."—Boston: J. P. Mendum.

* * * "The church did not meet any of the essential wants of man's nature; its teachings were dark; its dogmas confused and intangible; its views of man's nature and capacity low, debasing and demoralizing; its character of the Deity contradictory, absurd, and even blasphemous, inasmuch as a God of benevolence, knowledge, and power could not permit so much disease, sorrow and suffering as now and ever has existed. * * * Did not every man know that slavery, intemperance, and swindling were positive evils, which should be destroyed instead of sustained? Were not three-fourths of all the established clergy actually compelled by the public opinion of the churches to sustain one or more of these evils?"

Mr. Taylor "compared the priests with the partridge and her brood of young. They wished to lure social reformers away from their nests in their pulpits, where they have broods and broods of young curses for the race. They raise false issues, and by a thousand tricks endeavor to divert the public enquiry as to the influence of the clergy against reform."

Mr. Swasey "denounced a hireling priesthood as a trammel and a shackle upon the mind and body of the race; fettering its freedom, depriving it of its noblest energies, or prostituting those energies to its own degradation. It was a fact that entered like iron into the soul of every man who desired to be free, that the clergy were the body-guards of despotism. * * * And he would say in the face of every priest, that while they preached doctrines he delighted to honor, they practiced doctrines most damning to humanity. * * * The vice and consequent misery so prevalent, in connection with the denominated marriage relation of the day, is so universal—he could say so absolute, that he looked upon it as the imperative duty of every Reformer to reflect upon its crimi-

nality, and having made up his mind, to exert himself for a reform so much demanded. * * * He knew nothing which so much needs reform as this * * * and he called on all, married or unmarried, young or old, in Humanity's name to lift up their voice and arms for the overthrow of this great and universal source of crime and misery."

After much discussion, in which some deprecated the extremity of these views, thirty resolutions were passed, denouncing religion and existing governments of every form, and affirming the right of married parties to separate "when- ever they have outlived the affections, and can no longer contribute to the happiness of each other."

Had Shelley witnessed this convention, he might have been gratified by its faithful adherence to his precepts; but his hate to Christianity would have been still embittered by disappointment, for she survives each attack, and stands at this moment far stronger, even in Boston, than when thus assailed; and unchanging as her divine founder, she still leads in benignant progress, while all the Atheist schemes which have striven to subvert her, one after the other, have collapsed.

The extracts which we have thus given will show how blind Infidelity is to the highest good. We gaze upon its followers with sorrow—for they are casting away the only hope of our race. We fain would exclaim, "O, misguided brothers! ere you have finally contemned the Bible, have you ever proved its power to reform and elevate mankind? Is there no balm in Gilead, that you are fetching us "accursed juice of Hebenon?" Ministers and churches, and the forces of Christianity may not, as yet, be accomplishing their full purpose in the removal of evil; yet, grievous as is our present con-

dition, would it not be vastly worse without them? Let this question be answered by a view of the Heathen world. Indeed, false and heartless as society may often be found, beneath the very shadow of the church, it is only because her precepts and doctrines have been disregarded. Wherever they are fully operative, society will abolish wrongs and suppress vice, and reap a reward in temporal prosperity, as well as in moral amelioration. "Go preach my gospel," was the command of Him, whose especial mission it was to "bind up the broken-hearted, to heal them that are bruised," and in truth to remove all misery from the earth. AND IN HIS GOSPEL WE FIND THE ONLY MEANS ADEQUATE TO THAT MIGHTY END.*

That Gospel's power and efficacy are well illustrated by the labors of the missionary, Brainerd, among the Indians of New Jersey. Their degradation was unutterable—they were ignorant, destitute, indolent, filthy, cruel and intemperate. Yet these savages became, when brought under the influence of Christianity, industrious, kind-hearted, humane, and even heavenly minded; so much so that their tender-hearted pastor expressed his delight in their society. To quote from his journal: "Afterwards I baptised fourteen persons; two of

* The necessity of a scheme which, like the Gospel, shall strike at the root of sin, and have for its object the regeneration of the race, is thus hit off by Carlyle: "Reform is not joyous, but grievous; no single-handed man can reform himself without stern suffering and stern working. The serpent sheds not his old skin without rusty disconsolateness—he is not happy, but miserable. Thus Medea, when she made men young again, *was wont (O, Heaven!) to hew them in pieces with meat-axes, cast them into caldrons, and boil them for a length of time.*" This rude idea is fulfilled, with glorious power, in the new life which Christianity gives its followers: the language of the Gospel is, "*behold, I make all things new!*" Did Carlyle never hear of this, that he had to go back to Medea for an illustration?

them were men of fifty years, who had been singular and remarkable among the Indians for their wickedness. One of them had been a murderer, and both notorious drunkards, as well as excessively quarrelsome; but now I cannot but hope that both of them have become objects of God's especial grace." * * * Again, in speaking of the amelioration wrought in the mass, he states: "They seem generally divorced from drunkenness—their darling vice—the sin that easily besets them, so that I do not know more than two or three who have been my steady hearers that have drunk to excess since I first visited them, although before that, it was common for some or other of them to be drunk almost every day. * * * A principle of honesty and justice appears in many of them, and they seem concerned to discharge their old debts, which they have neglected, and perhaps scarcely thought of for years past. Their manner of living is much more decent and comfortable than formerly, having the benefit of that money which they used to consume on strong drink. Love seems to reign among them, especially those who have given evidence of having passed a saving change." Again: "When these truths were felt at heart, there was no vice unreformed. Drunkenness, the darling sin, was broken off, and scarce an instance of it known among my hearers for months together. The abusive practice of husbands and wives putting away each other, and taking others in their stead, was quickly reformed; the same might have been said of all other vicious practices." "The reformation was general, and all springing from the *internal* influence of divine truths upon their hearts, and not from any external restraints, or because they had heard these vices particularly exposed and spoken against."

In this simple and artless recital we behold the secret of genuine reform. It must spring from piety. * The work to which we have made reference was accomplished through the instrumentality of a devoted New England youth, whose feeble frame sank to the grave in his thirtieth year. But he had solved the problem which for ages had defied a conceited and vain-glorious philosophy.

Few men of thirty years, have done so much for the welfare of mankind as Brainerd—few men of thirty years

* "I rejoice much to find that this shows a very considerable decrease, as compared with previous years. I do believe that we are improving; that free libraries, and cheap concerts and lectures for the people, and working-men's associations, headed by so many Christian ministers, are beginning to tell. Their influence is already felt—1400 apprehensions fewer, this year than last, and the decrease nearly, if not entirely, in 'the drunk and disorderly cases.'"—*Lectures by Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, Liverpool.*

MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE IRISH REVIVAL.—At the opening of the Quarter Sessions in Coleraine, on January 7, the Assistant Barrister said: "When I look into the calendar for the last three months, and in memory look back on calendars that came before me, I am greatly struck with its appearance on this occasion. During the entire three months which have passed since I was here before, I find that but one new case has to come before you, and one which is in some respects very unimportant. As I said before, I am greatly struck at the appearance of this calendar, so small is the number of cases, when I formerly had calendars filled with charges for different nefarious practices, pocket-picking and larcenies of different sorts. Now I have none of these, I am happy to say. How is such a gratifying state of things to be accounted for? It must be from the improved state of the morality of the people. I believe I am fully warranted now to say that to nothing else than the moral and religious movement which commenced early last summer can the change be attributed. I can trace the state of your calendar to nothing else. It is a matter of great gratification when we see the people of this country improving, and I trust that no temptations of any sort will arise by which they can be induced to forsake the paths of rectitude."

have done so much for its injury as Shelley; yet both were professed Reformers, and as they are now brought within the limits of a parallel, we cannot avoid reviewing its striking antithesis.

A fervent New England youth, sad-hearted because of the misery of his race, consecrates himself to the work of its reformation. He possesses a small patrimony, and his feeble health pleads for a life of ease; but in stern self-denial he renounces all—devoting even his estate to philanthropy. There is something sublime in this purpose, but he appears devoid of all consciousness of it; he is consumed by the flame of sacrifice, and has lost himself in the great end before him. It is only in mediæval myths that we find this devotion symbolized, and while reading the heroic tradition which Schiller has immortalized, we seem to see the missionary in conflict with Sin, instead of the knight grappling with the beast-fiend—and in either case the palm is awarded, not to prowess, but humility. Armed by this purpose the youth commences a mission among the savages. He is alone—with no friend to cheer—no physician to prescribe, and no home to offer nurture and welcome. His habitation is a squalid wigwam—his bed a heap of straw—and his food such as must hasten the disease whose fatal grasp is upon his frame. Now commences the marvellous career, in four years to terminate in the grave—in which alternates incessant preaching, itineracy, and exposure. Beyond all previous examples, it is a life of prayer. The rude settler of the frontier is occasionally startled to see the wan and emaciated youth emerging from the forest—his countenance overcast with a tender melancholy, and his form staggering from weakness—yet his determination unwavering. If the barbarian of the Delaware heed not

his voice, there are others by the margin of the Susquehanna who may incline the ear, and the steep and pathless mountains are thrice traversed, in what appears to have been fruitless labor. But if the savage of the Susquehanna turn away, his red brethren in the Jerseys may prove more willing, and thus, through three years of buffeting and disappointments, he plies each field with the only remedy for sin. The tender passion, too, adds interest to the tale. In one of his visits to New England, the missionary had seen and loved a Puritan maiden, whose vernal loveliness sets off rare maturity of mind, and whose person is only equalled by her deep-toned piety. Indeed, her exquisite character has only freshened with the lapse of a century, and the traditions of old Northampton unite in her the serene beauty and grace of Sarah Pierrepont and the intellect of Jonathan Edwards. Of such parentage sprang Jerusha, the betrothed of David Brainerd, whose entwining memories hallow the valley of the Connecticut. Yet such an one could he sacrifice, and in this spirit he thus writes in his journal: "I was constrained, and yet chose to say, 'farewell, friends and earthly comforts—the dearest of them all—the *very dearest*, if the Lord calls for it—adieu! adieu! I will spend my life, to my latest moments, in caves and dens of the earth, if the Kingdom of Christ may thereby be advanced.' "

But at last, all New England is astounded by tidings of his success, and that too, to a degree beyond all hope and expectation; the savages have been Christianized; a town, school and church have been established—the work of reform has been complete.

And now, worn out and prostrate, the dying philanthropist is brought by slow stages to Northampton, and Jerusha

ministers to her beloved during the last and most precious hours. For five months he seems to anticipate the new song, and then the Euthanasia ceased. The faded leaf of autumn strewed his new-made grave, and amid the winter's snow, Jerusha was laid by his side.

Had the benighted poet met the example of the missionary, it would have no doubt constrained his admiration, and perhaps his homage. Here, indeed, he would have seen the success of that mission which he vainly sought to accomplish through error, and the noble stanza which closes the Prometheus so illustrates this, that with the omission of one line and the substitution of a single name, we may read it thus:

“To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
 To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
 * * * * * * *
 To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates,
 From its own wreck, the thing it contemplates—
 Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent;
 This, like thy glory, *Brainerd!* is to be
 Good, great, joyous, beautiful, and free—
 This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory.”

Such, then, is the contrast between the Reformers—the one representing Truth, the other Error. The one crowned by success—the other perishing amid the wreck of his schemes. But not ceasing here, it extends even to the grave. The missionary and his betrothed were laid side by side among generations of departed saints; here he is enshrined amid memories which time only strengthens, and here, in the pure atmosphere of New England, he receives the tribute of the Christian world. The poet, on the other hand, was smitten as by the hand of that God whom he had disowned,

and hurled into eternity amid the tempest's howl. Then the sea gives up its dead to a resurrection of fire, and at last a little group bear the ashes to Rome. There, in the stronghold of Papal, as it once was of Pagan, superstition—there, where error has for ages spread its shadow—where persecution has poured its fury upon the saints, and where all is stagnant, and the very air is redolent of age and decay—the Atheist exile finds a place in “the congregation of the dead.”*

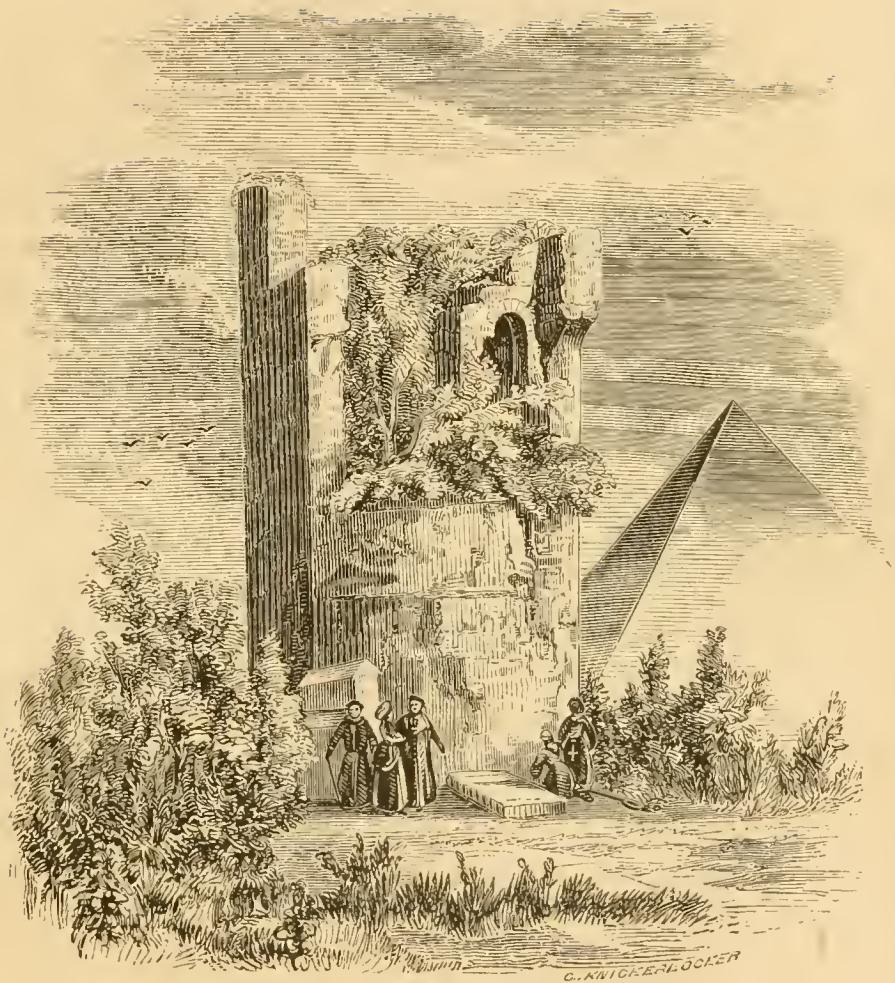
After such irrefragable proofs of the power of Christianity to cure social evil, let Infidelity no longer utter opposition or contumely; still less let it thrust upon us its schemes as a substitute for God's remedy for human misery. With all proper sympathy for its misguided apologists, we cannot repress the voice of indignation, nor withhold the stern rebuke of Holy Writ, “Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness.”†

* * * * *

In the spring of 1822 we find the family of the poet reformer sharing with the Williams' the lonely Villa Magni. It was situated on the Gulf of Spezzia—a place of solitude, whose desolate landscape is set off by the grandeur of the changing sea, which opens upon the west in almost boundless expanse. “Had we been wrecked on the South Sea,” writes Mrs. Shelley, “we could scarcely have felt ourselves farther from civilization and comfort.” Reviewing the maze of their wanderings, we find them driven from Rome by the death of Willie, and sojourning at Leghorn during the follow-

* Proverbs, 21-16. “The man that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead.”

† Isaiah, 5-20.



SHELLEY'S GRAVE AT ROME.

ing summer, while autumn beheld them at Florence. Pisa attracted them next, and though they removed thence to Leghorn, it was only to quickly return. Indeed, Pisa became the place of their longest residence, since the whole of the next year was passed either in the city or in its vicinity. Thus the poet writes his wife: "Our roots never struck so deep as at Pisa, and the transplanted tree flourishes not. People who lead the lives which we led until last winter are like a family of Wahabee Arabs, pitching their tent in London;" and then he adds, in reference to the need of a home, "We must do one thing or the other—for ourselves—for our child—for existence."

As we view him at the Villa Magni,* in his thirtieth year, we little dream that the last days of life's fitful fever are drawing nigh. Though so young, he had achieved a place in the highest rank of bards, and notwithstanding his vicissitudes, the past six years had yielded a rich effusion of beautiful though mystic verse, besides the longer poems on which his fame chiefly rests. Upon a retrospect of his whole life, the only hours of comparative quiet which cheer its troublous history, are found at Pisa, and the Ode to the Skylark shows the flight of a mind for a little time unfettered. He had formed a limited range of friendship, and the tragedy which

* "He dwelt beside me near the sea,
And oft in evening did we meet,
When the waves, beneath the starlight, flee
O'er the yellow sands, with silver feet,
And talked—our talk was sad and sweet,
Till slowly from his mien there passed
The desolation which it spoke,
And smiles—as when the lightning's blast
Has parched some Heaven-delighting oak."

SHELLEY.—ROSALIND AND HELEN.

clouded the past was losing its dark hues through sympathy for his misfortunes and admiration of his genius. His last marriage proved more congenial than the first, and in point of intellect the second wife was vastly superior to her whom she had supplanted; yet, accepting their own views, even this union could have been dissolved at any time, when superior attractions should interfere. Without detracting from that affection which seems to have graced it, it may be suggested that one feature in its strength was their loneliness; and thus sojourning in strange and repelling communities, they were held in mutual and kindly dependance. His character, naturally so kind, still bore a philanthropic tone, and his apologists often refer to this as an amply redeeming feature. We would not disturb the mantle which Charity thus throws over the erring, were it possible for one virtue to expunge his early stains, or to atone for a defence of adultery, or a war on Christianity. In such a connexion the term philanthropist becomes a solecism.

“But one sad losel stains a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time;
Nor all that heralds rake from coddled clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied words of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.”

It is one of the most frequent apologies for Infidelity, that moral worth is found in its ranks, or in other words, that they are not all equally monstrous with the Paines and Voltaires, who lead her van. But it is not denied that some of the virtues may sustain life, even in the chill atmosphere of unbelief, like the flower, dwarfed yet persistent, at the base of the glacier. The surrounding influence of the Gospel often restrains the havoc commenced on the moral nature, and

exercises an unperceived protection. This will both explain and answer the claims of this pseudo morality—and yet we willingly admit their full weight, for highwaymen have sometimes been generous to the poor, and even assassins have boasted of honesty.

The poet's abode at Pisa afforded frequent reunions with Byron, whose sensual temperament was in marked contrast with the abstinent frame and the sublimated intellect of the Reformer. But if we seek the secret of their friendship, it might be found, indeed, in that very contrast, and in the mutual excitement of extremes brought into occasional collision. To this may be added, as a clearer explanation of so strange a harmony between conflicting habits of life and thought, that both were exiles, on whom public opinion had laid its withering ban—both, too, were shrouded in unbelief; and where shall we find a magnetism like that of misfortune?

The pleasures of Italian life, to which years ago, while in England, they had so hopefully looked forward, had now been exhausted by the Shelleys, yet they had failed to fill that aching void which piety alone can remove. Sorrow and disappointment still followed sin, and even Italy could afford no balm. Does not this explain this record of continuous change? Yet these vicissitudes did not afford escape from the pursuit of calumny, and, wounded by its relentless shafts, the poet thus pours out his misery to his wife: "When I hear of such things, my patience and my philosophy are put to a severe proof, while I refrain from seeking some obscure place, where the countenance of man may never meet me any more. * * * Imagine my despair of good; imagine how it is impossible that one of so weak and sensitive a nature as

mine, can run further the gauntlet through this hellish society of man."

Again: "My greatest comfort would be utterly to desert all human society; I would retire with you and our children to a solitary island in the sea; would build a boat, and shut upon my retreat the floodgates of the world. I would read no reviews—I would talk with no authors. If I dared trust my imagination, it would tell me that there are one or two chosen companions besides yourself, whom I should desire. But to this I would not listen. Where two or three are gathered together, the devil is among them."

Such expressions do not surprise us. Christianity is the only condition which admits of pure and peaceful society, and the wanderers from her genial influence will find no rest, even for the sole of the foot. Shelley, while denying the great facts of sin and depravity, found himself pierced by the evil tongues and the bitter passions which they engender. And yet every move seems one farther from the truth, and Atheism holds its victim in still stronger embrace, for in a letter to his publisher (dated 1820) he says: "I was immeasurably amused by the quotation from Schlegel, about the way the popular faith is destroyed: first the Devil; then the Holy Ghost; then God the Father. I had written a Lucianic essay to prove the same thing."

While thus sneering at that religion which is the only source of peace, the poet felt the dreary desolation of a heart unsatisfied, and yearning for rest, and ever crying out, "who will show us any good?" Alluding to fame and wealth, in one of his letters, he exclaims, "I *once* sought something better and nobler than either; but I might as well have reached at the moon." While his wife writes in her journal:

“What a mart this world is! Feelings, sentiments, more invaluable than gold or precious stones, are the coin; and what is bought? Contempt, discontent, and disappointment, if indeed the mind be not loaded with drearier memories.”

The unrest of an active mind, wandering from the truth, and vainly seeking satisfaction and repose, seems illustrated by one of those impressive dreams to which he was subject. A figure appeared at his bed-side, and beckoned him. He followed the phantom into the saloon, when it lifted the hood of its mantle, and exclaimed, as it vanished, “*siete sodis fatto?*” (“are you satisfied?”) Admitting this to have been merely an illusion, arising from the exquisite sensitiveness of his nervous system, there was still a significance in that utterance, which might have startled him from his abstractions. *Was he satisfied?* Was there not in his bosom a ceaseless panting, which rebuked his Atheist words, and sobbed in secret for God? Was there not a hunger devouring him, which he vainly strove to appease with the meat that perisheth! O, from those hidden chambers of anguish—from that heart so long a stranger to peace, there must have rolled up “*de profundis*”—the awful confession. How could he be satisfied, while spurning the bread of life and battenning a lofty soul on the husks of an empty philosophy? Here one may see by contrast the power of Augustine’s touching ejaculation, “Lord, thou hast formed us for thyself, and we are disquieted till we come to thee!” Disquieted, indeed! The poet was but proving the words of Holy Writ: “the wicked are like the troubled sea;” he was only showing that vast unrest which renders even the unhappiness of our race sublime. It was no doubt this very desolation, caused by that yearning for himself, as the CHIEF GOOD which God has implanted in the

soul, which prompted an impressive assent to a remark uttered by Leigh Hunt. During their reunion at Pisa, a few days before the poet's death, they were standing together in the Cathedral, listening to the exquisite melody of the organ, when the former, rapt by its pathos, exclaimed that "a divine religion might be found out, if Charity were really made the principle of it, instead of Faith." Strangely indeed does such a remark appear in the communings of two Englishmen of the nineteenth century, when charity and faith were so united in the religion of their fatherland, that if the latter be its foundation, the former is its moving principle.

* * * * * * * *

The closing scenes of Villa Magni now crowd upon us, and with un pitying haste precipitate the fatal hour; yet how many blandishments herald its approach, and deck it with treacherous promise! The villa received the united families of the Shelleys and Williams' about the first of May, and in a fortnight arrived the shallop, whose voyages were to be their summer's delight. The exhilaration of the sea gave the poet new inspiration, and by a strange contrast "The Triumph of Life" was indited during romantic excursions upon the mirrored waters which were so impatient for his death. Eight weeks had fled, like a dream, when the arrival of Leigh Hunt at Leghorn summoned the lonely mariners of Villa Magni to the happiest of voyages.

On the first of July, their shallop, the "Don Juan," spread its sails, and bidding their families a farewell, which none dreamed to be the last, the two husbands essayed a mission of welcome to their countryman. The poet passed a few happy days with the friend of his early years, and in the joys of restored friendship they journeyed together to Pisa, where

they partook of the hospitality of Byron. In seven days the Don Juan commenced its last voyage—the brief reunion was over—and leaving Leigh Hunt and Byron, to meet only about their funeral pile, the two friends sought their home.—That home they were never to behold again. The hour of doom was at hand. At three in the afternoon they commenced a voyage, which ended in shipwreck before seven. It is supposed that in the fury of the gale the shallop was run down by a felucca.

It is quite remarkable that many of those who have described the perils of the ocean with the highest power have subsequently perished in them, and realized the fulness of those horrors which their imagination had attempted. Falconer, who painted the prolonged terrors of the shipwreck, in such graphic numbers, was at last a cast-away, and the poet's bones now rest in some calm recess, far below the heaving billow. Elliot Warburton described in terrific vividness the burning of a ship at sea, and then perished, amid similar horrors, in that ill-fated steamer, Amazon, which, with nearly all its passengers, was lost by fire, on the passage from England to the West Indies. Shelley delighted in describing the conflicts of the elements, and in one of his fragments, "A Vision of the Sea," portrays the awful scenes of a shipwreck with an inspiration which seemed to forecast his approaching fate.

"Dim mirrors of ruin hang gleaming about,
While the surf, like a chaos of stars—like a rout
Of death flames—like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron—
While splendor and terror the black ship environ—
Or like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of pale fire,
Its fountains spout o'er it. In many a spire

The pyramid billows, with white points of brine,
 In the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine,
 As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea,
 The great ship seems splitting. * * *

* * * * *

A long, loud, hoarse cry
 Bursts at once from their vitals tremendously;
 And 'tis borne down the mountainous vale of the wave,
 Rebounding like thunder from crag to cave."

And these awful phenomena, which dwelt thus vividly in his day-dreams, awaited the hour of doom; and on that fatal voyage all the linnings of the pen, and all the weird flights of the imagination, were transcended by the wild conflicts of wind and wave, until his weltering corpse was rocked amid the maddened surges.

Was that storm inspired by the pale wraith of the forsaken Harriet?

ALAS! POOR SHELLEY!



BOOK FIFTH.

THE TRIBUNAL.

"BUT OF THIS CURSED CREW
THE PUNISHMENT TO OTHER HANDS BELONGS—
VENGEANCE IS HIS, OR WHOSE HE SOLE APPOINTS.

STAND ONLY AND BEHOLD
GOD'S INDIGNATION ON THE GODLESS POURED."

PARADISE LOST.

THE TRIBUNAL.

THE love of justice is a part of our consciousness. No instance of its entire privation is on record. It is as strong in the child as it is in the man of years. This fact is one of the most satisfactory proofs of the Justice of God. The Creator has stamped his image upon man, his highest work, and sin has not effected its entire obliteration.

The abuse of power, the bribery of the judiciary, and the injustice which the strong inflict upon the weak, are among the chief abominations of the earth, endured by the Almighty for a time with much long suffering, only to meet the greater condemnation. Hence the Scriptures brand injustice with deepest infamy. In the palmy days of ancient Israel, its king, the wisest of his line, as well as the most equitable, thus denounced it: "Moreover, I saw under the sun the place of judgment, that wickedness was there;"* and in a later day the unjust judge escaped not the eye of our Saviour, who marked him as one "who feared not God, neither regarded man."† The impartial administration of justice stands pre-

* Ecclesiastes, 3-16.

† Luke, 18-2.

eminent among the fruits of Christianity, and while the Bible utters its scathing rebuke of the oppressor, true piety not only promotes equitable legislation, but demands from the judiciary strict impartiality in its award.

It is true that Hume sneers at the Pentateuch, because its moral precepts occupied proportionately so small a space in its pages; but while yielding full play to the sneer, which may be expected whenever argument is impossible, it may be asked, are not these precepts capable of infinite application? Do they not establish the administration of Justice free from any influence save Mercy? It will be found on examination, that by this ancient code punishments were limited so as to prevent revenge or excessive cruelty.* The bribe, the bane of modern legislation, and even the gift was forbidden, lest it should indirectly touch the poised scales, "for a gift doth blind the eye."† So carefully was equity secured to the humblest of the commonwealth, that it was illegal to withhold the wages of the laborer even beyond the setting sun;‡ while hospitality to the stranger—kindness to the gleaner—and above all, protection to the widow and orphan, were enforced by especial enactments. It is not uncommon to hear the ignorant and conceited rail at the Mosaic code, yet where, in the above particulars, has that code been equalled? And whatever be its apparent defects or peculiarities, it exhibits an appreciation of justice, not only wanting to those of Solon and Lycurgus, but also to those of some modern nations.

In her attacks upon the Christian religion, Infidelity has continually urged its higher rectitude, and its deeper sympathy. It is wont to falsely charge upon Christianity

* Exodus, 22 & 23 chap. † Deuteronomy, 16-19. ‡ Leviticus, 19-13.

those social wrongs with which the latter has so long grappled, and which she will yet abolish; and during this protracted conflict is heard the frequent challenge, "Give place to us and our schemes, and you shall behold a golden reign of the virtues, in which Justice shall lead Peace and Happiness in either hand." We seem once more to hear the voice of Absalom, who said, moreover, "Oh that I were made Judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice." It may therefore not be improper to here exhibit the character of these vauntings by a brief review of a Tribunal which was established in the palmiest day of Atheism, and which represented the Themis of unbelief, at a time when the *Decade** was substituted in place of the abrogated Sabbath, and the Goddess of Reason was receiving Divine honors.

The French Revolution is the most obscure episode of modern history. It is a great deep, where, though many have made soundings, but few have accomplished satisfactory explorations. Rarely did its master spirits survive to narrate the scenes through which they had passed, and even then it was with a brain confused by the memory of their horrors. Those scenes, too, followed each other in rapid and startling succession—each one of such surpassing shock as to deaden the impression of the past. Yet history, though appalled at the task, has attempted their recital; brief records have been discovered—the extemporaneous data of these eventful years—strangely preserved, now unfold their testimony, and notwithstanding the conflict of statement and

* The Assembly decreed that instead of the Christian Sabbath, one day in ten should be set apart for amusement; and this decree remained in force until repealed by Napoleon.

opinion, the results of patient investigation command our confidence.

The files of the *Moniteur* preserve the daily record of debate and events, and present a complete view of affairs in the details of journalism. These, while too voluminous for any but the student, afford a field of interesting research, and the columns which once were perused amid the palpitation and horror of the Reign of Terror, have unfolded to us their dread recital in the calm alcoves of the library.

Supposing our readers to be acquainted with the general history of the scenes into which we are entering, we will simply remind them of the various relations subsisting between those powers which ruled Paris and the nation. The machinery of the Revolution appears to have been of a four-fold character. Thus we have:

First.—The Jacobin Club, whose ferocity intimidated and controlled the Convention.

Second.—The National Convention, consisting of two conflicting factions—the Girondins and the Mountain—the latter of which derived most of its strength from its identity with the Jacobin Club.

Third.—The Tribunal, of which we purpose to treat in these pages.

Fourth.—The Guillotine.

The question of capital punishment had, during the early days of the Revolution, been debated at length; its abolition had been moved by the committee charged with the subject, but the report was lost. It is worthy of note that the voice heard most earnestly in opposition to the shedding of blood, under any pretext whatever, was that of Maximilian Robespierre. Capital punishment having been retained, its method

became an important question. Death by the cord left a lasting stigma, and the great numbers who had suffered *à la lanterne*, made it expedient to abandon any memorial of those miserable victims.

Decapitation had long been the common method in Europe, and the Convention, when passing the penal code, adopted it in 1791, at the same time prohibiting torture of any kind in connection with it. We need hardly add that this is still the law in France. The method having thus been decided, the next desideratum was a suitable instrument. The sword was for many reasons objectionable, and no fitting substitute had been found, while in the mean time the case of a highwayman, already sentenced, demanded a settlement of the question.

In 1789 an obscure physician had been elected member of the National Assembly from Paris. His character exhibited a composition of vanity and assurance, and his election was due, not so much to merit or talent, as to a few popular pamphlets. And yet, obscure and even contemptible as was his position and character, his name has won an unenviable fame. This man was Dr. Guillotin. He made some attempts at notoriety by introducing such schemes as might grow out of his profession, for the benefit of the common weal. Among other questions he agitated that of capital punishment—proposing, as a substitute for the gallows, decapitation by a machine, while all reproach which might fall on the relatives of the culprit was to be forbidden by law. His proposition, however, received but little attention from the Assembly, and though debated to a small extent, was not printed. However, the doctor afforded the Convention no small amusement by a description of the instrument he had in view,

exclaiming: "Now, with my machine I strike off your head, in the twinkling of an eye, and you never feel it"—a fate which some of his smiling hearers subsequently met. On this occasion, the Abbé Maury made objection against the mode of punishment (*decapitation*), "because it might tend to deprave the people, by familiarizing them with the sight of blood;" but as no one could foresee the ruddy streams of the *Place de la Revolution*, the objection made no impression.

Yet, although Dr. Guillotin was thus sanguine as to the success of the machine which he proposed, it does not appear that he had ever constructed a model; his ideas had no doubt been suggested by the use of the axe in other countries. The Scottish *Maiden* was probably the original which lent its image to his mind, for the guillotine differs but little from that primitive punishment, while machines of a similar description had been in use throughout portions of Europe for several centuries. But such an instrument had never been seen in Paris, and the doctor must have derived his plan from some prints in which the above mentioned instruments appear. The unfortunate identity of his name arose from a few satirical verses which appeared in one of the Parisian journals. Thus a machine to facilitate the slaughter of the best citizens of France was proposed, and even designated by name, three years before its terrible service was required; and the title thus bestowed in derision adhered, notwithstanding a subsequent attempt to change it to the *Louison*. Monsieur Louis was the Secretary of the College of Surgeons, and had presided over the construction of the first *guillotine* ever constructed in Paris, but the pungent lampoon had done its work, and he was saved the infamy of its name. It is commonly reported that amid the vicissitudes



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE—FORMERLY PLACE DE LA RÉVOLUTION—WHERE THE GUILLOTINE STOOD DURING
THE REIGN OF TERROR.

of the Revolution, Guillotin perished beneath the steel he had invented; but this is incorrect. He sunk into his original obscurity, and though imprisoned during the Reign of Terror, he survived its perils and died in Paris in 1814, at an advanced age.

Three years had elapsed since Guillotin's first proposition, and now the abrogation of the gallows and the sentence of the highwayman brought the Minister of Justice to the doors of the Assembly. The Committee charged with the question consulted Monsieur Louis, and received from him an elaborate report. In this no reference is made to the name of Guillotin, but the plan of a machine similar to his is given at full length, and to this he adds: "It is easy to construct such an instrument, of which the effect would be certain, and the decapitation will be performed in an instant, according to the letter and spirit of the new law." The report was adopted, and after much delay and some change of workmen, an instrument was made by an artisan named Schmidt. This man, as he wrought by no model, may be considered the true inventor of this terrible machine; and his thrifty forethought contemplated a patent, in order to secure to himself the demand from the different departments of the nation.

In April, 1792, the new machine was put to trial in the hospital of *Bicêtre*, on several dead bodies, with such success, that in less than a week the unfortunate highwayman, the most anxious party to these proceedings, met his fate. A few unimportant executions revealed the capacities of the new apparatus, and we find it mentioned in the public prints as the "Guillotine," but its appearance and service seem to have excited but little thought. So far, indeed, from being a fixture in the street, as it subsequently became, it was only brought out for the occasion, and quietly and speedily re

moved. None could imagine the use which would be made of its rapid stroke in the coming mania of blood—none could imagine the pale crowds which, day by day, were to pass under its reeking steel. Yet there it stands, patient, yet relentless—biding its time.

That time came full soon. The guillotine had hardly been improved to its full capacity, when the Tribunal which was to afford it employment was called into existence. The tenth of August brought the crisis between contending powers, and the tolling of the bells announced the upheaval of successful revolt. Before that tolling had ceased, Royalty lay at the feet of the once despised democracy, and the two great parties of the Assembly suspended their conflicts, and united in bringing the royalists to the block. The restive populace now thirsted for vengeance. Robespierre, no longer averse to bloodshed, demanded it, in the name of the people, under penalty of their wrath.

“He caught

The listening crowd by his wild eloquence—

His cool ferocity—that persuaded murder,

Even whilst it spoke of mercy!”

His demand specified a Tribunal with adequate powers, and the Assembly created it. The Girondins, cowed by their opponents, united with them in establishing a power which, with singular indifference sent not only royalists, but also both Girondins and Jacobins to the scaffold. Thus Vergniaud and Brissot rapidly marched in the footsteps of the doomed and degraded Bourbon, to be followed in turn by Danton and Robespierre, and the same axe was plied upon each.

The Revolutionary Tribunal was established by the Legislative Assembly on the 17th of August, 1792—its express

object being to arraign and punish the royalists. Its work began immediately, yet its victims were at first few and unimportant. There was, beside this, some show of justice and mercy. Two or three were really acquitted, but D'Angrement suffered on the 26th August, for enlisting, and La Porte, convicted of counter-revolutionary conspiracies, shared the same fate, two days afterward, while Durasoi, editor of the *Gazette*, was executed on the 29th. The approaching election soon demanded the service of the axe—it was a wholesome instrument of terror, and might awe unruly citizens and crush a threatened opposition—but the massacres of the prisons fully served that end, consuming the very pabulum of the Tribunal. Yet still it was not entirely idle, for on the very day of the massacre, it condemned two men. One of these was a waggoner, whose offence was the exclamation, while in the pillory, “*Vive le Roi!—Vive La Fayette!—a fig for the nation!*” The other was *Cazotte*, an aged poet. He had been cast in prison—had only escaped the massacre through the heroism of his daughter, who had thrown herself between the assassins’ pikes and his defenceless breast—but having been again arrested, the new Tribunal proved more inexorable than the mob, and the noble daughter might have found her father’s headless corpse among the victims of the axe.

But the Tribunal did not confine itself to the punishment of political offences. The massacres in the prison having for a time left it quite unemployed, it accepted the ordinary criminal business of the city, and continued thus engaged with political or civil misdemeanors, until the first of December, when it was suppressed, after an existence of four months. The reason of this suppression has never been discovered.

The decree was passed at a time of stormy debate, preliminary to the trial of the king, and it may be suggested that fear lest either party should obtain the control of so terrible an engine induced both to unite in its suppression. The whole advantage, however, fell on the side of the Jacobins. On the tenth of March they extorted a decree from the trembling Convention, reviving the Tribunal, with unlimited power.

The Revolutionary Tribunal proper was, therefore, the second of those extraordinary institutions which bore this name.* The Girondins might have read their approaching doom in its very enactment, for the storm of faction had continued with increased intensity; indeed, although suspended for a time by the trial of the king, it had revived after his death, and now raged with all the fearful energy of despair. It was a struggle, not so much for power as for life, since defeat and the scaffold were now inseparable.

The Girondins, notwithstanding their majority, failed to cope with the Jacobins, who swayed the masses, and held at their command that fiendish mob which so often had carried terror to the benches. In a few weeks, Danton furiously urged a motion for their arrest and condemnation, and the struggles of the unfortunate partisans availed nothing when in the grasp of their enemy.

* The Tribunal was not complete at first, and we find its full powers thus expressed, some months afterward: "La Convention Nationale sur la presentation que lui a été faite par ses Comité de salut public et de sureté generale de la liste des citoyen, purposes pour completer la formation des quarte section du Tribunal Criminal Extraordinaire seant a Paris, adopte la liste ainsi qu'il fut." (Here follows the list of officers.)—*Moniteur*, Sept. 30, 1793. The author would state that a portion of this ground has been gone over by a modern reviewer—vide *London Quarterly*, vol. 73.

It was in the midst of one the most fearful conflicts in the Convention—(we cannot call it debate)—that Danton moved the reconstruction of the old Tribunal, with increased powers, such as might enable it to try and condemn all traitors, conspirators, and counter-revolutionists, without appeal. The Tribunal thus established consisted of two Courts, which were provided with double sets of judges and juries, to sit in turn, in order that no time might be lost. To form a Court one president, two assistant judges, and twelve jurymen were necessary. The former were appointed by the Committee on Government, the latter were drafted by lot from a general list, furnished in proportion by each Department of the Republic. Judge and jurymen received equal pay, which was the same as that enjoyed by the members of the Assembly—eighteen francs per day—while the president and *accusateur* received double. This establishment, at first view, bears a semblance of equity, which soon disappears on examination. It could be turned with great facility into a partisan machine, and this is proven by the fact that the clause concerning the selection of the jury was disregarded from the beginning. The excuse urged for this was the want of time to make selections from the Departments, and the jury was supplied the appointment of a list of Parisian Jacobins, concerning whom it has been stated that many could neither read nor write, and that some were habitually intoxicated during the discharge of their duties. As this list could not afford a full supply of jurors, a decree was subsequently passed, legalizing juries of seven, and at last, disdaining even the appearance of impartiality, these were appointed by the Committee, or selected by the prosecutor. The highest qualification demanded in important cases was that ferocious zeal by which some were distinguished.

Both Courts of this fearful Tribunal sat in the *Palais de Justice*. Prisoners at first were tried singly, but as their numbers increased, the single seat was changed for rows of benches, in graduated ascent; and which were extended from time to time until twenty, fifty and even sixty were tried at once; and at last a huge scaffold was erected, on which two hundred prisoners might be arraigned at the same time. On such collective trials the public accuser might designate any one whom he chose among the prisoners, as the leader in the alleged and imaginary conspiracy. The person thus distinguished was seated in advance of the rest, and in this manner, on different occasions, Brissot, Hebert, as well as others bore a marked preëminence among the doomed. The Court communicated with the dungeons of the *Conciergerie*, and the accused were brought to this prison the day previously, and then, on summons, were led up the winding stair-case to receive the bitter mockery of a trial.

As has been stated, there was at first an attempted show of justice; thus there was a resemblance to our Grand Jury in the "*Juré d'Accusation*." The prisoners were also examined, and notified of the charges held against them; they enjoyed, besides this, a brief interval of preparation for trial, and the privilege of counsel. But in the haste and confusion which soon prevailed, and which were inevitable in a Court held night and day, and crowded with work, these forms were soon neglected, and at last were wholly suppressed.

The Convention had decided that all conspiracies tending to disturb the state, or lead to civil war, were capital offences, and hence it was soon made evident that the Tribunal sat in judgment, not only on deeds, but motives. No greater power could have been conferred upon it, for the term "conspiracy" included opinions as well as overt acts, and unuttered thoughts

as well as deeds. The course pursued was to submit to the jury two questions, which soon became of stereotype character. The first was the existence of a counter-revolutionary conspiracy, and in the atmosphere of suspicion which overhung Paris, who dared deny it? The supposed aim of this imaginary conspiracy was to vilify the Convention, or to excite civil war, or to reëstablish royalty, and to this question the jury had but one reply to offer: "*Il est constant*"—(it is undeniable). The next enquiry was, "Is the prisoner to be included in this treasonable number?" And now, insulated facts, or imaginary charges, were raked together, and counter-revolutionary expressions were repeated, until from whispers they assumed tone and force. These, indeed, were sufficient, before such a court, without any direct proof of one's connection with, or even knowledge of the supposed plot. The common reply to this question was given by the jury in the stereotype expression, "*Il est constant*"—that the prisoner was the author of, or accomplice in, the said conspiracy, and this unchanging verdict sent thousands to the scaffold.

The Tribunal and the guillotine became thus the two arms of a despotism such as the world had seldom before known. The one ceased not its work of horror, night or day; but the other, compelled to inactivity by the shadows of twilight, renewed with the reappearing day the work of death, thus to compensate for the lost hours of night. And, as though to exhibit to all Paris the appalling delirium of the nation, and the bloody mischief of unrestrained madness, the guillotine was shifted from one part of the city to another; and, following it to each station, came the cart with its pallid crowd, and with it the mob, eager for the bloody finale, pressing on in

hot pursuit. It was first erected in the *Carrousel*—thence it was removed to the *Place de Grève*—and thence, after blood had there been sufficiently shed, it was borne to the *Place de la Revolution*. Among the early victims who suffered here was seen the royal form of Louis Sixteenth, expiating by his own death, and in his own capital, the tyranny and perfidy of his ancestors. The race had long been distinguished for its treachery to the nation, as well as for its hatred to Protestantism. It had for centuries sold itself to the service of Rome; it had poured out the blood of martyred thousands, until not only the gory streets of Paris, but the empurpled Seine bore witness against it before God, and now, in the person of the unfortunate Louis, it was reaping an inevitable retribution. As he stood on the scaffold, surrounded by a sea of malignant countenances, he could behold the pavilion of his once sumptuous palace, while nearer by his eye might have for a moment rested on the ruins of his grandfather's statue, whose stately pedestal had escaped the power of the mob. He turned to address the multitude, but was suddenly seized and bound, and in a few moments his head (still turned toward the Tuileries,) fell into the basket. Some individuals steeped their handkerchiefs in his blood. The armed volunteers dipped their weapons in it. The officers of the Marseillaise Battalion bore on high the ruddy stain, and exclaimed, as they waved their swords, "This is the blood of a tyrant!" One individual mounted the scaffold, and plunging his arm into the gore, sprinkled it on the crowd, each of whom seemed anxious to receive a drop—"Friends," he exclaimed, "we were threatened that *the blood of Louis should be on our heads*—and so you see it is!"

After the execution of the King there was a pause in the

work of death. But little is to be recorded concerning the guillotine, until under the control of the new and terrible Tribunal, it is established in the *Place de Carrousel*. Some twelve victims suffered there, when, in consequence of the proximity of the Hall of the Convention to the scene of execution, the machine was removed once more to the *Place de la Revolution*, and erected hard by the spot where the King suffered. Here its wanderings terminated for a season, and here, for thirteen months, it wrought its work of death, fulfilling that series of murders, unsurpassed in the annals of mankind. During these thirteen months, 1235 victims passed beneath the steel, among whom were the Girondins. Numbered with these was the heroic and lovely Charlotte Corday, who, failing to escape after the assassination of the monster Marat, suffered the penalty of heroism on the 17th July, 1793. It is said that the executioner held up the head by the hair, to the view of the mob, and then rudely slapped one side of the face—and a strange and baseless tradition adds that the pallid countenance blushed with indignation. Here, too, on the 16th of October following, the illustrious Queen met her long-expected fate—met it meekly, yet undismayed; thus terminating a flood of earthly sorrow, such as few of her sex have known—tasting, now, the last dregs in that bitter cup she was to drain. Rudely jolted in a common cart to the scaffold, she mounted it amid fiendish execrations, and like her husband, terminated her life in view of the scenes of former happiness.

Another of the royal family, the Princess Elizabeth, suffered on the 10th May, 1794. Some four-and-twenty others perished at the same time, under charges of complicity with her in conspiracy; but it is not probable that she had ever before met them, or had even heard their names.

Between these two illustrious victims there came another, whose name and character possess the fascination of romance. As Madame Roland approached the scaffold, her eye fell on the ungainly statue of Liberty, which had recently been placed on the pedestal of the overthrown Louis XV., and apostrophizing it, she uttered that memorable exclamation, "O, Liberty!—what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Soon the appetite for such scenes became craving and insatiable, and the populace found an excitement equal to that which once filled the Coliseum. Seats were arranged around the scaffold, and these were hired by women of no humble position in life, who were found sitting and chatting at their work, while waiting for the *cortege* and the cart. Citizen Chaumette, Solicitor of the Commune of Paris, complained to the Procureur that after an execution dogs came to lap the blood of the victims, and that crowds of men fed their eyes upon the revolting spectacle. It is a matter of some doubt whether Chaumette's complaint arose from humanity so much as from the fact that beasts of draft and burden refused to approach the spot, and that one of the fantastic processions of the Convention was thrown into confusion by the smell of that blood which for a year had saturated the ground. Chaumette is remembered as one of the most sanguinary of his party—and especially as the one who presented a prostitute to the Convention as the Goddess of Reason. He finished his career on the scaffold, under the orders of Robespierre, just eleven months after the date of the above-mentioned complaint.

Having remained thirteen months in the *Place de la Revolution*, the shopkeepers of Rue St. Honoré became weary of the daily line of tumbrels which frightened away trade, and hence the guillotine was removed to the *Place de St.*

Antoine, in front of the ruins of the Bastile. To save time, this removal took place upon the *Decadi*. In five days it had executed ninety-six victims, when, on popular complaint—for the putrefaction of blood became a nuisance—its location was again changed, and it was set up in the *Barrière du Trône*, where it stood forty-nine days. Such was its fell activity, and so fully did it accomplish the predictions of Guillotin to the Assembly, that during these forty-nine days twelve hundred and seventy passed beneath the axe. The sufferers included all ages and ranks, and so great was the stream of blood, that a conduit was found necessary for its discharge from the scaffold.

From the *Barrière du Trône* it was borne once more to the *Place de la Revolution*, and having thus almost made the tour of Paris, it reappeared in the square where it had received its most illustrious victims. The last day of its abode at the *Barrière du Trône* was the famed 9th Thermidor—the day of Robespierre's fall.

Hardly had the guillotine been reërected in the *Place de la Revolution*, when he, the prostrate miscreant, pallid with loss of blood from attempted suicide, appears upon the scaffold with twenty-one of his adherents. The tyrant lies helpless in the presence of the instrument of his vengeance. How many hundreds has he sent to look it in the face? How many hundreds have at his word been bound to the *bascule*, and trundled beneath the fatal axe? Upon this very spot, too—for here the blood of Bourbon and Girondin flowed together, in view of the Tuileries, and under the shadow of that same statue, apostrophized by the unfortunate Roland.

The savage officials gloat over their victim—they have him at last—the Grand Master of these bloody scenes, as helpless

in their grasp as one of his own victims! They wrench the bandage from his shattered jaw; they bind him to the *bascule*, and trundle him forward, as at his beck they have done with thousands—and the descending axe avenges Paris and mankind.*

We have thus far narrated the movements of the guillotine because it seems to have afforded an abandoned nation the instrument best adapted to its own destruction. We now return to the Tribunal. Its history leads us to reaffirm our position with increased earnestness. The equitable execution of laws, and the impartial administration of justice, are only found under the benign influence of Christianity. It is said that Franklin once exclaimed to Paine, "If the world be so bad with religion, what would it be without it?" The question was one of moment, and we believe the present sketch will aid in affording a suitable reply; for if we find that mankind, after having cast off God and his word, and abrogated the Sabbath, becomes cruel, implacable, and unjust to a remarkable degree—and if, as a consequence, society be broken and the

* The circumstances attending the arrest of Robespierre are much in dispute, and the question whether the pistol whose bullet shattered his face was fired by himself or by another, has never been settled. Leonard Bourdon presented to the Convention the *gen d'arme* Meda (afterward Baron Meda), as the individual who shot the great outlaw. To this Lamartine adds, as a coincident fact, that Robespierre's pistols were found still loaded after his death. This, if true, removes the charge of suicide.

Carlyle, however, asserts that he shot himself, while Coleridge in his drama of the fall of Robespierre is wild enough to make the wound that of a knife. If the deed were not suicidal it was not for want of example in his own associates. Valazé stabbed himself in the thronged Tribunal when sentence was pronounced against the Girondins. Condorcet took poison in prison, and Paris, who slew Le Pelletier San Fargeau, escaped the guillotine by a similar deed. Other instances could be cited.

race be found relapsing into barbarism, then we may honestly charge these results to Infidelity. It has been urged, on the other hand, that the excesses of which we speak arose from popular reaction—that they were the result of ancient abuses—of ages of oppression, which had unfitted the masses for self government, and held it in ignorance of liberty, until at last it burst into license. This statement is highly plausible. Yet even were it true, could it account for the prolonged bloodshed, and the horrors which for so long a time made Paris a vast charnel house? That there was a popular reaction, is very evident; but like all reactions, it was sudden, impetuous, and equally brief. It had abated even before the Reign of Terror commenced.

The pages of history are not stained by the outbursts of an indignant populace, but by the insane violence of a nation of Atheists, which having renounced its Creator, and reviled his mercy, had been abandoned by Him to the full current of its own hideous depravity. Whatever may be the benefits which grew out of the Revolution as respects political reform—we contemplate as far more important the lesson it has taught us as to the danger of National Atheism.

The chronological order of the List of Condamnés, and other authorities, which we are now quoting, give among the first the case of a servant woman, nearly sixty, charged with shouting in the streets, "*Vive le Roi!*" and talking of her two sons in the royalist army. She denied remembering the shouting in the street—and as to speaking of her sons in the army, it was quite impossible, as she had never been a mother. Other evidence from her master and acquaintance went to show that she had never been even suspected of counter-revolutionary views. Nevertheless, this model jury

brought in as their verdict, "*Il est constant*—that language tending to provoke the massacre of the National Convention, the dissolution of the Republic, and the reëstablishment of royalty in France, has been held at different times in certain coffee-houses, and particularly on the 7th March, in the guard-house of St. Firmin. 2dly, That the prisoner is convicted of having used this language." Here the reader will note that an obscure domestic is made responsible for language said to have been used in "*certain coffee-houses*," where it is not proven that she had ever been, simply because, when in a state of intoxication, she had been locked up for a night in a *guard-house*, and there uttered the ordinary drivelling of drunkenness—yet for this offence she was the *next morning* guillotined, and her scanty effects confiscated.

Shortly after, we have the case of a hackney coachman, charged with resistance to the city watch, and for using, when under his arrest, indecent and seditious language. It was evident that he was grossly intoxicated, and raving with abuse, yet for this he was condemned and executed the same evening.

But cooks and hackney coachmen were soon to give place to victims of a nobler sort. The conflict between the Jacobins and Girondins was increasing in intensity. Every hour beheld increased and incredible violence. The latter improving their majority, had succeeded in sending the terrible *Marat* to trial, little dreaming that instead of condemnation he would receive a triumphant acquittal, and be returned to the Convention crowned with garlands, to renew relentless warfare on his foiled and dispirited enemies. The Mountain and the Tribunal, indeed, were too strongly allied to permit the death of one of the former; this alliance now became

even closer, and the Tribunal thenceforth exhibited a vastly increased boldness.

An individual was arrested on the charge of buying gold coin, with the alleged view of sending it to some friends who had fled the country. Conscious of their power, the jury delivered speeches as well as verdicts. One exclaims that "any man who, in time of revolution, prefers his own interests to the public advantage, and who speculates in the public funds to his own advantage, must be considered a bad citizen, and *treated* as a counter-revolutionist." Another, before delivering his verdict, utters the following harangue: "Citizens—of twenty-four jurors named to form the Revolutionary Tribunal, eleven only have had the courage to save their country, and to expose themselves to the clamor of calumny, and even to poison, and to the knife of the assassin. I am come here with a heart pure and burning with the holy love of liberty, and whatever be the lot that the foes of the Revolution may prepare for me, I shall never deceive the national confidence." The unfortunate gold-buyer, consequently, received *the treatment due to a counter-revolutionist*, notwithstanding a bribe of 80,000 francs, which the public accuser received, to ensure his escape. Nor did the broker, through whom his purchase was made, find any better justice—both passed under the same axe, and upon the same day.

Of the character of the jury we have previously spoken; but we may add a brief description of the author of the above-quoted address. He was about fifty years of age—very dirty, and very deaf—clothed in cast-off apparel, and wearing a greasy red cap; and so completely exceeding in degradation the lowest of the *Sans-cullottes*, both in dress and language, that

his portrait has been preserved as the best illustration of a revolutionary juror.* Yet for fifteen months, under the assumed nick-name of "*Dix Aout*"† he sat in judgment on thousands; beside this, we have reason to believe that he procured the execution of a large number of the citizens of an adjacent village, on counter-revolutionary charges, when in fact they were victims to a personal grudge.

The inquisition of the rural districts was so thoroughly established, that, to say nothing of the independent tribunals of Lyons, and other places, squads of country criminals were forwarded to Paris; and a single family from *Pomeuse* is said to have been condemned for "having entertained correspondence and intelligence with the enemy, and for having, in the impossibility of sending them money, buried or hidden it, together with *assignats* and jewels. The victims from *Pomeuse* included an old man, a woman, a visitor, and a chaplain, and several servants—all beheaded on a charge which reasonable men would pronounce absurd; while a group from Rouen, consisting of a merchant, a bookseller, a miller, two tailors, and two domestics, suffered at Paris on the charge of a riot, nine months after the date of the supposed offence.

We have mentioned the death of Madame Roland, and the *Bulletin* affords us the charges on which she was convicted. She had been thrown into prison at an early day, while her husband, with others, escaped by flight. One of these refugees, writing to a friend in Paris, says, "Do not forget our estimable friend the *citoyenne* Roland, and try to give

* Portraits des Personages Célèbres de la Revolution Française.—Paris, 1796.

† Dix Aout—tenth of August. The day on which the King fell.

her some comfort in her prison, by sending her any good news you can." Again—"You will, I hope, have executed my commission to convey some consolation to Madame Roland. Pray endeavor to see her—tell her that not only her twenty-two proscribed friends, but every honest man feels for her misfortunes. I enclose a letter for that amiable woman. I need not tell you that you only can execute this important commission, and you must endeavor, by all means, to get her out of prison, and into some place of safety." These, with others of similar character, including several from herself, were the documentary evidence. In one of them she utters the following *seditionous* language: "News of my friends is the only happiness I can now enjoy; I am indebted to you for it. Tell them that my knowledge of their courage, and of what they are capable of doing in the cause of liberty, satisfies and consoles me for everything. Tell them that my esteem, my attachment, and my best wishes follow them."

In addition to the above, "several witnesses deposed to have seen at the table of the accused, Brissot and his accomplices, ridiculing the opinions of the most enlightened members of the Mountain; that she had about Paris confidential agents, who reported to Roland what passed in public places, and that she kept up a correspondence and understanding with the principal conspirators, of whom she was the life and soul." Such were the crimes for which this high-minded woman suffered. We pity her delusions, but pity turns to admiration. How her breast must have heaved with indignation, as she boldly confronts Fouquier and his atrocious associates. The noble woman spurns them with contempt—and from this mockery of justice passes serenely to the scaffold.

Ah, *citoyenne* Roland! Thy steps but lead the way which they shall soon tread—and the curses now heaped upon thee shall be changed for that sympathy with which posterity shall conserve thy memory.

Under such organized injustice, innocence could not hope for escape; indeed, one of the clerks of the Court (*Ducet*,) states that there were four classes, whose condemnation was inevitable—the priesthood, which must suffer for its superstition—the opulent citizen, who must die because of his wealth—the nobility, whose existence was incompatible with the new *régime*—and the members of the Constituent Assembly, whose political offences were unpardonable. Under these rules we do not wonder to find the records of such executions as *Madame Nonac*, “for being author or accomplice in a conspiracy against the sovereignty of the people, by employing manœuvres to create a famine, and alarm the public on the want of food.” The proof against the prisoner was the throwing away of eggs and vegetables spoiled and unfit for use. Another, a woman of large property, which was needed for confiscation, suffered on the charge of being “author or accomplice (the stereotyped phrase,) of a conspiracy against the safety of the French people, in *denaturalizing* the product of many acres of land in the district of Champ, by causing it to be sown with *lucerne* instead of *corn*—in making troubles in the district, and desiring the arrival of the Prussians and Austrians, for whom she kept provisions in her house.” As a matter of course, both the woman and her farmer (likewise an accomplice,) went to the guillotine, and the enormous estate which had prompted these murders went as quickly to the public purse. The *Bulletin*, among many others, exhibits the following incident, which is

a fitting companion for the above, and we quote from the indictment: "The municipal officers ascertained in the most authentic manner that in a basin, situated over a parterre of the said house, they found a quantity of mud, caused by rotted wheat, in which there were several grains sound and whole. That the said municipal officers, anxious to give to this statement an undeniable character, caused some of the wheat gathered out of the said basin to be baked, and that it produced a species of bread unfit to be eaten." This strange indictment was found against an aged and affluent citizen, whose country seat was ornamented with the small fountain, or basin, mentioned above. The prisoner proved, by a numerous array of witnesses, that he had not occupied the house for several years—that the premises were empty and neglected—that if any wheat had been found in the basin, it must have blown there; and finally, that that year he had no wheat, as his ground was sown with oats. In answer to this defence, the Tribunal, as usual, found guilty—or, to quote the incredible verdict, "1. *Il est constant* that a plot existed, tending to deliver over the Republic to the horrors of famine, in throwing into ponds, or pieces of water, and causing there to rot, grain necessary to the existence of the people, and by this means to operate a counter-revolution and civil war, by arming the citizens against each other, and against all the legitimate authorities. 2. That the prisoner, *Clement Charles Laverdy*, is the author or accomplice of said facts." By the death of this unfortunate man an estate of some 250,000 francs per annum fell into the hands of government; indeed, how could one guilty of such wealth hope for acquittal? For several months the Tribunal was thus employed, but

in that time its axe had tasted little of the hot blood of the Convention.

Now the hour came for the sacrifice of the Girondins. They had contended resolutely to the last, but the great struggle of June decided their question of relative strength in favor of the Jacobins; and in October the arrest of such as remained was effected. All who fled were outlawed, and many of them perished miserably in the provinces by their own hand, or by misfortune. Twenty-one were arrayed for judgment—Twenty-one—the miserable remnant of that powerful party, which once controlled the Convention, now sat in those seats, to which their voices had sent many a victim—now faced that foul array of jurors, by whom their case was already prejudged—now met the stern, malignant scowl of Fouquier, the impatient accuser!

The trial of the Girondins was the most important in the history of the Tribunal. Among the twenty-one were Beauvais, Gensonne, and Vergniaud, and above all, Brissot, one of their acknowledged leaders. But important as this trial may be, we can do but little more than glance at it. As an illustration of gross injustice, it is in keeping with the details already cited. Guilty as that party may have been of political crimes, not one was urged against the prisoners. Their deeds, however, were reviewed, and their motives impugned, so that in whatever way they had acted or voted, some evil design could account for it—for the argument held forth in the fable of the wolf and the lamb was by no means worn out by the monstrous court which had plied it daily so long. The witnesses were generally confessed enemies, either hostile members of the Convention, or of the Commune of Paris, among

whose names we recognize that of the previously-mentioned Chaumette. Their evidence consisted of long and wearisome harangues, and the trial bore the aspect of an inflammatory debate. Five days dragged heavily along. The jury had from the beginning been convinced, but the doomed band prolonged their defence with the energy of despair. They would at an earlier hour have been silenced in condemnation, but Paris is listening to the matter, and it will not do to wagon them to the block as might be done with the common herd. Meanwhile the Jacobin Club became impatient, and sent a deputation to complain to the Convention of this delay, and to demand a law to "free the Tribunal from those forms which stifle the *conscience* of the jurors—and also to permit them to declare when they are satisfied."* Then only (the paper adds), "will traitors be baffled, and Terror be the order of the day." It was thereupon decided by the Convention that "when any trial had lasted three days, the judge should ask the jury whether their consciences were satisfied, and if answered in the negative, the trial was to proceed until they so declared themselves."

During these strange proceedings, a still more startling circumstance occurred. The Tribunal, following the example of the Club, sent a letter to the Convention. In this unprecedented missive the following language is used: "The slowness of the proceedings of our Tribunal obliges us to

* This was not the first time the Convention had been under the dictation of the Club. The *Moniteur* of the 24th August previous gives a vivid scene, in which the Jacobins not only sent a message but demanded to appear on the floor—where their orator denounced the municipality of Nancy, and the cowering Convention referred the subject to the Committee of Public Safety.

submit to you some observations. Five days have already been consumed, and nine witnesses only have been examined. Each, in making his deposition, thinks it necessary to give a history of the Revolution. Then the accused answer the witness, and the witnesses reply in their turn, and so they get up discussions which the *loquacity of the accused* render very long; and then in addition to these individual debates, shall we not have each of these prisoners insisting on making a general defence? The trial, therefore, will never be finished. But *moreover, we ask why any witnesses at all?* The Convention—the whole Republic—are the accusers in this case. The proofs of the crimes of the accused are evident. Every one has already in his conscience a conviction of their guilt. But the Tribunal can do nothing of itself; it is obliged to follow the law. It is for the Convention itself to sweep away all the formalities which trammel our proceedings.”*

The law thus demanded was immediately passed, for impossibilities as regards injustice had ceased to exist. Yet when its enactment was announced, and the jury was interrogated as to its satisfaction of guilt, it returned a negative reply, and proceeded with the trial for several hours longer. †

* *Moniteur*, 30th October, 1793.

† The facility with which public enemies were disposed of, and the detail with which all the incidents of personal history were registered, may be illustrated by the following extract from the “*Liste du Condamnés*,” which closes a most curious career: “No. 513. J. B. Cloutz dit Anacharsis, age de 38 ans, né à Cleves dans la Belgique, baron, portant le même nom, demeurant—en France depuis onze ans, ayant voyagé dans l'étranger plusieurs fois, domicilié à Paris Rue de Ménars, No. 153 section Lépelletier, avant la Revolution homme de lettre, et depuis Membre de la Convention, a été condamné a mort et exécuté le même jour.”

This sickly and affected humanity must have been patent to all as the veriest hypocrisy. That jury which now utters its considerate negative had been satisfied, five days previously, at the commencement of the trial—it was weary with holding in. It had petitioned for relief, yet when that relief arrives it is patiently declined. However, at the evening session at five o'clock, the jury was found to be satisfied, and rendered the inevitable verdict. The road to the scaffold was marked by no such delay—it stood in the *Place de la Revolution*, where but two weeks previously it had received the majestic form of the Queen. The dead body of Valazé, who had stabbed himself on the rendition of the verdict, was ordered to accompany the wretched Girondins, in order that from the condemned vans they might behold with envy the better fate of their comrade. This order, however, was rescinded, no doubt on grounds of expediency.

The trial of the Girondins fills thirty columns of the *Moniteur*; Chabot, a witness, filling one-third of that space in a speech. We quote from the closing scene, in order to furnish the reader with a specimen of the reports of the day.

“It is two o'clock. The President adjourns court until five. The judge and jury being convened at six, Antonelle, the foreman, exclaims, ‘I declare that the consciences of the jury are not clear.’ The President: ‘I invite you, citizen jurors, in the name of the law, to retire to the consultation-room, in order to deliberate.’ The jury leave the chamber; it is now seven o'clock; the President commands the *gens d'armes* to remove the accused; they do so. After three hour's deliberation the jury reënter the chamber; the greatest silence reigns. The President interrogates the jury on the following ques-

tions: 'Is it certain that there exists a conspiracy against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic, and against the liberty and security of the French people? Jean Pierre Brissot, etc., are they guilty of being the authors of this conspiracy?' The unanimous answer of the jury is affirmative. In consequence, the Tribunal condemns to the punishment of death Jean Pierre Brissot, and the others individually named in the indictment. The accused are brought to the chamber; the President causes the verdict of the jury and the sentence of the Tribunal to be read. A great sensation appears among the condemned; the citizens in the chamber preserve a majestic calm. Gensonné demands to speak on a point of law; the disturbance among the condemned redoubles. Some shout '*vive la République!*' others denounce their judges. The President commands the *gens d'armes* to depart and remove the condemned. They depart, throwing *assignats* among the people, and exclaiming, 'friends, help us.' A universal indignation pervades the chamber; the people trample the *assignats* under their feet; they tear them in pieces, amid shouts of '*vive la République!*' and prove by this admirable conduct that they are above corruption."

The slaughter of the Girondins gave the Tribunal an opportunity of prosecuting less important cases, more than four hundred of which were disposed of during the remainder of the fall and the ensuing winter, when once more the block drinks the blood of the Convention. And prominent in the pale group which now stands on the scaffold, is the form of the ferocious Hebert, the bitter denunciator of the Girondins—Hebert, the friend of Danton, who, cowering before Robespierre, abandons his associate to the axe. The trial of

Hebert differed nothing from that of the Girondins, and the President of the Tribunal, as the *Bulletin* states, "with a most energetic speech against conspirators in general, and without entering into the merits of any of the facts connected with the present case—put an end to the discussion, and referred the question in the usual form to the jury." He was executed on the 24th March, 1794.

"On the same scaffold
Where the last Louis poured his guilty blood,
Fell Brissot's head. * * * *.
And Orleans, villain kinsman of the Capet,
And Hebert's Atheist crew, whose maddening hand
Hurled down the altars of the living God." *

Among those who perished in the same *fournée* with Hebert and his associates was the notorious Cloom, to whom reference is made in a preceding note. He was a Prussian baron, whose varied travels had given him the name of "Anacharsis." Having renounced the accidental position of high birth, he became one of the most extravagant of the Convention, and among other vagaries, had married Madame Mormoro, the "Goddess of Reason." Cloom had been arrested three months previously, along with Thomas Paine. How remarkable that of these two prisoners, arrested the same day, one should perish on the scaffold, while the other should escape a fate which overhung him daily for more than six months. Should one inquire what suspended that fate, the answer will be found in that Providence which watches the fall of a sparrow, and which had that purpose for his life to which we have referred in a previous sketch.

The Hebertists are now dead—the Jacobins are puri-

* Coleridge.

fied—and their leaders, Danton and Robespierre, are sealed in close union by their blood! Paris rejoices over the event, when suddenly the joy of the metropolis is changed to consternation. Two weeks only have passed since Hebert, the ferocious, received his doom, when Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and others—the flower of the Jacobin party—are arrested by order of Robespierre, and sent to the Tribunal. All Paris shivers with terror—all classes are smitten dumb—what earthquake shall open next?

And Danton faces that Tribunal, which so long has been his tool—so long the instrument of destruction to his foes; but now so easily turned against himself. Danton faces the Tribunal—“the engineer hoist by his own petard”—in burning contempt, yet in unutterable rage. It has been stated that in the trial of groups, a single prisoner was seated in advance, as the leader or representative man; but on this occasion, as though unable to bear his unterrified mien, a lesser culprit—Fabre D’Eglantine—enjoyed this distinction, and the form of Danton is buried among the crowded benches of the ordinary accused—dishonored even in the place of shame.

The trial of Danton proved the strength of the Tribunal—the giant of the Convention could not cope with it. Yet it trembled as it sat in judgment upon him, and demanded from the Convention a special decree that when prisoners should rebel against the Tribunal, as these had done, the trial might be closed at once, by summary condemnation. This decree was granted, and the verdict and sentence, which had been printed before the commencement of the trial, were at once pronounced. Thus perished one of the great agitators of the Reign of Terror—one who had given no rest to the radicalism

which devoured France, until it swept him away. His last recorded words were these: "Just a year ago, I myself created the Revolutionary Tribunal, for which I now beg pardon of God and man—but I did it to prevent a repetition of the massacres of September."

The execution of Danton, the Hébertists, and of every one who could aspire to rivalry, left Robespierre supreme. France owned no other master. Being delivered from his enemies, he might reasonably have been expected to relent from his bloody career. But public hope was disappointed—indeed, so far from abating its work, the Tribunal wrought with increased despatch. To this end one indictment was made to include persons of diverse crimes. In the first instance of this comprehensive mode, sixteen persons of various ages, sexes, and misdemeanors, were condemned. Against one, the charge was that an individual recently executed had spoken of him as "a good citizen." Two others were widows of men who had been deadly enemies (Hebert and Desmoulins), and who had brought each other to the block—the crimes of the husbands being a sufficient reason why these wretched women should share their punishment. Single cases now became rare, and these "batches," to use the slang of the day (*fournée*), were the established order of the Tribunal. Instead of becoming weary, it seemed to gather new strength, and though Fouquier confessed that his stealthy midnight walks to the different committee-rooms were haunted by the pale ghosts of the slain, yet once at his post, his nerves were unblenched.

In the great rapidity and numbers of this grim institution, it could not be expected that a fair record could be kept. In the different transcripts there appear many gross discrepancies

and errors of name. Mistakes of spelling frequently led to the substitution of one victim in the place of another, and even to a confusion of the sexes. Thus at one time the husband dies in the place of his wife, while she, by an equal mistake, suffers in that of her own chambermaid. The father is guillotined, when the charge lays against the son, and the daughter receives the same fate in the father's stead.* The generic charge against these "batches," was their being in the service of the British government—"agents of Pitt"—and on the same scaffold, and under the same accusation, appeared on one occasion the grandfather, the daughter, and the granddaughter and her husband—each in their turn to pass beneath the axe. Such scenes had ceased to astonish Paris, and the gaping crowd gaze carelessly on, as Malherbes, gray and venerable, and Madame de Rosambo, parent and child, step from the cart to the platform—each endeavoring to sustain the other in the awful hour; while Chateaubriand and his wife, linked to them in the double ties mentioned above, stand by their side—equally innocent, and equally unfortunate.

That day, if ever, the block drank the blood of the truly noble, for in the same sentence were included Madame de Grammont, who would not condescend to a defence before the Tribunal, though she could plead on behalf of her fellow victim, the tender Madame du Chatelét—and appealing to her life of innocence and retirement, exclaimed, "I am aware

* A young woman testified, subsequently, on the trial of Fouquier, that she, aged 21—her husband, aged 22—her brother, a mere youth—her mother and her uncle, as well as her grand uncle and her grandfather—were all brought before the Tribunal on a charge, at whose date they were in another part of the kingdom. Such was the indifference of the Tribunal to their defence, and even to their appearance, that the youth was condemned as his own father, and as the husband of his own mother.

that it is useless to speak about myself, but what has this angel done?" To these we add the Polish Princess Laborninska, against whom no charge is recorded, and who perished at the age of twenty-three—and while for the first time about to become a mother. Let the reader listen to the brief words of affection spoken hurriedly by the victims: "You had the happiness," exclaimed Madame de Rosambo, to a young girl, the Mademoiselle Sombreuil, "of saving your father—I have that of dying with mine!"

Amid a series of massacres, involving the fate of thousands of a lesser name, the episode of the Farmers' General commands a fearful distinction. We have not space to exhibit it in detail. They were of that class of operators who farmed the public revenue, and their wealth had rendered them obnoxious. On the 5th of May, 1794, the Convention listened to a long report, which pretended to review their conduct for a number of years. In two days they were sent to prison—on the third they were arraigned, and the same report was produced in evidence against them; while, in the pressure of haste, the formality of conviction was forgotten, as had been that of the trial, and they were sent to the guillotine with the same despatch. Among the charges on which these men suffered was that of dampening tobacco to increase its weight—a crime which had been committed, if at all, nearly twenty years previously.

We furnish the following extracts from the *Moniteur*, as a general illustration of our subject. Here the reader will find chambermaids, widows and octogenarians huddled in among the nobler victims of an imaginary charge. How tame are the boldest flights of the tragic muse when compared with the facts of Parisian life during nearly two years.

“CRIMINAL REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL OF THE 7TH THERMIDOR—

“J. L. Morneau, aged 37, born at Charleville—ex-vicar.

“J. Jenthin, aged 52, born at Chalons—ex-priest.

“J. Martin, aged 26, born at Villeneuve—ex-curé.

“B. F. Laboulaye, aged 50, born at Fessanvilliers—ex-noble.

“M. A. Leroy, aged 21, born at Paris—actress.

“F. Decaix, aged 59, born at Ainval—ex-curé.

“J. Guillemotot, aged 56, born at Lignac—ex-vicar.

“J. Buguis, aged 41, born at Ville-Juif—ex-innkeeper.

“J. B. H. Postet, aged 45, born at Orveau—Counsellor of the late Parliament of Rouen.

“J. F. Laurent, aged 39, born at Senlis—ex-grocer.

“J. B. Fournier, aged 27, born at Lonjumeau—ex-commissary.

“M. G. Ribreyreix, aged 57, born at Courzac—ex-noble.

“M. C. Lepelletier, aged 54, born at Paris—ex-Princess.

“Clermont Tonnerre, *aged* 74, born at Paris—ex-Lieutenant General.

“M. C. Senectere, aged 44, born at Paris—widow of the ex-Marshal of France.

“C. L. Amboise, aged 67, born at Aurillac—ex-Marquis—ex-Commandant of Normandy—ex-Constituent.

“C. P. Vigny, aged 26, born at Paris—ex-noble.

“A. M. Nonant, aged 30, born at Paris—ex-Countess and widow.

“C. J. Manneville, aged 63, born at Rouen—widow of ex-Marquis.

“J. Lanti, *aged* 81, born at Paris—ex-noble and Senior of the late Grand Council.

“A. M. Bruny, aged 61, born at Commune—ex noble—ex-Major, with the grade of Colonel in the Legion of the Isle of France.

“L. C. Onevin, aged 32, born at Didier—chambermaid.

“C. Grammont, aged 44, born at Paris—widow of Marshal of the Camp—ex-Countess—lady of honor of the *woman* Capet (MARIE ANTOINETTE).

“C. F. Saint Simon, *aged* 70, born at Paris—ex-Bishop of Agde.

“F. Lamprine, aged 58, born at Paris—widow of a Brigadier General.

“H. C. Thiers, *aged* 72, born at Paris—ex-Count—ex-Lieutenant General.

“M. F. Duplessis, *aged* 71, born at Paris—ex-Countess.

- "I. F. Stainville, aged 26, born at Paris—ex-Princeess.
- "A. C. Viotte, aged 43, born at Besangon—attendant of the above.
- "M. Guichard, aged 51, born at Paris—widow of Master of Accounts.
- "L. M. D'Usson, aged 62, born at Paris—ex-Marquis and ex-Marshal of Camp.
- "A. Leboyray, aged 29, born at Leboyray—ex-noble.
- "S. Loiserelles (*the father*), aged 62, born at Paris—ex-Lieutenant General.
- "C. L. Trudaine, aged 29, born at Paris—ex-noble, and Counsellor of the late parliament of Paris.
- "G. M. Trudaine, aged 28, born at Paris—same quality [*no doubt brother of the above.*]
- "P. Rock, aged 30, born at Montpellier—military employée.
- "J. Bearisset, aged 43, born at Pondicherry—ex-Captain of the *tyrant's* guard [*the King*].
- "N. A. Du Coudray, aged 54, born at Paris—ex-Chevalier of *the tyrant*.
- "J. V. Nicant, aged 37, born at Paris—Counsellor of late parliament.
- "P. De Mahé, aged 52, born at Croissy—ex-noble.
- "L. Dervilly, aged 43, born at Paris—grocer.
- "C. F. Dorival, aged 33, born at Rivenne—*ex-hermit*.
- "C. J. Desossé, aged 57, born at Paris—ex-constituent.
- "M. Chefer, aged 33, born at Draguenin—wife of Desossé.
- "E. Riquet, aged 56, born at Toulouse—wife of ex-President of the Parliament of Toulouse.
- "P. Blanchard, aged 50, born at Mesle—ex-commissary.
- "R. A. Josteed, aged 27, born at Richemont [*probably Richmond, Va.*]—wife of Butler, the American.
- "M. H. Sabine, aged 31, born at Paris—wife of the ex-Count Pericord.
- "C. A. Broignard, aged 44, born at Mouchette—ex-curé.
- "P. Broguet, *aged* 80, born at Coutances—*ex-prêtre*.
- "C. Auger, aged 45, born at Paris—ex-officer of the peace.
- "M. P. Joseau, aged 44, born at Chartres—ex-Chief of the Marine Bureau.
- "A. J. Boucher, aged 36, born at Paris—ex-secretary.
- "Convicted of being the declared enemies of the people, of taking part

in the conspiracies and plots of Capet and his family, of assassinating the people to defend royalty, of holding communication with the enemies of the Republic, of furnishing them aid, of participating in the crimes of Lafayette and Petion, of trying to break the unity and indivisibility of the Republic, of conspiring in the house of arrest in order to escape, and afterward to dissolve, by murder and assassination, the representatives of the people, and particularly the members of the Committee of Public Safety, and to restore royalty—and were condemned to death.”

The reader will note, in this *journée* of unfortunates—this wholesale murder of innocence and age, which was but the work of a single day, the name of Loiserelles, *the father*. We have italicized this term, because of the startling narrative given by his son. “On the 7th Thermidor,” says he, “about four o’clock in the afternoon, I heard the name of Loiserelles called in the corridor. I, not doubting that this call of death was meant for me, ran to my father’s room to take my last leave of him; but what did I see?—a turnkey about to carry off my father! I hastened to apprise my mother that my father was about to be taken from us for ever. She instantly came and embraced him, with a cry of despair. My father was carried off. I followed him to where my mother could not see our last pangs at parting. When we were at the last wicket, he said to me, ‘My boy, console your mother—live for her. They may murder, but they cannot degrade me!’ My tears—my grief prevented any answer, but I was about to embrace him for the last time, when the turnkey brutally thrust me back, and shut the door insolently in my face, with these cruel words: ‘You cry like a child, but your turn will come tomorrow!’ When my father reached the *Conciergerie*, they furnished him with a copy of the indictment; but what was his surprise, on looking at it, to find that it was meant for

me, and not for *him*. It was then that he formed the generous resolution of sacrificing himself for me, and communicated his design to Boucher, a friend and fellow-sufferer. Boucher admired his heroism, but dissuaded him, saying, 'You will destroy yourself, and not save him.' On the 8th Thermidor (26th July) my father and thirty fellow-sufferers appeared before the court—the indictment is read, and *Loiserelles the younger* is arraigned; but instead of a youth, it is a venerable old man, with long white hairs, that answers the call. What can be said for the judge or jury who could thus condemn an old man of sixty-two for a youth of twenty-two? That same afternoon my father died—died for his son—and his son did not know it for three months. My mother and I were still detained. At last, on the 6th Brumaire (26th October), we were restored to liberty—liberty, dearly bought, but how welcome, had my father lived to share it! It was not till a few days after my release that Prauville, a fellow-prisoner of my father, who had escaped by the fall of Robespierre, gave me this information."

The bereaved son was mistaken on one point. Although the father may have been summoned in place of the son, yet it is evident from the list that the error was apparent before the father was sent to the block.

Clermont Tonnêrre who perished in this *fournée* was the first noble who fraternized with the people in the States General, and was there the coadjutor of Robespierre, who now, at this late hour in the night of terror, sends him to the axe.

Three *fournées*, and three only remain, and then *La Terreur* shall be done. The first shall be the work of the Tribunal, the others shall be sent by the Convention, and shall in-

clude some of the Tribunal and the Commune. The guillotine stands at the *Barrière du Trône*, and receives the last array of victims who shall perish *there*. From this distinction as closing the work of the old Tribunal, we place their names on record :

- A. J. Brillon, aged 20, born at Paris—ex-noble.
- J. B. Perret, aged 26, born at Paris.
- L. N. Duval, aged 28, born at Senneville.
- T. M. Charpentier, aged 30, born at Lafere.
- A. Leguay, aged 31, born at Mount Lucon—Captain of Chasseurs.
- F. D. de Boulet, aged 31, born at Besancon.
- B. C. Bernard, aged 33, born at Lusignan—ex-priest.
- J. Gillet, aged 33, born at Villeuve—merchant.
- F. J. Monchotte, aged 34, born at Paris.
- F. G. Salé, aged 35, born at Moulins—ex-Mayor.
- F. A. Seguir, aged 35, born at Chartres—chemist.
- G. E. Lavorson, aged 36, born at ——— —commissioner of estates.
- G. J. Arseliere, aged 37, born at Paris.
- C. P. Cogneau, aged 39, born at Dijon—architect.
- L. Merry, aged 41, born at Pontat.
- T. O. Clany, aged 41, born at Tarascon—ex-Administrator.
- L. F. Lejeune, aged 41, born at Helancour—officer of the Peace.
- Billon Buffé, aged 44, born at ——— —ex-Chevalier of Malta.
- P. Marché, aged 45, born at Choiseul—ex-Committee Vigilance.
- J. A. Lhuillier, aged 45, born at Moulin—ex-Treasurer of France.
- N. F. Alberten, aged 45, born at ———.
- J. M. Aucune, aged 45, born at Martinique—ex-Captain.
- T. C. Gerard, aged 46, born at ——— —notary.
- G. Loison, aged 47, born at Paris—Director of Theatre Champ Elysées.
- J. P. Beehon, aged 47, born at Paris—ex-Count.
- L. C. Demonerif, aged 47, born at Paris—ex-Counsellor.
- Alarose La Bresne, aged 48, born at Moulins—ex-Treasurer of France.
- A. G. Beauregard, aged 49, born at Poitiers—ex-Grand Vicar.
- J. De Saint Roman, aged 50, born at Paris—ex-Counsellor

G. S. Demouthes, aged 50, born at Belloc—ex-noble.

Madame Durant, aged 50, born at Paris—wife of Durant [*below*].

J. G. Vallôt, aged 51, born at Panners—Professor of Astronomy.

F. Sommesson, aged 52, born at Paris—Valet de Chambre.

J. Durefoux, aged 57, born at Noyerbois—ex-Canon.

T. N. Guerin, aged 58, born at Paris—Glass maker.

F. N. Barbeau, aged 60, born at Lees—ex-Secretary of the Tyrant.

P. Thurin, aged 60, born at Veze—widow of Captain of Cavalry.

J. Vatin, aged 65, born at Saint Pierre—ex-Justice of the Peace.

P. Durant, aged 69, born at Paris—ex-Master of Accounts.

R. Vrigny, aged 72, born at Vrigny—ex-Marquis.

A. Maurice, aged 73, born at St. Saturin—*Wife of Loison*.

P. L. Demonerif, aged 74, born at Paris—ex-Counsellor [*father, we presume, of the Demonerif mentioned above.*]

J. C. Latouraille, aged 75, born at Paris—ex-noble.

P. L. Foassier, aged 90, born at Rouen—ex-noble.*

In this *fournée* the extreme of barbarity seems to have been reached in the butchery of the oldest woman and oldest man recorded among the doomed. Was it a sense of this culminating outrage which aided in raising that disturbance in St. Antoine which threatened a rescue? Did the withered forms of Madame Maurice in her seventy-third, or Monsieur Foassier in his *ninetieth* year, melt the hardened populace? But that populace rises in vain. Henriot who shall kiss the steel to-morrow hurls upon it his legions. The cry of rescue is in vain. The wretched victims whose hearts beat with fresh hope as the carts rumble on sink into despair, and the carts still rumble—

* Bulwer in his splendid romance, *Zanoni*, makes his heroine perish in this *fournée*. This is a not unwarrantable liberty, but unfortunately for the author, the only women numbered in it are the three above mentioned, all of whom are too old to be identified with the young and lovely Viola.

on to the *Barrière du Trône*. But it is the last time the guillotine shall stand at that spot—it is the last time Fougquier shall send a batch to die—it is the last of Robespierre's host of victims, for this very day his accusation is carried in the Convention. Yes, as the axe falls on one after the other of these wretches, their tyrant may prepare to share their fate. No sooner is this *fournée* got through with than a gang of workmen take down the scaffold and bear it once more to the *Place de la Revolution*. Here it will repeat that fearful tryst so often kept with the Convention. Tomorrow will be the tenth Thermidor—*Décadi*, and a high day above other *Décadis*, for it is the *fête* of Barra and Viola—a fête day for Paris, and one memorable for bloodshed, upheaval, and war of faction. Toward evening after that day of fierce conflict, a range of carts approaches the *Place de la Revolution* with another *fournée*. It is one sent not by the Tribunal but by the Convention. Let us read their names as they appear in the printed list.

Maximilian Robespierre, aged 35, born at Arras—ex-Deputy to Convention.

A. P. J. Robespierre, ————— (brother of the above)—ex-Deputy.

G. Couthon, aged 38, born at Orsay—ex-Deputy.

F. Henriot, aged 33, born at Nanterre—ex-Commandant of Paris.

A. St. Just, aged 26, born at Lifer—ex-Deputy.

Together with Dumas, Payan, Vivier, Fleuriot Lescot, all members of Robespierre's Tribunal, who but yesterday sent their own *fournée*, as now the Convention is sending them—among them also is Simon the cordwainer, who held the princes in cruel durance in the tower, and eleven



HENRIOT STOPPING THE RIOTE.



members of the Commune of Paris. Such was the beginning of that retribution which fell on Robespierre and his coadjutors. That Commune which had obeyed his mandates through Chaumette, Hébert, and other of its leaders whom he had guillotined, has fallen at last before the Convention. Such are the sudden changes of revolution—a few months ago the Convention trembled before the Commune, now it has it under foot, and will thoroughly do the work of the hour. Is it not a matter of note that this crew which had sent so many to death with but the mockery of a trial, should be deprived even of that form which was offered to others ; or, in other words, that they should be *mis hors du loi*, outlawed, and die as outlaws without judge, jury, or even form of indictment. Is it not also strange that Robespierre should perish on one of his own *Décadès*, the only one on which the guillotine had ever been put in service ? That night the brothers Robespierre, and Couthon, and St. Just, and all their headless associates, lie in the trench, and the same trench holds hundreds of their victims. A long mound marks the well filled grave, and as these last corpses are covered with lime and gravel, the workmen may ask, are not their mighty labors done ? For these *fournée* burials are no little matters like the single interments of ordinary life. No, not done yet, ye weary grave-diggers, to-morrow shall bring a greater task. The morrow comes—it is the Christian Sabbath—the Lord's day, and while in England and America thousands are engaged in worship, Paris beholds once more the tumbrel-train. Count them up—threescore and ten ; never has so large and so important a band been carted to death. Who are they, Girondin, Jacobin, or *Montagnard* ? Neither ! They

are the COMMUNE OF PARIS, *mis hor du loi*. The City Council—the tools of Chaumette and Hébert—and above of all Robespierre—now following their fallen master to the *Place de la Revolution*. Look down from the spirit world Bourbon, man and wife! Look down Vergniaud, and Roland! look down, Danton, and Clootz, and Camille Desmoulins, on this wondrous scene! Here died Louis and Marie Antoinette—here died the *noblesse*—here died the giants of the Convention—here died the Tribunal—here died the Commune of Paris. Truly, this is expiation!

A week is past, and the Lord's day once more dawns upon wretched Paris, but no sound of Sabbath bell charms the reverent ear. Toward evening a solitary cart moves amid the crowd, and in that cart a solitary victim. His gigantic form towers above the mass, and he gazes wildly on that scene. Alone in death instead of the old *fournée*. It is Coffinhal, once senior judge of the Tribunal, a *ci-devant* physician, and lawyer, but still more noted as one of the doomed *Commune*, two-thirds of which has been guillotined within a fortnight.

After the horrors of Thermidor, the Tribunal was reconstructed, and continued its work. Among those who received their doom from its hands was Carrier, the murderer Jacobin of Nantes, who had deluged that city with blood, and who, with twenty-six of his accomplices, were sent to the axe in December.

Before the close of the year it was again dissolved, and once more reconstructed, but without those distinctive features which had given it the title of "Revolutionary." The chief employment of this last institution was the trial of Fouquier Tinville. He was charged with having, under color of legal

judgment, "put to death an innumerable body of French people, of each sex, and of every age and rank." Following those whom he had so lately doomed, he appears in the gloomy chamber—no longer a public accuser, but a prisoner. The guards open the way, and watch narrowly the form whose mandate they once so rapidly obeyed. Another accuser fills his station, and as he opens the charge and reads the catalogue of crime, the victims of the atrocious culprit seem to pass in awful array, and point the bloody hand at their murderer. Fouquier was young, yet who could be summoned from the page of history to equal his thirst for blood? But thirty-eight years had been numbered in his career, yet he had won a fame which makes us shudder. Restless and insatiable, he had sported with the doomed, of all ages and conditions. Drooping age had vainly sought the sympathy due to hoary hairs—widows, hollow-eyed and ghastly, had vainly plead for the mercy denied their husbands. Youth—early sorrow-laden—beardless boys, snatched ruthlessly from happy homes—girls, pallid yet defiant, in all the majesty of female innocence, had perished through his false accusations. It was proved on his trial that one hundred and sixty persons, of all ages, sexes and ranks, were tried and executed on a charge not merely false, but absurd, visionary and impossible. A batch of forty-five of these, who were totally unknown to each other, were tried and condemned within twenty minutes, and executed the same evening.

Fouquier Tinville was gory with the best blood of France, and on the seventh of May, 1795—just one year from the date of the most fearful episodes of his murderous career—his own blood flows down the scaffold. Fifteen accomplices, consisting of judges, jurors and witnesses, suffered at the

same time. They were followed to the guillotine by a class vastly different from the rabble which so commonly surrounded the tumbrel. Thousands of the respectable citizens of Paris paced in indignant procession, hurling their reproaches on the wholesale murderers, now on the way to doom, and who had robbed the one of a wife—another of a father, a mother, or a child.

* * * * *

If, then, the extirpation of Christianity involved the loss of those principles which conserve national integrity, until liberty and justice perished, it is well to consider that the great and inflexible Judge who decrees justice upon all, often causes the wicked to execute retribution upon themselves. This is a redeeming feature in the scenes which we have been contemplating. As one views their progressive lessons, they seem to exclaim, "Judgment done on an Atheist age!"

Justice, banished by Infidelity, returned to overwhelm the miscreants who had, in her name, rioted in innocent blood.

"Thou hast spoken right—'tis true,
The wheel has come full circle."

BOOK SIXTH.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

“IT IS TRUE THAT A LITTLE PHILOSOPHY INCLINETH MAN TO ATHEISM, BUT DEPTH IN PHILOSOPHY BRINGETH MEN’S MINDS BACK TO RELIGION; FOR WHILE THE MIND OF MAN LOOKETH ON SECOND CAUSES SCATTERED, IT MAY SOMETIMES REST IN THEM, AND GO NO FARTHER; BUT WHEN IT BEHOLDETH THE CHAIN OF THEM CONFEDERATE AND LINKED TOGETHER, IT MUST NEEDS FLY TO PROVIDENCE AND DEITY.”—LORD BACON.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE subjective operations of Faith, on the one hand, and of Unbelief on the other, open a vast field, and one which is as instructive as it is inexhaustible. It is evident that the intellect has suffered less from the fall than any other of the human faculties; and amid the general ruin of the race it towers aloft, in crumbling grandeur, marking by its noble proportions the extent of that catastrophe of which it is a victim. Hence the contrast between the influences of Piety and Infidelity increases proportionately as we ascend the intellectual scale. This is illustrated by a comparison of Hobbes with Bishop Butler, D'Holbach with Chalmers; and—to add two others, whose minds were still more akin in point of logical acumen and philosophical discrimination—David Hume and Jonathan Edwards. To the latter has been accorded a rank not less than that of compeer of Plato; yet by exhibiting the higher glory of Christianity, he proves to the world that this alone can give the chief grace to the intellect. He is therefore an admirable illustration of that aphorism with which we have prefaced this sketch, in which it is given

as the experience of one of the best thinkers of the modern age, that *it is not* a great, but a *little philosophy* “*which inclineth man to Atheism.*”

In contemplating those whose minds are given closely to study, and whose lives are secluded from the world, and thereby insulated from temptation, we may expect the results of Infidelity (supposing such an one to be thus unfortunate,) either in the inner conflicts of the soul, or in those lessons which flow forth upon the world. Hence, in closing this series of sketches, we add an outline of one who was separate from the foregoing in respect to exemption from crime, or even vice, while his teachings tend indirectly but not less strongly to promote vice and crime in others; and who, while protected by barriers of habit and constitution from the indulgence of the passions, published doctrines which inevitably lead others to such indulgence. It is no little tribute to the shrewd essayist that the refutation of his schemes has exercised controversial powers of the highest order. Both Beattie and Brown have handled them at such length and with such skill as to leave little to be added; and referring the student to their pages, we simply purpose to trace the retrograde of a strong but benighted intellect.

* * * * *

The history of Scotland—so thrilling and romantic—so full, too, of lights and shadows, hung in the most dramatic contrasts, reserves its darkest episodes until a modern day. Indeed, since that obscure era which preceded her early struggle for liberty, no cloud has shrouded her annals so threatening as that which shadowed the beginning of the eighteenth century. With respect to morals and faith, it was a time of drear eclipse, which threatened to forever hide the

morning of the Reformation. That morning had dawned two centuries before, and as its genial light overspread the nation, Scotland broke the bondage of popish superstition, and rejoiced in the new-born glory of religious liberty. Her pulpits were filled by men who, for zeal and courage, were worthy of apostolic days. Learning having received vigor and protection from the new-born faith, her Universities began to flourish, and the rude peasantry were fused by the power of Piety. Even the Highlands, where superstition was entrenched in the unbroken barbarism of ages, would soon have been subdued by the same energy which had wrought wonders wherever it had penetrated.

But this fair morning, after an auspicious dawn, was robbed of its promise by a corrupt and malignant power. The fires of persecution, which had previously laid waste the piety of England, under the reign of "bloody Mary," were lighted in the North by one well worthy to be her successor. The Stuart plied the land of his ancestors with alternate craft and oppression, and perjury and cruelty stalked the land, until its prisons were either filled with saints, or its heather stained with their blood. It was an epoch hallowed by a great cloud of witnesses, whose psalms and groans ascended from dank and slimy dungeons, and whose ashes were scattered by the winds until the fragrance of martyrdom was wafted upward in sacred exhalations. Although it be true that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, yet that seed often lies many a year in the dust. After a quarter century of persecution, the Kirk of Scotland lay in almost hopeless prostration, and even Claverhouse could hardly have hoped for her more complete destruction. Her ministry, so illustrious for piety and learning, was almost extinct, and martyrdom, or

banishment, or flight had wasted the flock. Such as survived found their influence lost in the flood of general declension which followed this exhaustion of vitality and power. The parishes having been robbed of their faithful pastors, were encumbered by Godless hirelings, like those at whom Milton points the finger of scorn :

“Such as for their bellies’ sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold,
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearers’ feast,
 And shove away the worthy, bidden guest.
 * * * * * * * *
 The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
 Beside what the grim wolf, with privy paw,
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.”

These very features which excited the poet’s contempt and indignation now became a recommendation to patronage, and to express the character of such a clergy a term was coined whose stigma still clings to the word MODERATE. Under such baleful influences the wheels of social progress reversed their motion, and it became a period of national weakness, and even shame. Such seasons of decline seem to procreate error, as the Python was bred amid heat and marshy exhalations, and it was at such a time that Scotland gave birth to the chief foe of her piety. The union of Scotland and England, which took place in 1707, seemed to precipitate the reverses of the former, and it was common at that day to impute them to that event. The people saw the dignity of an ancient kingdom pass away, and no longer beheld in Holy-

rood the splendors of the royal court. The declension of character was beyond denial; but was it due to the abrogation of nationality alone? No; there had been for years a crushing out of piety, which resulted in the inevitable decline in national stamina. Persecution had devoured the previous generation, culling out for death the strong of heart and the pure of soul, and the land thus shorn of its strength confessed its impotency both in the council and in the field. Yet by a strange though natural inversion, this period of weakness was the palmy time of Infidelity, and only this complete exhaustion of truth could have prepared the way for so bold an invasion of error.

David Hume was born in Edinburgh, in 1711. He drew his ancestry from a high-born stock, and though but the son of an impoverished laird, could boast of gentle blood, derived, indeed, from the ancient peerage. Among the early events of his life is recorded his attempt to study law, at the age of seventeen—a pursuit which was soon abandoned in disgust, as his mind was much better pleased with Virgil and the classics than with Vost, or Coke on Lyttleton. A strong proclivity to the ancient moralists indicates his first wandering from Christianity, and we here note with pain the small beginnings which resulted in a life of error. As though there were no safe rules of life to be found in the Scriptures he writes a friend: “Having read many books of morality, such as Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, and being smit with their beautiful representations of virtue and philosophy, I undertook the improvement of my temper and will, along with my reason and understanding. I was continually fortifying myself with reflections against death, and poverty, and shame, and pain, and all the other calamities of life.” Now one

could not object to the examples here cited, if he could have found nothing better; but had the young moralist examined the history of his native land, he might have discovered that more excellent way by which thousands of her children had been fortified against death, and shame, and poverty, and enabled not merely to *endure* but to *overcome*. But with eyes averted from these glorious examples, we find him burrowing in antique stoicism, and seeking strength from Seneca instead of Christ.

About this time he accepted a clerkship in Bristol, which one may imagine must have been highly uncongenial. The ambition of an earnest mind revolted from the dull walks of trade, and he visited France in pursuit of intellectual culture. It was an unhappy hour when he, whose mind had been gradually obscured, entered a land where truth was hardly known. To such an one France was but a labyrinth without a clue, and the young enquirer sought light in a region long shadowed by the night of error. We have no history of the approaches by which the siege was carried on, but in a foreign land, and at an early age, he made a full surrender to his worst enemy. That Hume's mind at this time was plied with weighty questions is evident from the early development of his argument against Miracles, which was suggested by a discussion with a priest at Saint Omers. This argument, now so completely refuted, was well worthy of its origin. It was engendered in the mind of an ingenious but self-conceited youth by the quibbles of a perplexed ecclesiastic. Alas! both parties to the controversy were in Cimmerian darkness!

Of this argument, Hume became inordinately proud; and it has given him a prominence among those errorists who are met at the outset by the Christian evidences. It is a distinc-

tion which few will envy, since the mere power of destruction, however skilfully it may be used, is one of the lowest order. In 1737 Hume returned from France. Though but in his twenty-eighth year, he had fully developed his Atheistic philosophy, and the "Treatise on Human Nature," which was soon published, remained his standard through life.

The appearance of this volume marked the darkest hour for religion which Britain had known for nearly two centuries. The lights of the past age had disappeared, and a few tapers, which glimmered feebly, only served to show the depth of the general gloom. Seventy years previously the Act of Conformity had cast out sixteen hundred ministers from their parishes. Some of these faithful men died in sorrow *—some still adhered to their work, preaching at midnight in barns, and even in forests—some, like Bunyan, endured long and crushing imprisonment. As a direct result, it is on record

* "Behold how many ministers have these eight or ten years been silenced, in England, Scotland and Ireland, whose holy skill, and conscience, and fidelity, and zeal is such as would have justly advanced most of the ancient fathers of the Church to far greater renown, had they been but possessed with the like—of whom the world was not worthy. O, how many of them am I constrained to remember with joy for their great worth, and sorrow for their silence. Alas, Lord! what is the terrible future evil from which thou takest such men away? And why is this world so much forsaken, as if it were not a prayer of hope which thou hast taught us? *Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven.*"—*Mrs. Theodosia Alleine, A.D. 1666, on the Imprisonment of her Husband, Rev. Joseph Alleine.*

"This is a black day upon Israel, when so many faithful ministers are slain at one blow. This is a day of gloominess and darkness in many congregations, for so many ministers to be beheaded in one day.—*Mr. Bull's Farewell Sermon, on being Ejected.*

that the distinctive doctrines of the Reformation were lost to the masses, until vital piety became almost a dream of the past. The established church, the only popular means of grace, was supplied from hungry ranks of time-serving graduates, whose indispensable qualifications were reduced to these two—a patron and a diploma. As for the Universities, it is not too much to affirm that notwithstanding their ecclesiastical character and their church-bred professors, they could no longer be identified with piety, and hardly with learning. It is true that subscription to the thirty-nine articles was demanded of all, but this had long been viewed as an easy form, involving no exercise of conscience, while like charity, it covered a multitude of sins.

Gibbon, in his autobiography, has sketched Oxford life with vivid colors, and as he reviews the wretched picture of which he once formed a part, he seems to count his expulsion one of the happiest events in his life. It certainly rescued him from the society of beer-guzzling fellows, and a life of obese indolence, and made him the great historian of the Roman empire. Indifferent as Gibbon's description may be, when considered merely with regard to himself, it becomes hideous when viewed as a picture of the hope of the church; nor can we be surprised to learn that a clergy inspired by such influences developed, with few exceptions, in indolence and luxury, and even in vice. Abandoning their sacred duties to ignorant and ill-paid curates, their days were given to the field-sports of the squirearchy, while their nights witnessed a corresponding conviviality. Exceptions to this style of life might be found in those of an intellectual turn, but should the parson give himself to letters, it would usually be, like Swift, to pen obscene satire, or like Sterne, to detail adven-

tures which shame alike the author and his sacred profession. Amid such degradation of the establishment, we hardly wonder that Fielding's highest conception of a parson was either the harmless, patient, and almost imbecile Abraham Adams—the good-humored butt of every joke, or the swinish groveller, Trulliber.

Passing from fiction to the records of the day, one may find Dodd, after a career of splendid luxury, executed at Tyburn for forgery, while the gifted Churchill, a clergyman, and the son of a clergyman, proved an example of still more monstrous vice. The latter has given a sketch of some of the abandoned clergy of his day, and although he is hardly authority for the character of the profession, yet there must have been many a one under his eye who could have sat for the picture :

“Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace;
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face;
Behold a parson at thy elbow stand,
Lowering damnation with open hand;
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward,
The Atheist chaplain of an Atheist lord.”

The poetry of the age had followed the popular current. But a century before, Milton had penned sonnets and epics—all redolent with piety—setting forth divine things, in language almost divine; but now, whatever of religious sentiment was wrought into verse, appeared in the mould of ancient mythology. Strephon and Palemon, and Doris, alternated in vapid eclogues, and these travesties, admired in drawing-rooms, and sung at Ranelagh, revived the joys and deities of the Arcadian age. Inspired by this sentimentalism, Shensstone ornamented his famous grounds, “the Leasowes,” with

statues and inscriptions to the mythological deities, and Philips, who is almost forgotten, contended with Pope (then a boy,) for the bays of heathenism.*

If anything were necessary to strengthen the vast aggregate of unbelief already buttressed by Hobbes, it was to be found in the writings of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke. The latter, after a career of political vicissitude, was commanding the homage of the literary and philosophical world, and having lent his patronage to Pope, was rewarded by dedications and flattering epistles. Indeed, the poet having out-grown the pastoral ditties of his youth, changed his flowery mythology for dark and cheerless Deism, and gave his patrons philosophy in the measures of his pungent rhyme. Reinforcements to the ranks of error seemed hardly needed, since opposition had almost ceased, yet at such a time the youthful Scotsman, jubilant of his newly-found argument against miracles, published his "Treatise on Human Nature." Its issue, as we have stated, marked the darkest hour in the ecclesiastical history of the kingdom. Such indeed was the abasement which Christianity had reached, that Bishop Butler, on the publication of his "Analogy," was constrained to preface it with an apology, admitting that the reader "will observe several things which will appear to him of very little importance if he can think things to be of little importance, which are of any real weight at all upon such a subject as religion."

* * "It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted

* It is quite remarkable that this false and artificial school of poetry should have been overthrown by one who at best was but a broken reed. William Cowper, whose highest ambition was to be called a *Christian poet*, restored nature to English poetry, and superadded the grace of true piety.

by many persons that Christianity is not so much a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious, and accordingly they treat it as if in the present age this were an agreed point among all people of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisal for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world.”* Yet dark as that hour then seemed to be, its gloom was soon to yield to the returning light of the gospel. For twenty years previously, Bishop Butler had been elaborating that argument, which, although so humbly advertised, was henceforth to stand impregnable. Its publication was nearly contemporaneous with that of Hume’s assault on miracles, and from their very antagonism both volumes have preserved to a later age the strong antithesis of their inception. It is not remarkable that he who thought himself the chief logician of his day, as he was its master errorist, should have been eclipsed by one whose defence of truth exhibits a far mightier grasp of mind. They were both giants, but the one exhibited the stately proportions of a colossus, while the other was the Cyclop, whose mental deformities revive the classic sketch, and of whom it might most truly have been said, “*cui lumen ademptum.*”

While Butler was building his stately argument in cloistered retirement, Methodism had set Oxford a-blaze, and the little band of earnest reformers had at least broken that dreamy torpor beneath which whole generations, both of teacher and scholar, had lain stagnant. To all who might discern the signs of the times, it was evident that the age was in travail with a new birth, yet few could have dreamed

* Preface to “The Analogy.”

of the power of that assault which was about to be made on ignorance and error. The Oxford Methodists soon found a broader sphere than the University. The Wesleys had already taken the field, and in 1739 George Whitefield, the greatest preacher of the age, commenced his itineracy at Bristol. The Countess of Huntingdon, whose zeal and piety have made her name precious as ointment poured forth, shone like a solitary star amid the dark host of titled Infidelity. Throwing open her grand saloons to religious reunions, she brought crowds of gay nobility, brilliant with the aristocratic beauties of the day, beneath the power of Whitefield's melting oratory, and it is said that even Bolingbroke and Chesterfield occasionally omitted an evening at club or coffee-house to listen to the ardent evangelist. From that memorable time until the present the assault has been earnestly pressed, and in her combat, hand to hand, Truth has so successfully recovered her lost ground, that we may compare the past and the present with joy and gratitude. It is evident that this grand revolution in the moral world astonished the enemies of Christianity. Indeed, in 1776, shortly before his death, Hume thus bewails approaching defeat in a letter to Gibbon: "But among other marks of a decline, the prevalence of superstition in England prognosticates the fall of philosophy and decay of taste, and though nobody be more capable than yourself to revive them, you will probably find a struggle in your first advances."

This review of the moral aspect of the past century throws much light on Hume's preparation for the high office of historian, and will account for the obliquity of his prejudices, while it also explains the reason why his position was not earlier oppugned. Many reasons have been given for the

high distinction which he has enjoyed for a century, but it is sufficient to refer to these two—the beautiful simplicity of his style, and his priority in respect to time. It is true that both England and Scotland had their early chroniclers—quaint and careful scribes—who, while gathering crude material, never aspired to a higher name; but Hume was the first to shape these varied records into the dignified form of history. Yet it is evident that the school in which he was educated for this great task had, by a singular malformation, unfitted him for grasping the philosophy of history. His mental pabulum had for years been mere speculation, and his daily walk led through chill and dreary doubt. Having lost sight of God, as the end of all things, the only end that he could propose was “utility.” This is exalted, to quote his own words, as “the sole source of that high regard paid to justice, fidelity, honor, allegiance, and chastity; as inseparable from all the other social virtues, humanity, generosity, charity, affability, lenity, mercy, and moderation; and in a word, a foundation for the chief part of morals which has a reference to mankind and our fellow creatures.”

We do not purpose a close examination of Hume’s system, yet we cannot but refer to those salient points, which startle even the cursory reader. Commencing as he does, with steps averted from the truth, he can only follow a descending path, and we are not surprised that one who has gone over to sheer utilitarianism should soon imagine a great discovery of the falsity of Divine Providence. Yet how strange to hear words like these from one who assumes the historic pen? “In short, the conduct of events, or what we call the plan of a particular providence, is so full of variety and uncertainty, that if we suppose it immediately ordered by any intelligent

being, we must acknowledge a contrariety in their designs and intentions—a constant combat of opposite powers, and a repentance or change of intention in the same power from impotence or levity.” *

Having investigated Christianity, and discovered its insufficiency to meet the demands of his philosophic mind, he is soon led to consider the benefits of Polytheism, which are thus described: “From the comparison of Theism and Idolatry we may form some other observations which confirm the vulgar remark, that the corruption of the best things gives rise to the worst. Where the Deity is represented as infinitely superior to mankind, this belief, though altogether just, is apt, when joined with superstitious terrors, to sink the human mind into the lowest submission and abasement, and to represent the monkish virtues of mortification, penance, humility, and passive suffering, as the only qualities which are acceptable to him. But when the gods are conceived to be only a little superior to mankind, and to have been many of them advanced from that inferior rank, we are more at our ease in our addresses to them, and may, even without profaneness, aspire sometimes to a rivalry and emulation of them. Hence activity of spirit, courage, magnanimity, love of liberty, and all the virtues which aggrandize a people.” † His conclusion as to the varied benefits of these two schemes of religion is thus stated: “Upon the whole, the greatest and most observable differences between a traditional mythological religion and a systematical scholastic one, are two: the former is often more reasonable, as consisting only of a multitude of stories which, however groundless, imply no express absurdity and demonstrative contradiction; and it

* Edinburg Edition, vol. 2, pp. 408. † Pp. 440.

sits also so easy and so light on men's minds, that though it may be as universally received, it makes no such deep impression on the affections and understanding.”*

In these speculations he attempts an insidious attack on Christianity, which he contemptuously styles “scholastic theology,” and pursuing his attempts at reasoning, a masked battery thus opens upon us. “For beside the unavoidable incoherence which must be reconciled and adjusted, one may safely affirm that all popular theology, especially the scholastic, has a kind of appetite for absurdity and contradiction. If that theology went not beyond reason and common sense, her doctrines would appear too easy and familiar. Amazement must of necessity be raised; mystery affected; darkness and obscurity sought after, and a foundation of merit afforded to the devout votaries, who desire an opportunity of subduing their rebellious reason by a belief of the most unintelligible sophisms. * * * * * To oppose the torrent of scholastic religion by such feeble maxims as these, that *it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be—that the whole is greater than a part—that two and three make five*, is pretending to stop the ocean with a bullrush. Will you set up profane reason against sacred mystery? No punishment is great enough for your impiety; and the same fires which were lighted for heretics, will serve also for the destruction of philosophers.”

A little farther on we find him dealing the charge of hypocrisy against his opponents, as though no one but an unbeliever could be sincere: “We may observe that notwithstanding the dogmatical, imperious style of all superstition, the conviction of the religionists in all ages is more affected

* Pp. 456.

† Pp. 444.

than real, and scarcely ever approaches in any degree to that solid belief and persuasion which governs us in the common affairs of life. Men dare not avow, even to their own hearts, the doubts which they entertain on such subjects. They make a merit of implicit faith, and disguise to themselves their real Infidelity by the strongest asseverations, and most positive bigotry. But nature is too hard for all their endeavors, and suffers not the obscure glimmering lights afforded in those shadowy regions to equal the strong impressions made by common sense and experience. The usual course of men's conduct belies their words, and shows that their assent in these matters is some unaccountable operation of the mind between disbelief and conviction, but approaching much nearer the former than to the latter." *

Thus the unbeliever being unable to account for the endurance of the people of God under persecution and trial, denies the honesty of their profession, and hurls upon the Christian world the accusation of fraud. Had this been uttered in a land where the light of Christianity had never shone, we might withhold our surprise; but so far from this being the case, they fall from one born amid a scenery consecrated by martyrdoms, and in whose youth the memory of the WITNESSES was still fresh. Indeed, he could have found many a survivor of the days of Claverhouse, still in venerable age, rehearsing the sufferings and constancy of Scotland's martyrs. Yet in his view their religious character is a sham; and thus does the historian of a nation impeach the most illustrious of its children, and rob it of its glory. In his estimation, Margaret Wilson, of Wigton; Hugh McKail, John Brown, of Priest Hill; James Fraser; Richard Cameron, and the

prisoners of the Bass Rock, were "like the religionists of all ages," moved by "conviction more affected than real." Their experiences did not approach that "solid belief which governs us in the common affairs of life," and they disguised to their own consciousness "their real infidelity by the strongest asseverations, and most positive bigotry." Against these dishonorable imputations the Kirk of Scotland stands in calm, yet indignant denial. Indeed, she makes her highest boast of those whom her historian contemns, and from Bothwell Brig, and Air's Moss, and Wigton Beach, and from many a scene of suffering and of triumphant faith—some indeed unknown save to God alone—is echoed back a solemn vindication of their fame.

From quotations such as these we may see how impenetrable is that shadow which buries the soul of the self-complacent philosopher. However great may have been his natural powers—and none can deny their greatness—his penetration, and even the moral faculty, seem paralyzed. Hence, as we behold him groping in blindness, we cannot wonder at the following confession of the misery of his schemes: "The whole is an enigma—an inexplicable mystery. Doubt, uncertainty and suspense of judgment, appear the only result of our most accurate scrutiny concerning this subject. But such is the frailty of human reason, and such the irresistible contagion of opinion, that even this deliberate doubt could scarcely be upheld, did we not enlarge our views, and opposing one species of superstition to another, set them a quarrelling, while we ourselves, during their fury, escape into the calm and obscure region of philosophy." *

* Book of Human Nature.

Again: "I am at first affrighted and confounded with that forlorn solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy, and fancy myself some strange uncouth monster, who, not being able to mingle and unite in society, has been expelled all human commerce, and left utterly abandoned and disconsolate. Fain would I run into the crowd for shelter and warmth, but cannot prevail with myself to mix with such deformity. I call upon others to join with me to make a company apart, but no one will hearken to me. Every one keeps at a distance, and dreads that storm which beats on me from every side. I have exposed myself to the enmity of all metaphysicians, logicians, mathematicians, and even theologians, and can I wonder at the insults I suffer? I have declared my disapprobation of their systems, and can I be surprised if they should express a hatred of mine, and of my person? When I look abroad, I foresee on every side dispute, contradiction, anger, calumny and detraction. When I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. All the world conspires to oppose and contradict me; though such is my weakness, that I feel all my opinions loosen and fall of themselves, when unsupported by the approbation of others. Every step I take is with hesitation, and every new reflection makes me dread error and absurdity in my reasoning. For, with what confidence can I venture on such bold enterprises, when beside those numberless infirmities peculiar to myself, I find so many which are common to human nature? Can I be sure that in leaving all established opinions, I am following truth? And by what criterion shall I distinguish her, even if fortune should at last guide me on her footsteps? After the most accurate and exact of my reasonings, I can give no reason why I should assent to it, and feel nothing but

a strong propensity to consider objects strongly in that view under which they appear to me."

* * *. "The intense view of these manifold contradictions and imperfections in human reason has so wrought upon and heated my brain, that I am ready to reject all belief and reasoning, and can look upon no opinion even as more probable or likely than another. Where am I, or what? From what causes do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return? Whose favor shall I court, and whose anger must I dread? What beings surround me? And on whom have I any influence, or who have any influence on me? I am confounded with all these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness, and utterly deprived of the use of every faculty and member."

These confessions are of a harrowing character, and we only cite them in order to show the bewildering effect of unbelief on a mind of great natural strength and acumen.* Having madly assailed truth and endeavored to extinguish that which

* Charlotte Brontë thus writes of Miss Martineau's "Letters on the Nature and Development of Man."—"Of the impression this book has made upon me I will not now say much. It is the first exposition of avowed Atheism and Materialism I have ever read—the first unequivocal declaration of disbelief in the existence of a God or a future life. In judging of such exposition and declaration one would wish entirely to put aside the sort of instinctive horror they awaken, and to consider them in an impartial spirit and collected mood. This I find difficult to do. The strangest thing is that we are called on to rejoice over this hopeless blank—to receive this bitter bereavement as great gain—to welcome this unutterable desolation as a state of pleasant freedom. Who could do this if he would? Who would do it if he could? Sincerely, for my own part, do I wish to know and find the truth; but if this be Truth, well may she guard herself with mysteries, and cover herself with a veil. If this be Truth, man or woman who beholds her can but curse the day he or she was born!"

is the light of the world, he now groans while wandering in hopeless night. But what is this which, amid perplexity and dismay, comes to his relief? Poor human nature revolts from the thought, but at last is forced by a false philosophy to yield to it as the only choice in a dilemma of horrors. That faith which he labored to destroy would have afforded enduring peace, and delivered him from the defence of suicide, which now employed his pen. Its apparent candor conceals its peculiar artfulness, and we may look elsewhere in vain for equal cunning in consecrating this fearful crime. It is said in Holy Writ that *the way of the wicked is darkness*, and we now have a most impressive and saddening illustration of its truth. He who years ago turned from Scripture morality to that of Seneca and Plutarch—who came from St. Omer's jubilant with his argument against miracles, is now driven by the very force of cumulative error to plead for the most unnatural of crimes. We may here note the same skill in sophistry which marks his more abstract opinions, but which is the more apparent from the clearness of that natural view which condemns his horrible conclusions: "Is it because human life is of such great importance that it is a presumption for human prudence to dispose of it? But the life of a man is of no greater importance to the universe than that of an oyster. * * * It would be no crime in me to divert the Nile or the Danube from its course, were I able to effect such purpose. Where, then, is the crime of turning a few ounces of blood from their natural channel?" * * * "In all cases Christians and heathens are precisely on the same footing; Cato and Brutus, Arria and Portia, acted heroically, and those who imitate their example ought to receive the praises of posterity."

This extract from the "Essay on Suicide" proves the power

of long-cherished falsehood. The lie which had possessed his entire existence now develops the boast of self-destruction; and in his blindness the reasoner perceives not that his words are an equal defence for the murder of others as for that of one's self. The late Dr. Gordon of Hull—a philanthropic physician, whose benign labors entitled him to the name of “the people's friend”—just before his death referred to the Materialism which in his early day he had met in the pages of Hume. “I have,” said he, “studied the subject deeply; indeed, I have read all the celebrated writings of Deists and Atheists, and there was a time when I was beguiled by their sophistry. All things are incomprehensible, and yet we presume to reason about religion. We know not what an infinitesimal atom of matter is. We can conceive of its infinite division, and yet every particle must have an upper and an under side. * * * We know not the end of space, nor the end of time. We know nothing. We see with a very contracted view, and yet we reason!” We must come

* The word *reason* was used by the dying man in the sense taken by the Infidel, as *opposed to faith*; he had learned, as do all Christians, that there is no antagonism between Christianity and enlightened reason, or in other words, that there is nothing more reasonable than the former. The following dialogue will show what he understood by the term, reason:

Dr. G.—“Did you ever see a locomotive engine?” M.—“Yes!”

G.—“Do you think it moves?” M.—“Yes!”

G.—“I can prove that it does not, and I defy you to disprove my argument.”

M.—“But something moves.”

G.—“It is a delusion—it is not a reality. May you not be deceived? A body only occupies a space equal to itself.”

M.—“Well!”

G.—“It cannot hold two spaces at one and the same time. A body cannot move where it is, and it cannot move where it is not—therefore it does not move at all.”

to the Bible as little children, and then we shall know." It was, no doubt, a relief from such cheerless speculations, when Hume obtained a secretaryship from Lord St. Clair, and exchanging his metaphysics for the duties of the *attaché*, he accompanied the embassy to Vienna and Turin.

In 1751 he retired from the embassy with a competence, and signalized his return to Edinburgh by a new and enlarged edition of his "Treatise on Human Nature." The next year he issued his "Political Discourses," and became keeper of the Advocates' Library. This appointment made him the historian. Surrounded by ancient records, and with the treasured archives of his nation opened before him, his industry and ambition produced in two years the history of the house of Stuart. It was one into which entered elements of striking contrast, and one whose thrilling episodes could have illustrated that high-toned piety and love of freedom which are the noblest traits of Scottish character. The faithful performance of the task thus assumed required a high consideration of motive, since conscience was so often paramount to self-interest as to consecrate the land with sacrifice. Yet it was attempted by one whose hostility to Scottish piety was undisguised, and who could neither appreciate nor understand the characters which he chronicled. Such, indeed, was his enmity toward Christianity, that it exposes his record to doubt, while some impugn even its honesty.

"He was induced," says an able reviewer—"like Voltaire, to adopt history as the more effective vehicle for his opinions, and he fully succeeded. Infidelity for the million is the heading for Hume's History, than which only one other (and it is not needful to name Gibbon,) has exerted a more baneful influence on English literature, and through English litera-

ture on the civilized world. Antipathy to faith had become engrafted upon his moral constitution. Like Gibbon, he was possessed with malignant hatred against all goodness and holiness. 'Never lose an opportunity,' was the advice given by a kindred spirit, 'of placing gunpowder under the gigantic edifice of superstition, until the mine shall be charged with a sufficient quantity to blow up the whole.' Hume did not dare to fire the train. He would have dreaded the smoke and noise of an explosion. Adopting the coarse but forcible expression suggested by a crime unknown in the dark ages—he always tried to *Burke* religion."* That such was his secret design, may be inferred from the language of his dying hours, when he seemed to derive solace from the hope that his opinions would yet triumph. One cannot but recoil from the ghastly witticisms with whose points he strove to resist the approach of death, and we read with a shudder his catching at mythological fables, and exclaiming: "Have a little patience, good Charon—I have been endeavoring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition." "To open the eyes of the public" is here given as the conceited expression of one who led many a disciple into the dreary caverns of unbelief; and whose ambition it was, either in ethics or in history, to sap faith and prejudice the mind. As the readers of the latter exceed those of the former, it was a wider field of operations, and well has it been wrought. When the influences or benefits of piety cannot be concealed, they are, if possible, degraded. In his hands religion becomes either

* London Quarterly.

superstition or fanaticism. The former is the term applied to Romanism—the latter is used to designate Protestantism, especially its Calvinistic type, which he hated most of all—and thus piety, whose power had been exhibited but a few years previously in the martyrs of his native land, is at once cast away in contempt. Macaulay, among his early efforts, placed his brand upon this perversion of the historic pen.* “Hume,” he exclaims, “without positively asserting much more than he can prove, gives prominence to all the circumstances which support his case. He glides lightly over those which are unfavorable to it. His own witnesses are applauded and encouraged. The statements which seem to throw discredit on them are controverted; the contradictions into which they fall are explained away; a clear and connected abstract of their evidence is given. Everything that is offered on the other side is scrutinized with the utmost sincerity; every suspicious circumstance is a ground for comment and invective; what cannot be denied is extenuated, or passed by without notice. Concessions are even sometimes made; but this insidious candor only increases the effect of the vast mass of sophistry.”

To this searching extract may be added the testimony of a distinguished professor of modern history: “I do not conceive a lecturer on history could render a more important service than by following Mr. Hume step by step through the whole of his accounts, and showing what were his fair and what were his unfair inferences; what his just representations, and what his improper colorings; what his mistakes, and above all, what his omissions; in short, what were the dangers and

* Essay on History.

what the advantages which must attend the perusal of so popular and able a performance. * * * But it is Hume who is read by every one. Hume is the historian whose views and opinions insensibly become our own. He is respected and admired by the most enlightened reader; he is the guide and philosopher of the ordinary reader, to whose mind on all the topics connected with our history, he gives the tone and the law. * * * But what reader turns to consult his references, or examine his original authority? And what effect does this distrust produce? Practically none.* It may have been such a view of the errors to which national chronicles are subject, that led to Sir Robert Walpole's famous reply to a young relative who would have entertained his hours of illness with an historical volume: "Do not read history to me," said the invalid statesman, "for that I know to be false."

We have made these extracts, in order to afford a correct view of England's chief historian. But how could the great Materialist fulfil so high a mission? The great end of history is the glory of God, as accomplished in ruling mankind; and the great fact of history is God's dealing with man by human instrumentality. The philosophy of history is the blessing arising from national piety, and the punishment arising from national crimes. And seldom in history has the hand of God been more clearly revealed than in that of the house of Stuart. But while the Almighty has written his very name upon its awful cartoons, we behold the Deist either expunging the Great Author's title, or reviling his handiwork. That history which God

* Smyth's *Lectures on History*, vol. i. p. 126, Cambridge Edition.

himself inspired, exhibits its author creating, instructing, and finally, rewarding and punishing man; but Hume is careful not only to shut out God from all action, but to dishonor his name and his followers. The world, with him, was an abode of Atheists—a world of chance—plunging down the future, like a ship without compass or chart, or even an expected haven.

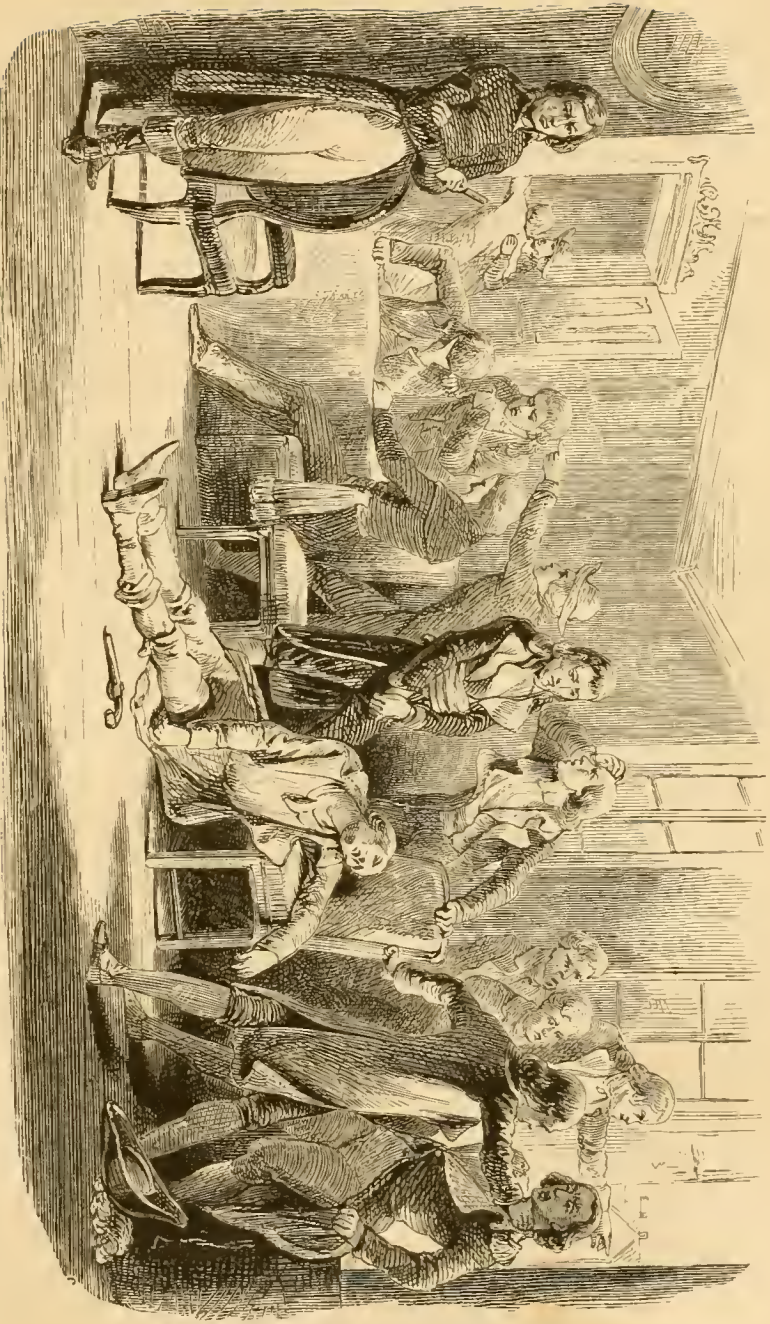
Having achieved fame by his history, Hume in 1763 accepted Lord Hertford's invitation to accompany him to France, where he was made Secretary to the Embassy, and afterward elevated to the important office of "*Charge d'Affaires*." His visit to the Continent was one of the most interesting episodes in the quiet life of the philosophic historian. Twenty years had elapsed since his first visit to the land which encouraged his early Atheistical speculations, and which furnished his famous Argument against Miracles. He returns to that land a veteran in the service of error—the intervening twenty years had been given to intellectual effort, but it had brought no light to his mind, and his steps had but retreated farther and farther into what he so fitly terms, "the obscure regions of philosophy." France had also suffered the same retrograde. Twenty years had witnessed a momentous change. The nation had developed vast reaches in Infidelity, and the formal respect which the Church had once feebly exacted was now changed for an almost open contempt.

Hume's abode in Paris was a series of delightful receptions, and the duties of his office were intermingled with flatteries and caresses. The capital appeared in holiday colors; the nation boasted its prosperity, and its higher classes pressed in mad rivalry the pursuit of pleasure. The gaiety of Paris

was excited to its highest degree by that ill-boding levity which follows the destruction of the religious sentiment. Rousseau and Voltaire, and other assailants of Christianity, had accomplished a vast change in public opinion, and while their pages were being admired and discussed in *salons* and *cafés*, Paris receives their famed ally from the north. Scotland and her destiny had long been a leading theme in the French metropolis, and the latter had heard of her stern and unconquerable adherence to Protestantism, while her rejection of the house and faith of Stuart at Culloden was fresh in the public mind. But now Scotland sends no outcast prince, or banished Highlander, but a gifted and defiant philosopher. With the united prestige of high office, and still higher authorship, Hume was lionized by the social and æsthetic classes. The ladies assailed him with correspondence, and the gentry lavished on him their invitations. He was fêted—toasted—applauded. “Do you ask me,” he says in a letter, “about my course of life? I can only say that I eat nothing but ambrosia—drink nothing but nectar—breathe nothing but incense—tread on nothing but flowers. Every man I meet, and still more every lady, would think they were wanting in the most indispensable duty, did they not make a long and elaborate harangue in my praise.”

Again: “I have been three days at Paris, and two at Fontainebleau, and have everywhere met the most extraordinary honors which the most exorbitant vanity could wish for or desire. The compliments of Dukes, Mareschals of France, and foreign ambassadors, go for nothing with me at present. I retain a relish for no kind of flattery, but that which comes from the ladies.” The ladies of whom he speaks in such raptures, were of the highest rank in social order,

but the lowest in that of virtue; and under patronage such as that of Madame de Pompadour and the Duchess de Choiseul, the *noblesse* of France was only comparable to the bestial rout of Comus. The philosopher need not be surprised if minor morals were ignored—he had himself affirmed that virtue was only valuable, so far as it might be useful. In Paris its usefulness had ceased, and it had been quietly banished. But beneath this gay exterior was hidden social corruption and unutterable rottenness. The very foundation of national character had been already sapped by the loss of its morals. The luxurious splendor of the higher classes—the triumph of reason—the philosophic serenity of Infidel *savants*—and all the varied aspects of prosperity, were like the hectic flush, a mark not of health but of death. Indeed, what Gibbon in his Autobiography so flippantly says of Naples, a city “whose luxurious inhabitants seem to dwell on the confines of paradise and hell-fire,” was at that time far more applicable to the ill-fated capital of France. Ah, when was there a volcano so fully charged, or so quiescent in its delay as this which awaits its hour of waking? To-day the green slopes bask in sunshine, and many a well-laden vineyard gives promise of future joy, while at the mountain’s base the city sits crowned by the honors of literature and art. Who shall suspect such fair scenes of promise? Yet but a day is past when the mountain, no longer lapped in serene beauty, shakes in anger to its very foundation, and those joyous slopes are ablaze with rivers of hissing lava, while the queenly city recoils in the convulsions of earthquake. Alas! is there no one to read the signs of the times? Paris now is radiant with a dreamy and evanescent bliss. Yet some of these very circles, now so gay, shall have



THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

another reunion in the grim chamber of the Tribunal, and their blood shall mingle in the gurgling stream fed by the axe. Maximilian Robespierre, and the relentless Fouquier Tinville are children now, but childish sports must soon give way to the scenes of their advancing destiny. Louis is a spoiled boy in the palace of his ancient line, while far away the daughter of Maria Theresa, a princess lovely and serene, graces the courtly halls of the Hapsburgs. But those happy hours of childhood shall soon be past, and bidding farewell to the palace which once echoed with the glorious shout "*moriamur pro rege nostro*," she shall commence that career of sorrow which has consecrated the name of Marie Antoinette.

Hume's sojourn at Paris initiated that unfortunate intimacy with Rousseau which is the only exciting episode in his life, and which, however painful or grotesque, redeems it from utter tameness. Their union was that of extremes; the Scotchman was fat, cold and judicious, while the Swiss was meagre, nervous, impulsive, and variable as the wind. He had abandoned his residence in Neuchâtel for one in Berne, whence he had been expelled by order of the council, and the wanderer found refuge in Paris. Here he was received with marked distinction, and Paris entertained at the same time the founders of two great schools of Infidelity—the passionate and the utilitarian.

Rousseau was then, as he has been ever since, a paradox—a commingling of genius, misery, and crime. Among his gifts he claimed to enjoy divine communication, and had he lived in the present day might have flourished as a medium in the later heresy of spiritualism, and added this distinction to that of authorship. Hume was rich and influential—Rousseau was homeless and poor, save in alternate raptures and tears,

and in ecstasies of confidence and gratitude. Hume kindly brought the exile to England, and undertook his gratuitous support. It was a sad day in the life of the philosopher, and the controversy which ensued was so vexatious that all allusion to it is omitted in his autobiography. Rousseau proved utterly unmanageable; his moods varied momentarily. From joy to grief—from confidence to suspicion—from friendship to hatred—from peace to frenzy, was the transition of an instant. No abode could satisfy him—no arrangement could afford content. One cottage after another was put to the trial, but all proved in vain, and like the old man of Oriental fiction, he hung upon his host, a hopeless incumbrance.

Hume denied the doctrine of a Divine Providence, but it seems to us that in this affair the wise dealing of a Providence is manifest. It was an unanswerable argument, brought home by bitter experience. Indeed, the whole affair appears but the natural fruit of that dismal unbelief of which each made his boast.

The unrest which vexed Rousseau was of a nature common to the unbelieving world. It arose from the disquietude of a soul banished from its God. He only shared the wretchedness of all who reject Christianity, though it was aggravated by the morbid sensitiveness of his nervous system. Although his mind was thoroughly diseased, and had become, as Byron says, "Suspicion's sanctuary," there was a balm in the despised Gospel which, as in the case of poor Cowper, could have brought health and cure. The same cheering influences which occasionally broke the horrid gloom of the hypochondriac of Olney could have gladdened the miserable Swiss. Yet when we consider how earnestly Hume labored to deprive mankind of the Gospel, we cannot wonder that he

should receive a lesson through one who, like him, gloried in its loss. Here was a valuable train of reasoning opened before him. If he found his scoffing guest to be malignant, treacherous, and ungrateful, it was at least certain that these were not to be imputed to "superstition," or "fanaticism," or "bigotry;" and thus, after pursuing Christianity with unrelenting bitterness during the best years of his life, he finds his worst enemy not in her ranks, but in those of his miserable allies.*

Infidelity, at best, is not favorable to strong friendship, and in this case the literary circles of three nations were amused by the wrangling of a brace of anti-Christian philosophers.

* "We hold it a most valid testimony when those very men who undertake to tutor the species in virtue, apart from Godliness, are rendered heartless by disappointment, and take revenge on their disciples by pouring forth the effusions of bitterest misanthropy against them. Rousseau was one of those to whom we allude. He may be regarded as having in effect abjured Christianity and betaken himself to the enterprise of humanizing the world, on other principles; and from the bower of romance and sensibility did he send forth the lessons that were to recall our wandering race to the primitive innocence from which art, and science, and society had seduced it. And year after year did he ply all Europe with the spells of a most magical and captivating eloquence. Nor were there wanting many admirers, who worshipped him while he lived, and who, when he died, went like devotees on a pilgrimage to his tomb. But the ill-fated Rousseau lived long enough to mourn over the vanity of his own beautiful speculations, and was heard to curse the very Nature he had so long idolized; and instead of humanity capable of being raised to the elevation of a Godlike virtue, did he himself pronounce of humanity that it was deeply tainted with some sore and irrecoverable disease. And it is indeed a striking attestation from him of the depravity of our race that, ere he ended his career, he became sick of that very world which he had vainly tried to regenerate—renouncing all brotherhood with his own species, and loudly proclaiming to all his fellows how much he hated, and execrated, and abjured them."—*Chalmers*.

Hume's ill-judgment was shown by the explanation which he published, in order to correct the mis-statements of his enemy. The affair had already been ventilated in the public journals, but now it took the more dignified aspect of a war of pamphlets. That the public might lose nothing of so interesting a controversy, the London caricaturists afforded humorous illustrations, and the unfortunate pair were thus exhibited at shop-windows and in coffee-rooms. After spending a year in England, Rousseau returned to the Continent in disgust, and his unfortunate host, after a long season, during which study was exchanged for literary martyrdom, was enabled to retreat into what he calls "the calm and obscure regions of philosophy."

Hume's latter days were spent in Edinburgh. He died in 1776, bequeathing to his admirers a better character than prevails generally in their ranks. His calm and massive intellect seemed to shrink from vice, while as a philosopher he cherished the virtues. Though unchanged in his convictions, he still sometimes attended church. He not only admired Whitefield, but it is even said that he rebuked the housemaid for neglecting worship; and at last he closed his career—dying, as Dr. Black states, like a philosopher.

We gladly concede all these negative features, for they are all that can be urged in favor of one whose doctrines have wrought the ruin of multitudes—all that can be offered in extenuation for the poisoned pages of his Materialism, or his Apology for Suicide. While reading his works we seem to approach the giant who wielded the pen as fatally as others have wielded the sword. He looms up before us in all the greatness of intellect, and yet the statued form, like one cursed ages ago, reminds us of a pillar of salt. Insulated by

his own confessions of misery, he remains still in that desert into which he forced his way; and yet not altogether alone. for there his baleful shadow falls on those disciples who have followed him to his drear abode.

We have referred to that long and cheerless night which once enveloped Scotland in shadow. After nearly a century, morning broke upon the nation. The awakening in her church, which may date from the death of the brilliant and lamented Urquhart, has inspired not only her pulpit but all departments of science and education with newness of life. That piety which Hume aspersed has exalted his country to an elevation of which he could not have dreamed. The Gospel which he sought to destroy has given it a Chalmers, an Alexander Duff, and a Hugh Miller—and above all, its Free Church, the most illustrious of its honors. And in that very city, where an hundred years ago he drivelled to Charon of the “superstition” whose downfall he might soon witness, Christianity stands stronger and purer than ever before; and youth can be found in almost every hamlet in the land who can refute the Argument against Miracles, and rip up the meshes of its sophistry.

* * * * *

The final triumph of Christianity over all forms of error and unbelief is illustrated by the devices which mark the tomb which contains the remains of Scotland's Infidel philosopher. As the tourist wanders through the Calton Hill graveyard, in Edinburgh, he will note among the mouldering monuments of ancient chieftains, and those still more sacred, which honor the names of martyrs, a small circular tower, surmounted by the cross. This tower marks the family tomb of the Humes, and beneath it the remains of the philosopher

rest by the side of those of his kindred, while over him, as though in solemn triumph, is reared the great symbol of that faith on which he made war. Here we recognize the hand of that Divine Providence which he denied and ridiculed, and which thus compels the very dust of the unbeliever to witness for Christ.

To increase the impressive lesson thus taught, we read upon the same tower the following touching and beautiful scripture: "*Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.*" How complete the antithesis between the Infidel and the legend and symbol which mark his tomb! The latter are no doubt to be ascribed to the piety of some of the later members of his family, who thus openly repudiate the errors of their great but blinded kinsman. It is a scene which revives the words of Scripture, and they seem here to be spoken to the very heart:

"THIS IS THE STONE WHICH WAS SET AT NOUGHT OF YOU BUILDERS, WHICH IS BECOME THE HEAD OF THE CORNER."



THE INFIDEL'S DEATH-BED

THE AUTHOR ADDS, AS AN APPENDIX, THE FOLLOWING SKETCHES,
EXTRACTED FROM THE WORKS OF THE LATE REV. DR. JOHN M. MASON, OF
NEW YORK.

THE INFIDEL'S DEATH-BED.

Letter from Adam Smith, L.L.D., to William Strahan, Esq., giving some account of MR. HUME, during his last sickness.

KIRKALDY, Fife Shire, Nov. 9, 1776.

DEAR SIR,—It is with a real, though a very melancholy pleasure, that I sit down to give you some account of the behaviour of our late excellent friend, Mr. Hume, during his last illness. Though, in his own judgment, his disease was mortal and incurable, yet he allowed himself to be prevailed upon, by the entreaty of his friends, to try what might be the effects of a long journey. A few days before he set out, he wrote that account of his own life, which together with his other papers, he left to your care. My account, therefore, shall begin where his ends.

He set out for London towards the end of April, and at Morpeth met with Mr. John Home and myself, who had both come down from London on purpose to see him, expecting to have found him at Edinburgh. Mr. Home returned with him, and attended him during the whole of his stay in

England, with that care and attention which might be expected from a temper so perfectly friendly and affectionate. As I had written to my mother that she might expect me in Scotland, I was under the necessity of continuing my journey. His disease seemed to yield to exercise and change of air; and when he arrived in London, he was apparently in much better health than when he left Edinburgh. He was advised to go to Bath to drink the waters, which appeared for some time to have so good an effect upon him, that even he himself began to entertain, what he was not apt to do, a better opinion of his own health. His symptoms, however, soon returned with their usual violence; and from that moment he gave up all thoughts of recovery, but submitted with the utmost cheerfulness, and the most perfect complacency and resignation. Upon his return to Edinburgh, though he found himself much weaker, yet his cheerfulness never abated, and he continued to divert himself, as usual, with correcting his own works for a new edition, with reading books of amusement, with the conversation of his friends; and, sometimes in the evening, with a party at his favorite game of whist. His cheerfulness was so great, and his conversation and amusements run so much in their usual strain, that, notwithstanding all bad symptoms, many people could not believe he was dying. "I shall tell your friend, Colonel Edmondstone," said Doctor Dundas to him one day, "that I left you much better, and in a fair way of recovery." "Doctor," said he, "as I believe you would not choose to tell anything but the truth, you had better tell him that I am dying as fast as my enemies, if I have any, could wish, and as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire."

Colonel Edmondstone soon after came to see him, and take

leave of him; and on his way home, he could not forbear writing him a letter, bidding him once more an eternal adieu, and applying to him, as to a dying man, the beautiful French verses, in which the Abbe Chaulieu, in expectation of his own death, laments his approaching separation from his friend, the Marquis De La Fare.

Mr. Hume's magnanimity and firmness were such, that his most affectionate friends knew that they hazarded nothing in talking or writing to him as to a dying man, and that so far from being hurt by this frankness, he was rather pleased and flattered by it. I happened to come into his room while he was reading this letter, which he had just received, and which he immediately showed me. I told him, that though I was sensible how very much he was weakened, and that appearances were in many respects very bad, yet his cheerfulness was still so great, the spirit of life seemed to be still so very strong in him, that I could not help entertaining some faint hopes. He answered, "Your hopes are groundless. An habitual diarrhœa of more than a year's standing, would be a very bad disease at any age: at my age it is a mortal one. When I lie down in the evening, I feel myself weaker than when I rose in the morning; and when I rise in the morning, I feel myself weaker than when I lay down in the evening. I am sensible, besides, that some of my vital parts are affected, so that I must soon die." "Well," said I, "if it must be so, you have at least the satisfaction of leaving all your friends, your brother's family in particular, in great prosperity." He said that he felt that satisfaction so sensibly, that when he was reading, a few days before, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon, for not entering readily into his boat, he could not find one that

fitted him; he had no house to finish, he had no daughter to provide for, he had no enemies upon whom he wished to revenge himself. "I could not well imagine," said he, "what excuse I could make to Charon, in order to obtain a little delay. I have done everything of consequence which I ever meant to do; and I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them; I, therefore, have all reason to die contented." He then diverted himself with inventing several jocular excuses which he supposed he might make to Charon, and with imagining the very surly answers which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them. "Upon further consideration," said he, "I thought I might say to him, 'Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time that I may see how the public receives the alterations.' But Charon would answer, 'When you have seen the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses; so, honest friend, please step into the boat.' But I might still urge, 'Have a little patience, good Charon; I have been endeavoring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition.' But Charon would then lose all temper and decency. 'You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a time? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy, loitering rogue.'"

But, though Mr. Hume always talked of his approaching dissolution with great cheerfulness, he never affected to make any parade of his magnanimity. He never mentioned the

subject but when the conversation naturally led to it, and dwelt no longer upon it than the conversation happened to require: it was a subject, indeed, which occurred pretty frequently, in consequence of the inquiries which his friends, who came to see him, naturally made concerning the state of his health. The conversation which I mentioned above, and which passed on Thursday, the 8th of August, was the last, except one, that I ever had with him. He had now become so very weak, that the company of his most intimate friends fatigued him; for his cheerfulness was still so great, his complaisance and social disposition were still so entire, that when any friend was with him, he could not help talking more, and with greater exertion, than suited the weakness of his body. At his own desire, therefore, I agreed to leave Edinburgh, where I was staying partly upon his account, and returned to my mother's house here, at Kirkaldy, upon condition that he would send for me whenever he wished to see me; the physician who saw him most frequently, Dr. Black, undertaking in the meantime to write me occasionally an account of the state of his health. On the 22d of August, the Doctor wrote me the following letter:

“Since my last, Mr. Hume has passed his time pretty easily, but is much weaker. He sits up, goes down stairs once a day, and amuses himself with reading, but seldom sees anybody. He finds that even the conversation of his most intimate friends fatigues and oppresses him; and it is happy that he does not need it, for he is quite free from anxiety, impatience, or low spirits; and passes his time very well, with the assistance of amusing books.”

I received, the day after, a letter from Mr. Hume myself, of which the following is an extract:

EDINBURGH, 23 August, 1776.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I am obliged to make use of my nephew's hand in writing to you, as I do not rise to-day.

* * * * *

I go very fast to decline, and last night had a small fever, which I hoped might put a quicker period to this tedious illness, but unluckily it has, in a great measure, gone off. I cannot submit to your coming over here on my account, as it is possible for me to see you so small a part of the day; but Doctor Black can better inform you concerning the degree of strength which may from time to time remain with me. Adieu, &c.

Three days after, I received the following letter from Dr. Black:

EDINBURGH, Monday, Aug. 26, 1776.

DEAR SIR,—Yesterday, about four o'clock, afternoon, Mr. Hume expired. The near approach of his death became evident in the night between Thursday and Friday, when his disease became excessive, and soon weakened him so much, that he could no longer rise out of his bed. He continued to the last perfectly sensible, and free from much pain or feelings of distress. He never dropped the smallest expression of impatience; but when he had occasion to speak to the people about him, he always did it with affection and tenderness. I thought it improper to write to bring you over, especially as I heard that he dictated a letter to you, desiring you not to come. When he became very weak, it cost him an effort to speak, and he died in such a happy composure of mind that nothing could exceed it.

Thus died our most excellent and never-to-be-forgotten friend; concerning whose philosophical opinions men will no doubt judge variously, every one approving or condemning them, according as they happen to coincide or disagree with his own; but concerning whose character and conduct there can scarce be a difference of opinion. His temper, indeed, seemed to be more happily balanced, if I may be allowed such an expression, than that perhaps of any other man I have ever known. Even in the lowest state of his fortune, his great and necessary frugality never hindered him from exercising, upon proper occasions, acts both of charity and generosity. It was a frugality founded not upon avarice, but upon the love of independency. The extreme gentleness of his nature never weakened either the firmness of his mind or the steadiness of his resolutions. His constant pleasantry was the genuine effusion of good nature and good humor, tempered with delicacy and modesty, and without even the slightest tincture of malignity, so frequently the disagreeable source of what is called wit in other men. It never was the meaning of his raillery to mortify; and, therefore, far from offending, it seldom failed to please and delight even those who were the objects of it. To his friends, who were frequently the objects of it, there was not perhaps any one of all his great and amiable qualities which contributed more to endear his conversation. And that gaiety of temper, so agreeable in society, but which is often accompanied with frivolous and superficial qualities, was, in him, certainly attended with the most severe application, the most extensive learning, the greatest depth of thought, and a capacity in every respect the most comprehensive. Upon the whole, I have always con-

sidered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit.

I ever am,

Dear Sir,

Most affectionately yours,

ADAM SMITH.

*Some of the last choice words of DOCTOR SAMUEL FINLEY,
President of the College of New Jersey.*

Friday, July 11, 1776.—The Rev. Mr. Richard Treat came to visit the Doctor, who desired that he would pray by him. Being asked what he should pray for, he answered, “Beseech God that he would be pleased to let me feel just as I did at that time when I first closed with Christ, at which time I could scarce contain myself out of heaven.”

Dr. S. acquainted him that he could live but a few days longer; at which he lifted up his eyes with much composure, saying, “Then, welcome, Lord Jesus.” He declared himself under the greatest obligations to the doctor for his kind and diligent attendance during his illness, and said, “I owe a large catalogue of debts to my friends, which will never be charged to my account; God will discharge them for me.”

July 13th, Lord’s-day, noon.—Dr. C. came to his bed-side, and told him there appeared a very visible alteration in his countenance, by which he judged death was not far off. He raised himself upon his pillow, and broke out, “Then may the Lord bring me *near* to himself—I have waited with a *Canaan hunger* for the promised land—I have often wondered, that God suffered me to live—I have wondered more that ever he called me to be a minister of his word. He has often afforded me much strength, and though I have abused it, he has returned in mercy. Oh! how sweet are the promises of God! Oh! that I could see him as I have seen him hereto-

fore in his sanctuary! Although I have earnestly desired death as the hireling pants for the evening shade, yet will I wait my appointed time. I have struggled with principalities and powers, and have been brought almost to despair—Lord let it suffice.”

He now closed his eyes, and fervently prayed that God would show him his glory before he departed hence—that he would enable him to endure patiently to the end—and particularly, that he might be kept from dishonoring the ministry. He resumed his discourse, saying, “I can truly say that I have loved the service of God—I know not in what language to speak of my own unworthiness; I have been undutiful; I have honestly endeavored to act for God, but with much weakness and corruption.” Here he lay down, and spoke as follows: “A Christian’s death is the best part of his existence. The Lord has made provision for the whole way, provision for the soul and for the body! Oh! that I could recollect sabbath blessings! The Lord has given me many souls as a crown of my rejoicing. Blessed be God, eternal rest is at hand; eternity is long enough to enjoy my God. This has animated me in my severest studies. I was ashamed to take rest here. Oh! that I could be filled with the fulness of God! that fulness which fills heaven!”

One asked him, if it was in his choice either to live or to die, which he would prefer? He replied, “To *die*. Though I cannot but say, I feel the same difficulty with St. Paul. But should God, by a miracle prolong my life, I will still continue to serve him: his service has ever been sweet to me. I have loved it much. I have tried my Master’s yoke, and will never shrink my neck from it. His yoke is easy, and his burden light.”

"You are more cheerful, sir," said one of the company. "Yes, I rise or fall as eternal rest appears nearer or further off."

It being observed to him, that he always used that expression, "*Dear Lord*," in his prayers; he answered, "Oh! he is very dear, very precious indeed! How pretty for a minister to die upon the sabbath! I expect to spend the remaining part of this sabbath in heaven."

One said, "You will soon be joined to a blessed society; you will for ever converse with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with the spirits of just men made perfect, with old friends, and many old-fashioned people. "Yes, sir," he replied with a smile, "but they are a most polite people now."

He frequently expressed great gratitude to his friends around him, but very particularly to the kind family he was in; and said, "May the Lord repay you for your tenderness of me; may he bless you abundantly, not only with temporal but spiritual blessings." Addressing himself to all that were present, he said, "Oh that each of you may experience what, blessed be God, I do, when ye come to die! May you have the pleasure of reflecting in a dying hour, that with *faith* and *patience*, *zeal* and *sincerity*, you have endeavored to serve the Lord; that each of you may be impressed, as I have been, with God's word, looking upon it as substantial, and not only fearing, but unwilling to offend against it."

To a person about to return to Princeton, he said, "Give my love to the people of Princeton; tell them I am going to die, and that I am not afraid of death." He would sometimes cry out, "The Lord Jesus take care of his cause in the world."

Monday, 14th.—Waking this morning, "Oh! what a dis-

appointment have I met with; I expected this morning to have been in heaven!" "His great weakness prevented his much speaking to-day: what few words he uttered, breathed the language of triumph.

Tuesday, 15th.—With a pleasing smile and strong voice he cried out, "Oh! I shall triumph over every foe! The Lord hath given me the victory! I exult, I triumph! Oh! that I could see untainted purity! Now I know that it is impossible that faith should not triumph over earth and hell; I think I have nothing to do now but to die. Perhaps I have; Lord, show me my task."

After expressing some fears that he did not endeavor to preserve his remaining life through eagerness to depart, and being told he did nothing inconsistent with self-preservation, he said, "Lord Jesus, into thine hands I commit my spirit. *I do it with confidence, I do it with full assurance.* I know that thou wilt keep that which I have committed unto thee. I have been dreaming too fast of the time of my departure. I find it does not come; but the Lord is faithful, and will not tarry beyond his appointed time."

When one who attended him told him his pulse grew weaker, he expressed with pleasure, that it was well. He often would put forth his hand to his physicians, and ask them how his pulse beat; and would rejoice when he was told it was fluttering or irregular.

In the afternoon, the Rev. Mr. Spencer came to see him, and said, "I am come, dear sir, to hear you confirm by facts the gospel you have preached. Pray how do you feel?" The doctor replied, "Full of triumph. I triumph through Christ. Nothing clips my wings but the thoughts of my dissolution being prolonged. Oh! that it was to-night. My

very soul thirsts for eternal rest." Mr. Spencer asked him, what he saw in eternity to excite such vehement desires in his soul? He replied, "I see a God of love and goodness—I see the fulness of my Mediator—I see the love of Jesus. Oh! to be dissolved; to be with him! I long to be clothed with the complete righteousness of Christ, not only imputed, but inherent." He desired Mr. Spencer to pray before they parted. "Pray that God will preserve me from evil—that he would keep me from dishonoring his great name in this critical hour; and support me in my passage *through the valley of the shadow of death.*"

He spent the remaining part of the day in bidding farewell to and blessing his friends; and exhorting such of his children as were with him. He would frequently cry out, "Why move the tardy hours so slow?"

July 16th, his speech failed him. He made many efforts to speak, but seldom so distinct as to be understood. Mr. Roberdeau desired him to give some token whereby his friends might know whether he still continued to triumph. He lifted up his hands and said, "Yes." This afternoon he uttered several sentences, but little could be collected from them.

Some of his very last words concerning himself were, "After one or two more engagements the conflict will be over." About nine o'clock he fell into a sound sleep, and appeared much freer from pain than for several days before. He continued to sleep, without moving in the least, till one o'clock; when he expired without a sigh or a groan, or any kind of motion sufficient to alarm his wife, and those friends who were about his bed. During his whole sickness, he was never heard to utter one repining word. He was at times

tortured with the most excruciating pains; yet he expressed in all his behavior an entire resignation to the divine will. In all his affecting farewells to his relations and friends, he was never seen to shed a tear, or show the least mark of sorrow. He often checked his affectionate wife when she was weeping; and he expressed his unshaken confidence in the promises of his God, whenever he spoke of his dear children.

His truly polite behavior continued to the last, and manifested itself whenever he called for a drop of drink to wet his lips. Every one around him was treated with that same sweetness and ease that were so peculiar and natural to him. In fine, he was a most striking example of that *faith* which kindles love in the heart, and produces the sweet fruits of meekness, gentleness, patience, and every Christian grace and virtue.

*Remarks on the preceding accounts of the death of DAVID
HUME, ESQ., and SAMUEL FINLEY, D. D.*

THE common sense and feelings of mankind have always taught them to consider death as a most awful and interesting event. If it were nothing more than a separation from all that we love in this world—the dissolution of our bodies—and the termination of our present mode of existence—there would be sufficient reason for approaching it with tender and solemn reflection. But when we add those anticipations of which very few, if any, can wholly divest themselves; that scene of “untried being,” which lies before us; and especially *that* eternity which the Christian revelation unfolds, death becomes an object of unutterable moment; and every sober thought of it bears upon the heart with a weight of solicitude which it is not in the power of unaided reason to remove. The mere *possibility* of our living hereafter, is enough to engage the attention of a wise man: the *probability* of it is too grave and affecting to leave an excuse for indifference: and the *certainly* with which the scriptures speak of it, as of an immortality of blessedness or of woe, allows to light and ludicrous speculations concerning it, no other character than that of the insanity of wickedness. •

When that hour draws nigh which shall close the business of life, and summon the spirit to the bar of “God who gave it,” all the motives to deception cease, and those false reason-

ings which blind the judgment are dissipated. It is the hour of truth and of sincerity. Such at least, is the *general* fact which cannot be invalidated by the concession that, in some instances, men have been found to cherish their infatuations, and practice their knavery, to the very last. Their number, in places which enjoy the pure gospel, the only ones in our present view, is too small to make any perceptible difference in the amount; or to disparage that respectful credence with which the rustic and the sage listen to the testimony of a dying bed.

By this testimony the "gospel of the grace of God," has obtained, among every people and in every age, such strong confirmation, and has carried into the human conscience such irresistible appeals for its truth, its power, and its glorious excellency, that its enemies have labored with all their might to discredit these triumphs. They have attacked the principle upon which the testimony of a dying believer rests. They have said that the mind, being necessarily enfeebled by the ravages of mortal disease upon the body, is not a competent judge of its own operations—that the looks, the tears, the whole conduct of surrounding friends, excite artificial emotions in the dying—that superstition has a prodigious ascendancy over their imagination—that their joyful impressions of heaven are the mere reveries of a disturbed brain—that their serenity, their steady hope, their placid faith, are only the natural consequence of long habit, which never operates more freely than when the faculty of reflection is impaired. All this, and more like this, do unhappy mortals who take or pretend to take, pleasure in putting an extinguisher upon the light of life, detail with an air of superiority, as if they had fallen upon a discovery which merits the plau-

dits of the world. But were it even so—were the Christian victory over death only a dream, it is a dream so sweet and blessed, that with the scourger of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophy, I should "account that man a villain that awoke me—awoke me to truth and misery."* But I am not going to discuss this question. The poor Infidel does not believe himself, and why should others believe him? With one breath he endeavors to cry down the argument to be derived in favor of their religion, from the peaceful death of Christians; and with the next to enlist it in his own service. He omits no opportunity of celebrating the intrepidity of composure displayed by sceptical brethren in their last moments. Let the letter of Dr. Adam Smith, concerning the death of David Hume, Esq., be a proof. Every sentence betrays his anxiety to set off his friend to the best advantage. The dullest observer cannot but perceive his design to compare Mr. Hume, dying an Infidel, with a Christian dying in the faith of Jesus. Let us draw out, at length, that comparison which he has only insinuated; and that the effect may be more decisive, let us remember that the whole annals of unbelief do not furnish a more favorable example than he has selected. Mr. Hume was a man of undisputed genius. His versatile talent, his intense application, his large acquirements, and his uncommon acuteness, place him, perhaps, at the head of those enemies of revelation who attempt to *reason*; as Voltaire stands without a rival among those who only *scoff*. He had, besides, what rarely belongs to the ascertained Infidel, a good moral reputation. We mean, that he was not addicted to

* Hunter's view of the philosophical character and writings of Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

lewdness, to drunkenness, to knavery, to profane swearing,* or any of those grosser vices which are the natural and ordi-

* On further recollection, we are compelled to deduct from Mr. Hume's morality his freedom from profane swearing. For, in an account of the life and writings of the Rev. Dr. Robertson, the great historian, drawn up by Professor Dugald Stewart, there is a letter from Mr. Hume to the doctor, in which he descends to the coarse and vulgar profanity of the ale-house and the main-deck. To ask his *reverend* correspondent, the principal of the University of Edinburgh—the ecclesiastical premier of the church of Scotland, "What *the devil* he had to do with that old-fashioned, dangling word, *wherewith?*"—and to tell him, "I will see you d——d sooner," viz. than "swallow your *hath*."*—are such gross violations of decency, that unless Mr. Hume had been *accustomed* to adorn his speech with similar expletives, they never could have found their way into a familiar letter, much less into a letter designed for the eye of a man to whom, considering his *profession* only, they were a direct insult. We do not wonder that Mr. Stuart should "hesitate about the propriety of subjecting to the criticisms of the world so careless an effusion." But knowing, as we do, the urbanity of that gentleman's manners, the elegance of his mind, and his high sense of decorum, we much wonder that his hesitation had not a different issue. We fear that all men of sobriety—we are sure that all men of religion—will refuse to accept Mr. Hume's "gaiety and affection" as an apology for his vileness, or to let it pass off under the mask of "playful and good-natured irony." If a philosopher's "affection" must vent itself in ribaldry—if he cannot be "playful and good-natured" without plundering the waterman and scavenger of their appropriate phraseology, we own that his conversation has no attractions for us. Such a "glimpse" as this letter affords of the "writer and his correspondent in the habits of private intercourse" is far from "suggesting not unpleasing pictures of the hours which they borrowed from business and study." But the most melancholy reflection is, that such intimacies and correspondences furnish an index of Dr. Robertson's own character. The Infidels never allowed that he had anything of the Christian minister but his canonicals and his sermons. With these exceptions they claimed him as their own, and their claim appears to have been too well founded.

* An account of the Life and Writings of William Robertson, D.D., prefixed to his works, pp. 80, 81.

nary companions of enmity to the gospel. For otherwise, as he labored to unsettle all fixed principles of belief; to overturn the whole system of moral obligation; to obliterate a sense of God's authority from the conscience; and positively to inculcate the innocence of the greatest crimes, he must be accounted one of the most flagitiously immoral men that ever lived.

His panegyrist, too, was a man of superior parts and profound erudition. The name of *Adam Smith* will always rank high in the republic of letters, and will never be pronounced but with respect by the political economist. Mr. Hume can have lost nothing, has possibly gained much, by the pen of his friend. Taking him, therefore, as the letter to Mr. Strahan represents him, let us contrast him with that servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, *Dr. Samuel Finley*.

Whatever be a man's opinions, one of his most rational occupations in the prospect of leaving the world is to look back upon the manner in which he has passed through it, to compare his duties with his conduct, and to inquire how far he deserves the approbation or the reproach of his own conscience. With a Christian, this admits not of dispute. Nor will it be disputed by a Deist, who professes his faith in the being and providence of God, and a state of rewards and punishments hereafter proportioned to the degree of crime or of virtue here. To such a one it is, upon his own principles, a question of unspeakable importance, whether he shall commence his future existence with hopes of happiness or with fears of misery; especially as he relies much upon the efficacy of penitence and prayer in procuring forgiveness of his faults, indulgence to his infirmities, and a general mitigation of whatever is unfavorable. Nay, the mortal Deist, or the

Atheist himself, for they are not worth the trouble of a distinction, ought, for their own sakes in this life, to be so employed. If with the rejection of all religious constraint, they have not also uprooted every affection of their nature, nothing could afford them more gratification in the evening of their days than the consciousness of their having contributed something to the mass of human comfort. In short, whether we argue upon Christian or unchristian grounds, it can be the interest of none but the worthless and the malignant to shut their eyes upon their own history, and sink down in death as a bullock drops under the knife of his executioner.

Yet strange as it may appear, and inconsistent as it certainly is with his high pretensions, there are few things so rare as a dying Infidel taking a deliberate retrospect of life. We say a *deliberate retrospect*; for it is undeniable, that on many of those, who, like the apostate Julian, waged implacable war with the Galilean, conscience, recovering from its slumbers, has at the hour of death, or the apprehension of it, forced an unwilling and tormenting recollection of their deeds. The point of honor in their philosophy seems to be, and their utmost attainment is, to keep completely out of view both the past and the future. This was evidently the case with Mr. Hume. Read over again Dr. Smith's letter to Mr. Strahan, and you will not find a syllable from which you could gather that there is an hereafter, a providence, or a God—not a sentence to indicate that Mr. Hume believed he had ever committed a sin, or was in any respect an accountable being.

Turn now away from the philosopher, and hear what a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ has to say. Melting into gratitude for that mercy which he had received from his

heavenly Father, he goes back to the commencement of his Christian course, and desires his friend to pray that God “would be pleased to let him feel just as he did at that time when he first closed with Christ,” and the rapture of his soul came near to the blessedness of heaven. With deep humility he owns his sinfulness; not a whisper of extenuation or apology does he utter—“I know not in what language to speak of my own unworthiness—I have been undutiful.” But with great tenderness, as in the presence of the Omniscient, he attests his satisfaction with time spent in his Christian duties and enjoyments. “I can truly say, that I have loved the service of God—I have honestly endeavored to act for God, but with much weakness and corruption—I have tried my Master’s yoke, and will never shrink my neck from it.” That he had been useful to others and instrumental in their salvation, was to him a source of pure and elevated joy. “The Lord has given me many souls as a crown of my rejoicing.”

What think you, now, reader, of Mr. Hume and Dr. Finley, with regard to their retrospect of life? Who evinces most of the good and the virtuous man? Whose reflections, is it reasonable to conclude, were the most delightful? *His*, who let none of them escape his lips? or *his*, whose words were inadequate to express their abundance or their sweetness? No; the one had not delightful recollections to communicate. High happiness is never selfish. The overflowing heart pours off its exuberance into the bosom of a friend. And had Mr. H. had anything of this sort to impart, his companions and encomiasts would have shared in his pleasure, and would not have forgotten to tell the world of its luxury. Their silence is a sufficient comment.

Let us extend our comparison to a particular, which, more than almost anything else, touches the pride of philosophy; we mean the *dignity* displayed by the Infidel and by the Christian respectively.

Ask Dr. Smith. He will tell you that at the very time when he knew his dissolution was near, Mr. Hume continued to "divert himself as usual, with correcting his own works for a new edition: with reading books of amusement; with the conversation of his friends; and sometimes, in the evening, with a party at his favorite game of whist." Behold the dying occupation of a captain of Infidelity! Of one who is eulogized "as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as perhaps the nature of human frailty will admit"—his most serious employment is "diverting himself." Just about to yield up his last breath, and "diverting himself!" *From* what? Let them answer who know that there are apt to be troublesome visitors to the imagination and the conscience of one who has prostituted his powers to the purpose of spreading rebellion against the God who made him! "Diverting himself!" *With* what? With correcting his *own works* for a new edition! a considerable portion of which "works" is destined to prove that justice, mercy, faith, and all the circle of both the duties and charities, are obligatory only because they are useful; and, by consequence, that their opposites shall be obligatory when they shall appear to be more useful—that the religion of the Lord Jesus, which has "brought life and immortality to light," is an imposture—that adultery is a bagatelle, and suicide a virtue! *With* what? With reading books of *amusement*. The adventures of Don Quixote; the tales of the genii; a novel, a tragedy, a farce, a collection of sonnets; anything but

those sober and searching treatises which are fit for one who "considers his latter end." *With* what? *With* what? *With* the conversation of his friends, such as Dr. Smith, and Dr. Black, another famous Infidel, who, as they had nothing inviting to discuss about futurity, and Mr. Hume could not bear the fatigue of abstruse speculation, must have entertained him with all that *jejune* small talk which makes great wits look so very contemptible when they have nothing to say. *With* what? *With* an evening party at his favorite game of whist? A card-table! and all that nauseous gabble for which the card-table is renowned! The question is to be decided, whether such stupendous faculties as had been lavished upon Mr. Hume were to be blasted into annihilation, or expanded to the vision and fruition of the INFINITE GOOD, or converted into inlets of endless pain, despair, and horror? A question which might convulse the abyss, and move the thrones of heaven—and while the decision is preparing—preparing for *him*, Mr. H. sits down to a gaming-board, with gambling companions, to be "diverted" with the chances of the cards and the edifying conversation to which they give rise! Such is the *dignity* of this almost "perfectly wise and virtuous man!" Such a *philosopher's* preparation for death!

Let us leave him at the card-table, and pay a second visit to Dr. Finley. From his gracious lips not a trifling word escapes. In his ardent soul, now ready to speed its flight to the spirits of the just, there is no room for "diversion," for "correcting" compositions, for "books of amusement," or for "games of whist." The everlasting life of those around him—the spiritual prosperity of a congregation dear to him—the interests of his Redeemer among the nations—these, these are the themes which fill his thoughts and dwell

upon his tongue. "Oh that each of you," says he, to the spectators of his pain, "may experience what, blessed be God, I do, when ye come to die." "Give my love to the people of Princeton; tell them that I am going to die, and that I am not afraid of death. The Lord Jesus take care of his cause in the world."

The manner in which Mr. H. and Dr. F. directly contemplated death, and the effects of death, presents another strong point of contrast.

It is evident from the whole of Dr. Smith's narrative, that the former confined or wished to confine his view to the mere *physical* event—to the bodily anguish which it might create, and its putting a period to earthly enjoyments. The whole of the philosopher's "magnanimity" centres here. Allowing to his composure under these views of death as much as can reasonably be demanded, we do not perceive in it *all* that "magnanimity" which is perceived by Dr. S. Thousands, who had no pretensions to philosophical preëminence, have been Mr. H.'s equals on this ground. If he had succeeded in persuading himself, as his writings tend to persuade others, that the spirit of man, like the spirit of a beast, "goeth downwards;" that when the breath should leave his body, there would be an end of Mr. Hume; that the only change would be to "turn a few ounces of blood into a different channel"—to vary the form of a cluster of corpuscles, or to scatter a bundle of perceptions up and down through that huge collection of impressions and ideas, that stupendous mass of *nothings* of which his philosophy had sagaciously discovered the whole material and intellectual world to be composed—if *this* were all, we cannot discern in what his magnanimity consisted. It is chiefly as a *moral* event that death is interesting—as an

event which, instead of putting an end to our existence, only introduces us to a mode of existence as much more interesting than the present as eternity is more interesting than time.

It is this view that chiefly engaged the attention of Dr. Finley. In common with others he was to undergo the pains of dissolution. But he rested not in these. He fixed his eye upon that new form which all his relations to God, to holiness, to sin, and the inhabitants of the future world, were shortly to assume. The reader, we doubt not, perceives the immense disparity between these cases. Mr. H. looks at death as it affects the affairs of this world. Dr. F. as it involves eternal issues. Mr. H., according to his own notions, had nothing to encounter but the struggles of nature, and nothing to lose but a few temporal enjoyments. Before Dr. F. was the tribunal of God, and the stake at hazard was an immortal soul. An error here is irretrievable; the very thought of its possibility is enough to shake every fibre of the frame; and proportionably precious and certain must be that religion which can assure the believer of his safety, and convey him with peacefulness and pleasure to his Father's house.

This being the case, let us weigh the consolations of the philosopher against those of the Christian.

Dr. Smith has made the most of them in behalf of the former, but a very little scrutiny will show that they are light and meagre indeed. "I am dying," they are the words of Mr. H., "as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire." "When he became very weak," says Dr. Black, "it cost him an effort to speak; and he died in such a happy composure of mind, that nothing could exceed it."

We are not without suspicion, that on the part of Mr. H. there is some affectation here; and on the part of his friends, some pretty high coloring. In the mouth of a Christian, "composure," "cheerfulness," "complacency," "resignation," "happiness," in death, have an exquisite meaning. But what meaning *can* they have in the mouth of one, the very best of whose expectations is the extinction of his being? Is there any "complacency" in the thought of perishing? any "happiness" in the dreary and dismal anticipation of being blotted out of life? It is a farce; it is a mockery of every human feeling; and every throbbing of the heart convicts it of a lie. But Mr. Hume expected a better state of existence—nay, talk not of that. There is not, either in his own expressions or those of his friends, the faintest allusion to futurity. That glorious light, which shines through the grave upon the redeemed of the Lord, was the object of his derision. No comfort from this quarter. The accomplishment of his earthly wishes and the prosperity of his near relatives, are the only reasons assigned for his cheerfulness. But these are insufficient. In thousands and ten thousands they have not availed to preclude the most alarming forebodings; and why should they do more for Mr. Hume?

In the next place, how shall we interpret his "resignation?" Resignation to what? To the Divine Will? O no! God was not in all his thoughts. But death was at hand, and he could not escape; he submitted to a stroke which it was impossible to avoid. And all that is said of his "composure," and "cheerfulness," and "resignation," and "complacency," when measured by the scale of truth, amounts to no more than a sottish unconcern set off with a fictitious gaiety. It is easy to work up a fine description, and it is often most fine

when most remote from the fact. Let any Infidel between the poles produce, if he can, a reason that shall satisfy a child why one, who has lived without God, should find "complacency" in death. Nothing but that "hope which maketh not ashamed" is a cause equal to such an effect. But "hope" beyond the grave is a word which had no place in Mr. Hume's vocabulary, because the thing had no place in his soul. It is plain, however, that he

Felt his ruling passion strong in death.

Whatever his decay had weakened, his desire to see "the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition," which with Mr. Hume meant neither more nor less than the destruction of Christianity, in every modification, retained its whole vigor. And thus, while venting his spite at the only "system" which ever could render death comfortable, he goes to Lucien's dialogues, and edifies his friends with chattering nonsense about Charon and his boat. *O cæcas hominum mentes!* Nothing can be more blind and infatuated than the fanaticism of philosophy "falsely so called." With this puerile levity before our eyes, and this contemptible babbling sounding in our ears, we must listen to tales of Mr. Hume's magnanimity, complacency, and resignation!

From a barren exhibition of Atheism, let us repair once more to the servant of God. In Dr. Finley we see a man dying, not only with cheerfulness, but with ecstasy. Of his friends, his wife, his children, he takes a *joyful* leave; committing all that he held most dear in this world, not to the uncertainties of earthly fortune, but to the "promises of his God." Although his temporal circumstances were very moderate; although he *had* sons and daughters to provide

for, and slender means of doing it, he felt not a moment's uneasiness—*Leave thy fatherless children with me; I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me*, was in his estimation a better security for their support than any inheritance in lands or lucre. And as to death itself—who but one “filled with hopes full of immortality” could use such language as this—“A Christian's death is the best part of his existence”—“Blessed be God! eternal rest is at hand.” “O, I shall triumph over every foe,” (he meant sin, Satan, death, the grave,) “the Lord hath given me the victory—I exult; I triumph! Now I know that it is *impossible* that faith should not triumph over earth and hell”—“Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit; I do it with *confidence*; I do it with *full assurance*. I *know* that thou wilt keep that which I have committed unto thee!” We appeal to all the world, whether anything like this, anything that deserves so much as to be named in comparison, ever fell from the lips of an Infidel. How poor, how mean, how miserable, does he look, when brought to the contrast! Let the reader review again the situation of Dr. Finley, ponder his words, and mark their spirit; and then let him go back to Mr. Hume's “diversion”—to his correcting his Atheistical writings for a new edition—to his “books of amusement”—to his “game of whist”—to his insipid raillery about Charon and his boat! Truly the Infidels have cause to look big, and despise the followers of Jesus Christ! “Pray sir,” said a young man to the late Dr. Black, in the presence of a juvenile company at the Dr.'s own table, “Pray, sir, how did Mr. Hume die?” “Mr. Hume,” answered the sceptical chemist, with an air of great significance, “Mr. Hume died as he lived, a *philosopher*.” Dr. Black himself has aided Dr. Smith in telling us

what the death of a *philosopher* is. It has taught us, if nothing before did, that the pathetic exclamation, "Let my soul be with the philosophers," belongs to one who is a stranger to truth and happiness. If they resemble Mr. Hume, we will most devoutly exclaim, "Furthest from them is best." Let *our* souls be with the Christians! with the humble believers in that Jesus who is "the resurrection and the life." Let them be with *Samuel Finley*; let them not be with *David Hume*!

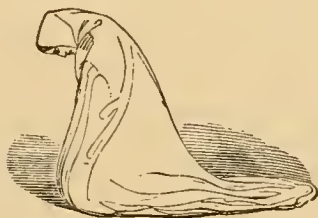
We cannot close these strictures without again reminding the reader, that no instance of composure in death is to be found more favorable to the Infidel boast than the instance of Mr. Hume. And yet, how *jejune* and forlorn does he appear in comparison of Dr. Finley. The latter *longs* for his departure, "as the hireling pants for the evening shade;" and when it comes, he pours around him his kindly benedictions; his eye beams with celestial brilliancy; he shouts, Salvation! and is away to "the bosom of his Father and his God."

But in the other all is blank. No joy sparkles in his eye; no hope swells his bosom; an unmeaning smile is on his countenance, and frigid ridicule dishonors his lips. Be it never forgotten, that *no Infidels die in triumph*! The utmost to which they pretend is dying with calmness. Even this rarely happens; and, the scripture being judge, it is a part of their accursedness. It imparts the deepest horror to the *surprise* of the eternal world. But, if you reverse the picture, and ask how many Infidels close their career in anguish, in distraction, in *a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the ADVERSARIES*? how endless is the train of wretches, how piercing their cry! That arch-blasphemer, Voltaire, left the world with hell anticipated;

and we hear so frequently of his disciples "going to their own place" in a similar manner, that the dreadful narratives lose their effect by repetition. It was quite recently that a youth in the state of New York, who had been debauched by the ribaldrous impiety of Paine, yielded up the ghost with dire imprecations on the hour when he first saw an Infidel book, and on the murderer who first put it into his hand. But who ever heard of a dying man's cursing the day in which he believed in Jesus? While such an instance, we are bold to assert, never occurred, nothing is more common than the peaceful death of them who have "tasted that the Lord is gracious." They who see *practical* Christianity in those retreats which the eye of a profane philosopher seldom penetrates, could easily fill a long record of dying beds softened with that bland submission, and cheered with that victorious hope, which threw so heavenly a lustre round the bed of Dr. Finley.

These things carry with them their own recommendation to the conscience, which is not yet "seared as with a hot iron." If our pages fall into the hands of the young, we affectionately entreat them to "remember their Creator in the days of *their youth*;" "to make their calling and their election sure," before they be "hardened by the deceitfulness of sin." Rich are the tints of that beauty, and sweet the fragrance of those blossoms, on which, in the morning of life, the Lord our God sheds down the dews of his blessings. You would not wish to be associated with Infidels in their death; shun the contagion of their principles while you are in spirits and in health. Your hearts cannot but sigh, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Cast in, then, your lot with him; choose for your own God

the God of Samuel Finley; and like him, you shall have "hope in your death;" like him, you shall be had in "everlasting remembrance," when "the memory of the wicked shall rot."



APPENDIX TO THE REVOLUTIONIST.

THOSE who are acquainted with the writings of Thomas Paine may be surprised that the author has omitted all allusion to his pamphlet attack on Washington. The explanation of this is found in the infamous character of that production, which forbids its republication, even in what are considered to be complete editions of his works. It is sufficient to allude to it, as indicating that hate of excellence which marks the lowest reach of depravity, and which, when turned toward the Deity, so completely inspired "The Age of Reason."

Yet deep as was Paine's hatred to God and to the doctrines of his word, he seems to cling to one of them with singular tenacity, so long as it could be turned to good account by his self-complacency. This was the doctrine of a Special Providence. We have alluded (page 241) to our view of the object for which God preserved the miserable man from the Tribunal and the axe, and we now give his own aspect of the affair, extracted from his "Letter to the People of the United States."

"I am become so famous among them that they cannot eat or drink without me. I serve them as a standing dish, and they cannot make up a bill of fare if I am not in it. But there is one dish, and that the choicest of all, they have not yet presented, and it is time they should—they have not yet *accused Providence of Infidelity*—yet, according to their *outrageous piety*, she must be as bad as Thomas Paine. She has protected him in all his dangers, patronized him in all his undertakings, encouraged him in all his ways, and rewarded him at last by bringing him, in safety and in health, to the PROMISED LAND. * * * * I was one of the nine members that composed the first Committee of Constitution. Six of them have been destroyed. * * * Herault Sechelles was my alternate as mem-

ber of Committee of Constitution; that is, he was to supply my place if I had not accepted, or had resigned, being next in number of votes to me. He was imprisoned in the Luxembourg with me—was taken to the Tribunal and the guillotine—and I, his principal, was left.

“There were but two foreigners in the Convention—Anacharsis Clootz and myself. We were both put out of the Convention by the same vote, arrested by the same order, and carried to prison together, the same night. He was taken to the guillotine, and I was left.

“Joseph Lebon, one of the vilest characters that ever existed, and who made the streets of Arras run with blood, was my alternate as Member of the Convention for Calais. When I was put out of the Convention he came and took my place. When I was liberated from prison, and voted again into the Convention, he was sent to the same prison and took my place there; and he went to the guillotine instead of me. He supplied my place all the way through.

“One hundred and sixty-eight persons were taken out of the Luxembourg in one night, and a hundred and sixty of them guillotined the next day, of whom I now know I was to have been one. The manner I escaped that fate is curious, and has all the appearance of accident. The room in which I lodged was on the ground floor, and one of a long range of rooms, under a gallery, and the door of it opened outward and flat against the wall, so that when it was opened the inside of the door appeared outward. When persons, by scores and hundreds, were to be taken out of prison for the guillotine, it was always done in the night, and those who performed that office had a private mark, by which they knew what rooms to go to, and what number to take. The door of our room was marked, unobserved by us, in chalk; but it happened, if happening is a proper word, that the mark was put on when the door was open and flat against the wall, and thereby came on the inside when we shut it at night—and the destroying angel passed by. A few days after this, Robespierre fell.”

We may add, that six years before the date of this letter Paine ascribed his escape to illness; the discrepancy may be reconciled by supposing both accounts to be true, and this is our only solution of it, unless we reject the latter statement as an ingenious fiction.

APPENDIX TO THE TRIBUNAL.

THE following very interesting sketch of a visit to the Conciergerie is from the pen of WASHINGTON IRVING. It appears, for the first time, in the second volume of "The Life and Letters" of that distinguished man, by Pierre M. Irving—which is issued as this book is going to press. The reader will at once observe how appropriate it is in this place :

"I have just returned from the prison of Marie Antoinette. Under the Palace of Justice is a range of cavernous dungeons, called the Conciergerie—the last prison in which criminals are confined previous to execution. We were admitted through grated doors, and conducted along damp, dark passages, lighted in some places by dim windows, in others by lamps. On these passages opened the grates of several dungeons, in which victims were thrown during the Revolution to indulge in the horrible anticipation of certain death. My flesh crept on my bones as I passed through these regions of despair, and fancied these dens peopled with their wretched inhabitants. I fancied their worn and wasted faces glaring through the grates to catch if possible some ray of hope or mitigation of horror; but seeing nothing but the sentinel pacing up and down the passage, or perhaps some predecessor in misery dragged along to execution. In this were confined the victims of Robespierre, and afterwards Robespierre himself.

"From the corridor we were led through a small chapel, into what at present forms a sacristy, but which was once the dungeon of the unhappy Queen of France. It is low and arched; the walls of prodigious thickness, lighted dimly by a small window. The walls have been plastered and altered, and the whole is fitted up with an air of decency—nothing remains of the old dungeon but the pavement. In one part is a monu-

ment, placed by Louis XVIII., and around the dungeons are paintings illustrating some of the latest prison scenes of her unhappy life. The place is shown where her bed stood, divided simply by a screen from the rest of the dungeon, in which a guard of soldiers was constantly stationed. Beside this dungeon is the black hole—I can give it no better term—in which the Princess Elisabeth was thrust a few hours prior to her execution. Never have I felt my heart melting with pity more than in beholding this last abode of wretchedness. What a place for a queen, and such a queen!—one brought up so delicately—fostered, admired, adored.”

READINGS FROM THE MONITEUR.

While reading the *Moniteur* for the purpose of investigating the events which have been sketched in the foregoing pages, the author made a series of extracts for future reference. He has concluded to add a portion of these to the second edition of his volume; for, although they contain much that is too minute for the concise page of history, yet they throw light upon a memorable epoch. Those who are reading any of the standard histories of the French Revolution, will find some of its scenes illustrated by these clippings from its daily press. The *Moniteur* was established in 1789, and hence differs but a year in point of age from the *London Times*. Its commencement indicates the opening of a *nouvelle ordre*. National affairs were in rapid advance, and demanded progress in the journalism of the day, particularly in reporting the proceedings of the Convention. The title of the new sheet which was born amid this upheaval, was *La Gazette Universelle ou le Moniteur*. Its size is that of a small quarto, and it is printed on coarse paper of a dark and dingy color. The plan of the journal, when first issued, is shown by the publication of a review of the preceding events in the nation's history, which fills one-half of an entire volume.

The contents of the early issues of the *Moniteur* at first disappoint the reader. Instead of finding such bold and fiery editorials as were then exciting the Capital, there is a marked absence of all independence of opinion on any subject whatever. In other words, there was no editorial in the *Moniteur* until after the Revolution. To think at such a time were dangerous; to speak, were still more so; and to speak to the point were the height of temerity. As a proof of this, the examples of Gorsas and of Durasoi stand prominent—the latter (editor of the *Gazette*) having been guillotined at an early date. The wisdom of the course pursued by the *Moniteur* is shown by the fact that Brissot, Hébert, Camille Desmoulins, and others, who were editors as well as deputies, perished on the scaffold. The first page of the *Moniteur*, day after day, contains paragraphs of foreign news from *Angleterre*, *Les Etats Unis*, and other lands, and also reports briefly the proceedings of the *Commune* (municipal council) of Paris. This body had just been re-or-

ganized, and the city had been divided into forty-eight sections (or wards), each of which chose three members. This *Commune** was chiefly controlled by Chaumette, *Procureur* (Corporation attorney), and by Hébert, the sub-*Procureur*. Both of these men, together with the larger part of the Commune, were subsequently guillotined, and their offices filled by other of Robespierre's instruments. On the second page, the *Moniteur* reports the debates of the Convention, whose detailed proceedings have many points of thrilling interest. After this, the popular societies, such as the Jacobins and Cordeliers, are noticed at length, and then come the proceedings of the Tribunal, with the lists of the condemned—all of which are set off by the long array of blazing theatricals.

The various changes which wrought on the face of society are indicated by occasional advertisements: thus we note in December, 1789, the announcement of but two theatres, whose performances are respectively "Zamor and Mirza," and "The Happy Shipwreck," while a volume is advertised "on the cause of the decline in the French Drama." We may contrast this circumstance with the fact that as the populace became excited with revolutionary ferment, there was a steady increase in the number of theatres, until in 1793 the column announces twelve instead of two, with all the varied attraction of drama, vaudeville, opera, and high tragedy.

Thus we have the following histrionic parade:

| | |
|----------------------------|---|
| THE ACADEMIE DE MUSIQUE, | The Offering to Liberty. |
| THÉÂTRE DE L'OPÉRA, | The Female Avenger. |
| THÉÂTRE DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE, | The Frenchman in London. |
| THÉÂTRE DE LA RUE FEYDEAU, | The Nuns of Visitation. |
| THÉÂTRE NATIONAL, | The Discontented Couple (<i>Epoux</i>). |
| THÉÂTRE DE LA RUE LOUVOIS, | Supper with the Pope. |
| THÉÂTRE DU VAUDEVILLE, | <i>The Divorce.</i> |

*The word *Commune* is the origin of the term "common council," so frequently applied to city governments. Gaspard Chaumette, in accordance with the fashion of the day, assumed the title "Anaxagoras," after the ancient philosopher of that name. He was a violent and radical revolutionist, who leaped at once to extreme ends, but after less than two years of relentless sway, he shared the fate of his victims at the *Place de la Révolution*.

THÉÂTRE DU PALAIS DES VARIÉTÉS, The Fool in Spite of Himself.

THÉÂTRE DU LYCÉE DES ARTS, The Bearnice Wedding.

THÉÂTRE DE LA NATION, Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded.

The exhibition of *The Divorce*, as above stated, indicates a corresponding performance in social life. Hence, about the same time, we read a brief summary of marriages, deaths, and divorces—in none of which are the names given. They are thus simply recorded: September 12, 1793, Marriages 29—Divorces 8. September 13, Marriages 3—Divorces 6; while on a previous date we find, Marriages 7—Divorces 4.

The large proportion which divorce obtains, may be explained by the report on the Civil Code offered by Cambacérès, which contains the following rhapsody: "Citizens, you will celebrate the anniversary of that day, forever memorable, when liberty arose on the ruins of the throne. You go to celebrate the eternal fête of the French Constitution. Nothing can disturb this august ceremony, and ere long you will return to your hearths, or will travel from town to country to bear our new code as the Palladium of the Republic." This boasted code opens with a new law of marriage, thus: *First*. Marriage is stated to be an agreement between whatever man or woman may enter therein under authority of the law to live together, and to rear the children which may be born of their union. *Second*. Marriage may be dissolved by the persistent determination of one of the espoused couple. *Third*. The age required for this condition is fifteen years for males, and thirteen for females." We will not burden the reader with any further extracts from this *Palladium*, or any report of the debate which it called forth. An extract of its method of divorce might amuse one, but it is hardly worth the time and space required.

Literature is not entirely overlooked by the *Moniteur*, for here we have notice of a book entitled "Conversation between an Honest Man and a Priest," with this motto: "I am such a man as this, that nothing that interests my equals can be indifferent to me." The tone of public opinion is still further indicated by another volume which receives the following critical notice: "General and Particular History of Religion and Worship of all Nations of the World, both Ancient and Modern, ornamented with more than 300 plates, by the best artists of Paris: 12

vols. 4to. This literary and typographical enterprise is one of the finest and most useful which has been got up in a long time. The horrible evils which superstition has inflicted and is still inflicting on mankind will not be radically cured until we get knowledge of their source. All religious errors are here compared with respect to their origin, and all the absurd dogmas which have been propagated on the earth are here stripped of their illusion of false hope and vain terror. Citizen Fournier dedicates this philosophical work to the National Convention, which decrees honorable mention and a place in its archives."

Here is a notice of a volume which we may mark as one of the first out-croppings of that Socialistic idea which afterward became so rife in France: "Essay on Human Support—being questions proposed by a patriotic society, the answers to which I found in papers of my father, who died in 1751. Printed at expense of the Sans-Culottes."

Some other books are also announced, which give an idea of popular literature. "New Republican Spelling-Book, to teach A, B, C, and to show children to spell almost without a master, while amusing them by eighty agreeable pictures."

"Catechism, Moral and Republican, for the use of children: new edition, with the Declaration of Rights and French Constitution."

"Republican Thoughts for every day in the year; particularly for the use of children."

"Republican Alphabet, to teach children to spell and read; containing the rights and duties of men and citizens, followed by Republican Prayers and Maxims."

Here is another sample of revolutionary literature. "The Triumph of Liberty and Equality—Republican Almanac, with Songs new and appropriate to the years 1789, '90, '91, and '92, by the widow citizen Ferraud."

Almanac-making seems to be a popular business, since we have the announcement of another "Republican Almanac, for the purpose of public instruction, prepared by Sylvan Maréchal, author of the Honest Man's Almanac, for sale by the director of the social circle at Paris, *à la Théâtre Français*."

The same author announces modestly as follows: "I had engaged to commence a course on Social Organization at the Lyceum on Sunday, the

13th, but time and health (curious preventives) delayed my preparation. The course will open on Sunday, the 20th, at one o'clock precisely."

Public economy—here is a notice which exhibits a peculiar stretch of national economy. "The National treasury, desiring to observe all possible economy in the expense of *specie kegs* for the treasury of the army, invites such coopers as choose, to leave their patterns with the Secretary of the National Treasury before July 15, 1792."

But our attention is soon distracted from books to scenes of deep and terrible interest. The *Moniteur* of the 30th September, 1793, announces *Le Tribunal Extraordinaire*, with its array of Judiciary, "Hermand, President—Dumas, Vice-President. *Fouquier Tinville, public accuser*" (or district-attorney); Fleuriot Lescot appears as Tinville's substitute, while the names of sixteen Judges and sixty Jurors are given in complete detail. This tribunal begins by some cases in which merey preponderates against justice. "October 6, 1793, Fraçois Bourgamot, notary's clerk, receives the lenient sentence of *deportation* (or exile) for having his vest, on the tenth of August, the day on which the King fell, studded with *fleurs de lis*, and having exclaimed that these were the arms of France. But here is a case of no mitigating circumstances: Joseph Laurrait de Montagnac, recent noble-colonel, late Chevalier of St. Louis, convicted of having held correspondence with the emigrants, and other enemies of the Republic—this offence deserves death."

Here again the sentence is of exceeding moderation: "Marie Françoise Aimée Rignué, wife of Rohant, dealer in linen, charged with holding a correspondence with the enemies of the Republic—of having said to her workwomen that the shirts they made were not too good for the King of Prussia—and to have exhibited a joy *uncivique* at the first false news of the fall of Valenciennes, and to have exclaimed with lifted hands, 'Lord! I go to see my husband again; the Austrians will soon be at Paris,' was condemned to *deportation*."

As we advance, the columns of the *Moniteur* become more thrilling, and we confess a strange fascination as we find our eye resting on the report of the trial of the unfortunate Louis. What a spectacle! a King helpless as one of his own peasant subjects! a King humbled to imprisonment! a King disrobed and uncrowned—a King suing for his life at

the hands of a relentless crew of enemies! a lamb begging mercy of wolves. Such is the scene which opens before us. The entire Convention is composed of those who, as regards public life, are mere children, but in excitement, in rhapsody, in ultraism and in malignity are giants.

During the proceedings against the King we find Vergniaud officiating as President. This fact shows that the Girondins still maintained their majority in the Convention. Let us glance at some of the expressions which accompany the votes on this important question.

What a marvel of gentleness this man must have been!

Wandelment. "As a legislator I have not received from my constituents the right to pronounce in criminal matters. The mildness of those manners in which I have lived until this day, forbids my voting in a criminal matter either way."

A contrast to the above is from the voice of Camille Desmoulins. "A King dead, as Manuel says, what is it but one man less! I vote for his death, too late perhaps for the honor of the Convention." (Complaints, and many demand that Camille be called to order.)

Here is another embarrassed voter.

Noel. "I have the honor to state that my son was Grenadier of the Vosges battalion. He was slain on the frontier while resisting the enemies whom Louis is accused of raising up against us. Louis is the primary cause of my son's death—*delicacy compels me to omit voting.*"

On the other hand, the reply of such worthies as Poulitier, Billaud de Varennes, and Marat is, death *within twenty-four hours.*

Here is one who confesses his unfitness for the duties of his office.

Lalande. "Neither yes nor no, *I am no judge whatever.*"

A turn of the dramatic.

Delahaye. "To put in question if Louis is guilty, is to question if we are ourselves. I see traced on the walls of Paris, in characters of blood, Louis is guilty. I vote yes!"

Of the only two foreigners in the Convention, Thomas Paine and Anacharsis Clootz, we have the following report. The latter, who had continually beset the public with schemes for the benefit of mankind, cast his adverse vote with his stereotyped expression, "I answer death *pour genre humain.*" On the other hand, Thomas Paine voted for mercy, and

added to this a speech in defence of his position. He eventually received the mercy which he extended to the miserable King and escaped the axe, while Cloutz was guillotined within a year.

It is worthy of note, that Paine's influence was felt among the entire deputation from the department which returned him. Thus, of eleven delegates from Calais, only *four* vote for death, while seven vote for mercy. A fearful contrast to this is shown in the delegation from Lyons—nine in number, of which eight vote *death*. Is there nothing significant in the connection between this and the fact that the streets of Lyons ran blood under revolutionary measures, while Calais escaped?

Paris returns twenty-four delegates, twenty-two of whom vote death, and most of whom were guillotined within eighteen months.

Among these appear the names of Danton, Collot D'Herbois, Billaud de Varennes, Camille Desmoulins, Marat, and the two Robespierres. Robespierre, senior, opens the vote of the delegation by a long speech,—“the same reasons which once led him to oppose capital punishment now oblige him to adopt it.”

Billaud de Varennes, Camille Desmoulins, Collot D'Herbois, and in fact all make speeches before uttering judgment. Marat exclaims, “We ought to purge Paris. Imprisonment or banishment would choke newborn liberty—law, justice, and my country, these are my motives for voting *death*.”

Robert. “I condemn the tyrant to death, and in pronouncing this sentence I have but one regret, that it is not in my power to condemn every tyrant to the same punishment.”

Fréron. “If, after having declared Louis guilty of high treason, we fail to apply the legal punishment, the *statue of Brutus* ought to be veiled. I have pursued the tyrant to his palace and demanded his death.”

Legendre. “I have since the revolution vowed the pursuit of tyrants: the blood of the people has flowed. I was one of those who, on the tenth (of August), directed the efforts of our citizens against tyranny. *I vote for death*.”

Here is a decided sensation.

L. J. P. Egalité. “Only engrossed by my duty—convinced that all those who have attempted, or will attempt the sovereignty of the peo-

ple deserve death, *I vote for death.*" (Some uproar is heard in a part of the hall.)

Egalité (Duke of Orleans) was kinsman of Louis, and perished on the same spot, under Robespierre's orders, a few months afterward.

Twenty-two pages of the *Moniteur* are occupied by these replies, and the session, during this thrilling roll-call, was one of the longest ever known in any legislative body. As a further sample of the style of sentiment, we give the vote of *Seconde*. "Citizen legislators! as a man, as a judge, as a legislator for the safety of my native land, for the welfare of mankind, I vote for the death of Louis, and death in the promptest manner. It is ridiculous—it is absurd to wish to be free—to dare even to conceive the thought—when you do not desire to punish tyrants. I will say no more: the rest of my reasons are printed under my name to answer the nation, Europe, and the universe of my opinion."

It is a strange commentary on the votes of this Parisian delegation, that it subsequently laid out its whole strength in sending one another to the scaffold. Robespierre sent Camille Desmoulins and Danton in the steps of Louis, and then was himself butchered on the same scaffold and by the same executioner. However great may be our detestation of Paine's infidelity, we cannot deny him the credit of great moral courage in facing the national hatred of the King. The fact that he, a stranger, could oppose Robespierre, Danton, and their *clique*, not only voting, but boldly arguing in defence of Louis, indicates elements of greatness, which, under better influences, might have made him an ornament to his race.

Marat interposes a burst thus:

"I hold that Thomas Paine ought not to vote on this question; being a Quaker, his *religious principles* are opposed to the death-penalty." (Complaints and cries of order.)

Extract from Paine's speech, translated from English into French, and read from the Tribune by the Secretary:

"France has now but a single ally, the United States of America. But it happens, unfortunately, that the very person under consideration is regarded in the United States as their best friend—as one who procured their liberty. I can assure you that his execution will cause a universal

sorrow, and it is in your power to prevent this blow to your friends. If I could speak French, I would descend to your bar, and in the name of all my American brothers, I would present a petition for Louis's reprieve." (Groans in the back part of the room.)

Thuriot. "This is not the language of Thomas Paine."

Marat ascends the Tribune and interrogates Paine. He then descends from the Tribune and addresses the Assembly: "I denounce the interpreter, and I hold that this is not the opinion of Thomas Paine; it is a vile and faithless translation."

The Secretary continues reading: "Your Executive Council is about to nominate an ambassador to the United States. Nothing would be more agreeable for your allies, should he be able to say, that in consideration of the part which Louis Capet bore in the American Revolution, and the grief which the American people would feel in his execution, you have remitted the penalty of death. Oh, citizens, give not the despot of England the pleasure of seeing that man mount the scaffold, who aided my dear American brothers to break their fetters!"

The King, having been condemned, makes his will, from which we quote the following touching extract:

"I beg my wife to pardon me all the evils which she has suffered through me, and the disappointments which I have occasioned her, for if she should reproach herself with any thing, she must be aware that I have nothing against her.

"I command my children most earnestly, that after what they owe to God, which should precede all things, they should remain united, submissive, and obedient to their mother, and mindful of all the cares and pains which she has suffered on their account. I enjoin upon my son that, should he be so *unfortunate as to become a King* (the italics are Louis's), he consider that he owes all things to the welfare of his fellow-citizens, and that he ought to bury all hate and resentment."

Quite remarkably, one of those fierce Jacobins, who sent Louis to the scaffold, preceded him to the judgment of the world to come. Louis was beheaded on Monday, but on Sunday La Pelletier San Fargeau was stabbed at a Café by a soldier named Paris, who made his escape, but afterward committed suicide. The murdered Deputy receives, on motion of

Robespierre, the honors of the Pantheon, while the King's corpse is buried in disgrace. Let us look at these two pictures.

"Monday, the 21st (January, 1793), was the day fixed for the execution of the King. Hardly had they signified to him the proclamation of the Executive Council relative to his death, when he demanded to speak with his family. His wife, his sister, and his children came to his room. In the morning Louis asked for a pair of scissors to cut off his hair—they were refused; when they removed his knife, he said, 'Do they think me so base as to destroy myself?' The commandant general (Santerre) and the commissioner of the Tribune, go up to Louis's apartment at half-past eight; the former exhibits the order which he has received to conduct him to execution. Louis requests three minutes to speak to his confessor, which is granted. He then says to Santerre, 'I am ready, let us march on.' As they go out he beseeches the municipal officers to recommend to the *Commune* those who have been in his service. He then enters a carriage containing his confessor and two officers. The *cortège* has proceeded up the Boulevard to the place of execution. The greatest silence prevails. Louis says his dying prayers. At ten minutes past ten he arrives at the Place de la Révolution. He is disrobed, and ascends with a bold step, and advances to the extreme left of the scaffold. Here he exclaims, in a firm voice, 'Frenchmen, I die innocent. I pardon all my enemies, and I desire that my death may be of benefit to the people.' He appears desirous of saying more, when Santerre orders the executioner to do his duty. The head of Louis falls at twenty minutes after ten. It is shown to the people; immediately a thousand shouts, '*Vive la nation! Vive la République Française!*' The body is borne to the Church de la Madeleine, where it is buried between those who perished the day of his marriage, and the Swiss, who were massacred on the tenth of August; his grave is twelve feet deep; it has been filled with lime."

So much for the King; now for the Jacobin.

"The funeral pomp of La Pelletier San Fargeau was celebrated on Thursday with all the *éclat* that the severity of the weather permitted; but with such an overflowing as to make it, perhaps, the happiest day of the year. At six o'clock, A. M., the couch of death was placed on

the pedestal once occupied by the equestrian statue of Louis XIV., formerly *Place Vendôme*, now *Place des Piques* (Place of Pikes). On the balustrade were fixed candelabra *à l'antique*. The corpse was exposed on the bed, with clots of blood and the weapon by which he fell. He was naked to the middle, where could be seen a large and deep wound. The bed, the wound, and the blood were the most affecting part of this grand spectacle. As the members of the Convention form the *cortége*, a dirge is heard. Like most of the music of our revolutionary *fêtes*, it was composed by citizen Goffé. The president (Vergniaud), preceded by the ushers of the Convention and the national music, passes around the monument and mounts the pedestal, in order to place on the dead man's head a civic crown. Meanwhile one of the *Fédérés* is pronouncing a discourse. This being done, the *cortége* proceeds in the following order: Detachment of cavalry; artilleryists without guns; music, muffled drums; banners inscribed with the decree of the Convention, which orders La Pelletier to the Pantheon; Commissary of Police; Justices of the Peace; President and Commissary of the Section; the *Criminal Tribunal*; the six tribunals of the departments; the municipality of Paris; the *fascés* of the eighty-four departments, borne by the *Fédérés*; figure of Liberty borne by citizens; the bloody garments borne on a pike, with garlands of oak and cypress; National Convention in double columns, two by two, in the midst of which is borne a banner inscribed with Le Pelletier's last words; the body, borne by citizens, just as it was exposed in the 'Place des Piques,' cannoniers, with bare arms and drawn swords; Band of the National Guard, playing dirges; family of the deceased; group of mothers conducting her children; detachment of Guard; muffled drums beating; volunteers, with twenty-four standards; muffled drums; Popular societies; armed *Fédérés*; mounted trumpeters. Citizens, armed with pikes, formed a barrier on each side of the column—their pikes being held horizontally, in both hands, resting on the thigh. In this order the *cortége* passes the *Rue St. Honoré*, the *Pont Neuf*, *Fosse St. Germain de la Liberté* (late *Fosse du Prince*), *Les rues d'Enfer*, and the Pantheon place. Arriving here, the corpse was placed on the couch prepared for it. The National Convention ranges round; the band executes a superb sacred chorus; La Pelletier's brother pro-

nounces a discourse; the representatives of the people approach the corpse, promise mutual union, and swear the safety of their country, and the ceremony terminates by a grand chorus to Liberty."

Such is the difference between the burial of the King and that of the Sans-Culotte.

Succeeding this solemn pomp we have a scene of different character, yet one equally indicative of the excited condition of the public mind: "The tree of Fraternity was planted on the 27th (January, 1793), with the mirth proper to such a *fête*. Maure, the oldest member of the National Convention, was present; and after the ground had been broken for this symbol of brotherly union, he spoke as follows: 'Citizens of Paris, *Fidérés* of the eighty-four departments—this is the place where you have poured out your blood; and where your brothers died for liberty and equality! Swear, my friends, to maintain, at the peril of your lives, Liberty, Equality, and the Indivisibility of the Republic!' The speech was enthusiastically received, after which '*la Carmagnole*' was performed by the band, and then '*Cu Ira*,' which so completely electrified the hearers that they seized one another by the hand and began to dance. The municipality itself was included, and, with the Mayor at its head, danced equally with the rest. These roundelays succeeded each other until eight o'clock. Then a solemn scene, but one important to the public safety and tranquillity, follows the expansive gayety which filled the *Place de la Fraternité* (formerly *Place du Carrousel*). Suddenly ten thousand men, cavalry and infantry, surround the Tuileries. No one is allowed to go out, excepting such as have *cartes de sécurité*. Those who are suspected are arrested. The search continues until four in the morning. We have not the details of the captures, but since the last revolution this place has been the resort of all classes of *mauvais sujets*, and we are assured that the committee of public security has, within a few days, received some important information. As for the rest, this expedition was conducted with the greatest precision."

State of society in Paris, extracted by the *Moniteur* from *Nicole's* journal:

"It is useless to dissemble; Paris is sunk in a stupor. 'Dumb grief,' for we quote an expression from Tacitus, walks about the streets;

and terror, such as crushes the utterance of our opinions, is engraven on the countenances of our citizens. The King is dead; but is anarchy destroyed? Are the factions brought down? Is the safety of individuals respected? Is the assassin, who would stab me, gyved? Alas, emigration never was more active; it is becoming, indeed, fearful. You do not know that the Committee of *Surveillance* has been revived, and that the lists of its members are polluted by such names as Bazire, Chabot, and other bloody men, who may in a moment dispose, like sovereigns, of the reputations, the fortunes, and the lives of our citizens. It is the Venetian Council of Ten. They have only to say poniard him, and he is poniarded."

Nicole narrowly escaped punishment for this statement. Here is an episode of fearful interest. What a scene must this have been, where five or six hundred delegates are gathered promiscuously into a convention, and called to duties for which they have no preparation, and swept by passions of whose power they had little dreamed. How absurd is the idea that this rabble rout can fulfil legislative requirements, or understand the sway of empire! It is a repetition of the old fable, Phaeton and the horses of the sun. We find the Girondins, who are mentioned as on the *right hand*, endeavoring to crush their foes, the *Mountain*, one by one. They have singled out Marat, and have sought to identify him with the recent riots in Paris. Marat's bitterness of sarcasm, and his fierce and murderous enmity, never were more powerfully developed than in this whirlwind of words and passions, which we cannot dignify with the term debate. Marat insists on having the floor. Addressing himself to some members on the right hand, who interrupted him, he exclaims, "Hush, ye wretches! let the patriot speak. Hush, ye Counter-Revolutionists!" Then addressing himself to those on the right (the Girondins), who interrupted him, "Ye are blackguards, aristocrats, and knaves." (Long complaints and groans.)

Salles. "I have nothing to add to the excellent reasons which Barrère has stated, in order to prove that the authors and instigators of these troubles ought to be ferreted out. I now only proceed to denounce one of these: it is Marat. Behold what Marat wrote yesterday, 'When the worthless agents of the people encourage crime with impunity, we

need not wonder that the people are driven to despair.' In all countries where the rights of the people are not merely empty names, the pillage of those storehouses, at whose doors one finds the speculators, would put an end to all such malversations." (Almost the whole Assembly in confusion.)

Many voices. "The vote of accusation."

Marat, darting (*s'élançe*) into the Tribune—"The popular movements which took place yesterday in Paris are the work of this faction (pointing to the right). It is this which has sent to the Sections emissaries to foment disturbances. You have seen, within five or six days, seditious persons coming here to demand of you disastrous measures, and, when patriots would desire to denounce these base intrigues, have stopped them. And now, because, in the indignation of my heart, I have said that they ought to pillage the speculators' warehouses, and arrest the warehousemen, as the only means of saving the people (fresh expression of horror), they have the audacity to demand against me the decree of accusation."

A great number of voices—"The decree; let us have a vote."

Bancol. "I demand that Marat be not allowed to depart before the decree of accusation be carried."

Marat descends from the Tribune with a sarcastic smile, and is heard to utter these words: "The hogs—the idiots!"

Lehardy. "It is time to find out whether one-half of the Convention be composed of villains; or if Marat be not guilty of attacking every day the sovereignty of the people, of whom he calls himself the friend."

Marat. "I demand that they send to the madhouse those *statesmen* who have provoked the decree of accusation."

Thomas. "Silence, thou idiot." (Murmurs and complaints.)

The President, addressing the party on the right (the Girondins).—"You imperil public affairs by your complaints."

Many members suddenly reply—"It is yourself who murder the country by your partiality."

Penniers. "I demand that Marat be declared insane; and that he be locked up at Charlemont for the public good; and that he be not set at liberty until after the close of the Revolution." (Complaints from the *left*—the *Mountain*.)

Salles. "I demand—"

Many voices. "The discussion is closed." (Complaints recommenced.)

Bancol. "I have the floor."

Many voices. "The discussion is closed."

Bancol. "I demand that, following in this matter the custom of the American Constitution, we decree by a two-third vote, first, that Marat be expelled until we decide his condition; second, that he be locked up until we learn whether he be insane or not."

Collot. "I demand that Bancol himself be declared insane for having proposed to us to decide according to the *American Constitution*."

Bancol. "I demand, thirdly—"

Many voices—"The vote on Barrère's question."

Bancol. "I demand that it be certified by physicians."

Thérion. "What a madman Bancol is!"

Bancol. "I demand that Marat be locked up as a dangerous lunatic; I demand that the Convention name a committee to examine his papers."

Tallien. "I demand the floor against the decree of accusation."

Bazine. "It is a counter-revolutionary decree!"

Tallien, with nervous vehemence, demands to oppose it. Many voices cry out, "You have not the floor."

Tallien. "I demand the floor—I have a right to it, and (striking his hand on the Tribune) *I will have it—I will speak!*"

The influence which the Sections of Paris had on the Convention is shown by the following extracts: "A deputation of the Section du Pantheon appears at the bar and says: 'As soon as we had a quorum a citizen exclaimed, Citizens, we are threatened by a dictator.' In an instant the Assembly was aroused by a sensation of horror, and it swore unanimously to poniard every Dictator, Protector, Tribune, Triumvir, Regulator, or all other who seek to destroy the sovereignty of the people. Let him only appear, and the dagger is sharpened." (Great applause in the Convention.)

The President's reply:—"Citizens, the applause you have heard proves to you that all good citizens are penetrated by the same sentiments as yourselves. Continue with courage! Banish from your midst, if perchance you are so unfortunate as to have, any who preach anarchy and

assassination. If all the Sections follow your example, as no doubt they will, Paris will assume an imposing attitude. The Convention thanks the Section du Pantheon and invites you to its sitting."

Santerre reports occasional troubles to the Convention. "Some persons bear on the hat-button the word *Univers*, and a sword in the middle; others have an L in the middle. Yesterday, however, was passed quite tranquil. That, in the mean time, there was a crowd of agitators about the Hall of the Convention. He exhorts the citizens to union, and to the greatest watchfulness and promptness of service."

Trouble among the Bakers. "The Consul-General has ordered that the forty-eight Sections seek out the bakers who sell bread higher than three *sous* per pound, and have them punished according to the rules. Marchaud, a baker—Section of Arsis,—troubled the Consul's deliberation in a most indecent manner. Summoned to explain himself, he gave no satisfactory reason. The Mayor reproached his bad faith. The Consul ordered him to be detained."

More deputations at the Convention. "The deputation of the Society of the Defenders of the Republic, invites the Convention to attend Sunday (March 17) at the place of reunion, where the Electoral Corps and the patriotic societies are to repair in order to give the fraternal kiss. Ordered, that the Electoral Corps, the forty-eight Sections, and the patriotic societies be invited to attend."

Again. "A deputation of the Section de la Réunion, admitted to the bar, demand the ratification by the Convention of an order taken by the Section, to the effect to disarm all the late nobles and suspected men found in the Section."

Many members put this order in motion.

Gensieux. "I demand that the measure be general through all the Republic."

Here is a new scene of terror in the Convention. Marat has found a fresh matter of sensation.

"I have to reveal to you horrible plottings. You here behold a series of general conspiracies to rend the country—conspiracies of which treacherous citizens are the nurses, and which have been hatched in the Section Poissonnière, against which I have often taken a stand. These

citizens ought not only to be put in arrest, but should be forced to declare their accomplices."

A voice. "Thou art one!" (Complaints.)

Marat. "The general conspiracy to destroy the public liberty has been hatched in that very Section. It commenced by the petition on grain, and bears successively on different objects. The alarming difficulties which have taken place in Paris prove this. It is some days since its agents excited the people to assassination, no doubt impelled by the *counter-revolutionary Deputies*. I demand that the petitioner read the article in his petition in which he demands the head of Gensonné, of Vergniaud, and of Guadet, an atrocious crime which tends to the dissolution of the Convention and the loss of the country. As for myself, I stand in the band which resists assassins. I belong to the Society of Cordeliers; there I preach peace, and I have confounded those speakers who are subsidized by the aristocracy."

It is very easy to see that Marat's allusion to a demand for the heads of some of the Girondists, and his condemnation of it, were simply artifices to suggest their death, and to open the way for it as soon as it should be practicable.

A contrast to this scene of terror is found in the following advertisement: "Amusing Philosophy and Games of Skill. The citizen Perrin, mechanical engineer and demonstrator of amusing philosophy, will give to-day at 6 o'clock, at the Theatre of the late citizen Moreau, The Enchanted Sultan—the inkstand perfectly insulated which furnished ink of all colors as called for. The grand game of the dove, which brings back a ring put into a pistol and fired out of the window. The incomprehensible clock. The sympathetic mill. The flying cards. The enchanted game of Automaton Chasseurs, which send an arrow to a mark, and which divine one's thoughts, and a quantity of other new games."

State of Paris, 31st March, 1793. "At 7 o'clock the Mayor read a request from the Minister of Justice (DANTON) to install the Extraordinary Tribunal in the hall of the recent Palace of Justice. Many citizens have been arrested because they have no '*cartes de sécurité*.' All reports returned this morning indicate tranquillity. Paris is calm, and all citizens concur with emulation in the execution of the laws.

"In the domiciliary visits there has been arrested a shoemaker named *Billou*, at whose honse was found a quantity of bread in slices and dried by the fire; also the chalices, the pyx, the host, chasubles, surplices, and dresses of *Chartreux*. There was also found at the same shoemaker's a correspondence with the aristocrats."

In Convention Marat has found another conspiracy.

Marat. "I demand the floor for a motion of order. Citizens! I demand calm and close attention. In what condition does your committee of defence find itself, and who appears to influence the faction?" *Brissot*, *Guadet*. (Complaints—many voices, "It's not so.") "Your committee of general defence, which appears to influence these men, and to which we owe the existing war." (Complaints continue on all parts of the hall.) "Your committee, I say, proceeds to arrest three commissioners of executive council, who have in their hands the proof of a conspiracy hatched against liberty by a traitor general. I demand that these three commissioners be brought to our bar to reveal what they know."

Boileau. "Marat would only pronounce an order for proscription."

Another scene in Convention.

"Danton returns to his place. All the extreme left (the Mountain) arise and invite him to return to the Tribune in order to be heard. (Prolonged applause.) Danton springs into the Tribune. The applause continues in a great part of the Assembly. 'I ought to commence by rendering homage to you, as indeed the friends of the people's safety. Citizens, who have seats on this mountain (turning toward the amphitheatre on the *left hand*), you have judged me well. I have believed a long time that such was the impetuosity of my character that I must use that moderation which the times demand. You accuse me of weakness,—you have reason. I confess this before all France. We should denounce those who, by wickedness or ignorance, have constantly desired that the tyrant should escape the sword of the law. (A great many members rise up and cry yes! yes! and point out the members on the *right hand*. Noise and violent recriminations arise in that neighborhood.) Indeed, these are the very men. (Noise at the *right hand* continues—the orator addresses his interrupters.) You answer me! You answer me! Citizens, these are the same men who yesterday took the

insolent attitude of denouncers.' (Grandneuve interrupts, and the outcries of a great part of the assembly drown his voice.)"

Duhem. "Yes, 'tis true, they have conspired at Roland's. I know the names of the conspirators!"

Maure. "It is Barbaroux—it is Brissot—it is Guadet."

Danton. "Do you wish a king? Once more the greatest truth, the greatest moral probabilities remain for the nations. It is only those who have the stupidity, the meanness to wish a king, who could suspect any one of a desire to re-establish a throne. It is only those who wish to punish Paris for its *voisins* by arming the departments against it. (A great many rise and point out the party on the *right*.) Yes, yes, they desire it. These are they who ate clandestine suppers with Dumouriez when he was at Paris."

Marat. "Lasource was there! Lasource was there! Oh, I denounce all traitors!"

Danton. "Yes! they are the sole accomplices in the conspiracy. (Brisk applause on the *left*.) It is me whom they accuse—*myself*! I fear nothing of Dumouriez. Let Dumouriez produce a single line from me, which can give a shadow of inculpation, and *I am willing to lose my head*."

Marat. "He has letters from Gensonné. It is Gensonné who was in intimate relation with Dumouriez (turning to the *right*). You, *you don't desire to stab the country*." (Sarcastically.)

Danton. "Do you wish me to say whom I mean?"

Many voices. "Yes! Yes!"

Danton. "Listen!" (Marat, turning to the party on the *right*, exclaims, "Listen!") "Do you wish to know one word which answers for all?"

Many voices. "Yes! Yes!"

Danton. "Very well! I believe there is no more truce between the *Mountain* and those *Scélérats*,* who, wishing to save the King, have slandered us in France." (A great number on the *left hand* rise with applause. Many voices are heard, "*We will save our country*.")

*The word *Scélérat* is so common in the proceedings of the Convention that we prefer it to any translation. It may be rendered "miscreant," "scoundrel," "villain," or almost any thing that is bad.

"Danton descends the Tribune in the midst of the most exciting applause—many members on the *left* rush forward to embrace him."

A little further on we find that "the Section des Sans-Culottes has issued an order by which it invites the National Convention to decree that the Judges (we presume of the Tribunal) be submitted to the purifying scrutiny of the Sections." What that purifying influence must be is suggested by the following fresh attack on the Girondins.

A deputation of the Section *de Bonne Nouvelle* (good news) is introduced to the Convention. The orator speaks as follows:

"The Section de Bonne Nouvelle has sent us to you to demand that you make a close examination into the treason of the infamous Dumouriez. It is not only in the army that the traitor has his accomplices—are they not in your very bosom?" (Applause on the *left*; the members on the *right* are in great agitation. Some advance toward the speaker with threats, and demand, in loud tones, that he be chased from the floor.) "For a long time the public voice has designated the Vergniauds, the Guadets, the Gensonnés, the Brissots, the Barbaroux, the Louvets, and the Buzots. Why do you delay to strike the decree of accusation? You outlawed Dumouriez, and yet you allow his accomplices in your midst. Representatives of the people! Patriots of the Mountain! (Applause.) On you rests the country—safe from the designs of traitors. It is time to strip the liberticide of his inviolability. Rise up—deliver to the Tribunal the men whom public opinion accuses. Declare war on all moderates, all monks, and on all the agents of the late Court of the Tuileries. Appear at the Tribunes as burning patriots. Invoke the sword of the law (the guillotine) upon the heads of these inviolables, and then posterity will bless the time in which you lived!"

April 24. The *Moniteur* contains the account of the *fête* of Sunday the 14th. "The Statue of Liberty is fixed before the rooms of the popular society of Jacobins. It was accompanied and followed by patriotic and warlike songs, the *Ca Ira* and the *Marseillaise*—*la Carmagnole*, and a thousand shouts of *Vive la République*. The most solemn scenes succeed this grand march. Having arrived at the house of the *Commune*, the citizens press in in crowds, and the President pronounces a discourse which revives the love of liberty, of equality, and the enthusiasm of Republicanism."

"Let us swear," cries a citizen, "to fraternize with all people who adopt our principles. Let us declare an eternal war on all knaves, and proclaim peace and brotherhood to all nations. We swear it—we swear it, is heard on all sides. Let kings forever perish!—*Vive la République !*"

24th April. "Anacharsis Clootz's speech on the Constitution, bringing out more of his peculiar views of the rights of man. He closes with three propositions: 'The Convention, wishing to put an end to all error and contradiction, and all contradictory claims of corporations, and such individuals as call themselves sovereigns, declares solemnly, under the rights of man—

(1.) 'That there is no other sovereign than mankind.

(2.) 'Each individual and each community which recognizes this luminous and unchangeable principle, will receive the fraternal association in the Republic of men.

(3.) 'In default of marine communication, we should attempt the propagation of the truth, in order to admit to the association all escaped slaves."

Report of the Tribunal for 24th April. "In virtue of the judgment of the Tribunal, Jeanne Catherine Clerk, domestic; Hyacinth Vaujour, late Colonel of Dragoons; Antoine St. André, late prior of the Trinity of Clifton; and Gabriel Duguigny, have suffered death. The first for having held conversation tending to provoke the massacre of the Convention and the dissolution of the Republic. The second for having held discourse tending to effect murder and incendiarism—the dissolution of the National representation, and of the patriotic society of Jacobins, and the restoration of royalty. The third for having composed and printed a work entitled, 'To the friends of Truth,' with this motto, *Quid fuimus? Ancipites quid sumus! Quid erimus? Infelices heu!* A work which provokes to murder and the dissolution of the National representation. Duguigny's crime is emigration. The last, after his sentence, solicited of his judges, as a favor of greatest value, an interview (without a witness) with the demoiselle Urban, the only person (as he says) in the world to whom he is attached. The judges, upon deliberation, refused his request."

In Convention, 13th April. The Girondins, having a small majority, order that Marat be put in arrest and sent to the Tribunal. They thus

make a desperate struggle against their chief enemy, but it failed. This might have been easily foreseen, since the Tribunal, to which he was sent, was composed of his own friends. On his trial, Marat exhibited any thing but fear, or even disquietude. He displayed a bold confidence, or rather a triumphant joy. As he entered the hall, its crowded benches of spectators caused it to echo with applause. Marat addressed them as follows: "Citizens, it is not a criminal that appears before you; it is an apostle, or martyr of liberty. An intriguing faction has obtained a decree of accusation against me."

The first testimony was drawn from the columns of the *Patriot François*, which was one of Marat's organs. The President inquires, "Are these your writings?" Marat answers, "All mine, I recognize them at the first glance." The witnesses include the names of two Englishmen, one Johnson and Thomas Paine. It was proved that Johnson had attempted suicide on reading the report that Paine was to suffer death, along with others who had voted in defence of the King. It was attempted to be proved that he had read this in Marat's journal. How absurd an idea was this! How utterly ridiculous, to punish an editor for conclusions drawn from an item of news. Yet such a charge here appears as solemn as though it had been murder itself. Johnson, however, testified that he read the item not in Marat's journal, but in *Gorsas*. (Applause.) Both Johnson and Paine were examined at length through an interpreter, and their testimony was as absurd and irrelevant as can be imagined; frequent applause interrupted the proceedings, which Marat checked thus: "Citizens, my cause is yours. I defend my country. I beseech you to preserve the profoundest silence, in order that the enemies who persecute me may not say that the Tribunal is partial."

Marat's speech in defence is full of grandiloquent display, and is received with continued applause. The verdict of citizen Dumont, the foreman of the jury, is as follows: "I have examined with care the passages cited. I can suppose no counter-revolutionary purpose in the intrepid defender of the people's rights. It is difficult to contain one's just indignation when one beholds his country betrayed."

Great applause—followed by a few words from the jubilant Deputy. "I praise the impartiality of the jury, who have recognized my inno-

cence. Citizens, protect the innocent, punish the guilty, and save the Republic."

Thus ended the farce at the Tribunal; and having been crowned by a civic wreath (oak leaves), he is brought back in triumph to the Convention.

Sunday, June 2, 1793. A fresh scene of violence at the Convention. A deputation of the Commune of Paris appears and makes a bold and defiant speech. The President (Isnard) replies: "It is necessary that the constituted authorities of Paris use all their power to maintain the Convention's dignity. If ever that Convention be degraded—if ever, in those insurrections which have so often occurred since the 10th of March—" (Great outcries on the *left*; applause on the *right*.)

Fabre D'Eglantine. "I demand the floor against you, President."

The President. "If by these insurrections it shall ever so happen that injury be received by the National representation, I declare to you in the name of all France—" (No, no! on the *left*—the others cry out, "Yes, yes, speak out in the name of France.")

The President. "I declare in the name of all France, *Paris shall be annihilated*." (Violent outcries on the *left* drown his voice—others on the *right* exclaim, "Yes, all France will demand an exemplary vengeance on this attempt.")

Marat. "*President, come down from your chair—you play the rôle of a coward—you dishonor the Assembly!*"

The President. "The time is coming when they will seek on the banks of the Seine whether Paris ever existed." (Outcries on the *left*—applause on the *right*.)

Isnard, who spoke so vehemently, was a Girondin, and was afterwards designated by his enemies as *le prophète Isnard*. He was subsequently guillotined, the accusation being drawn from this scene. He was charged with insulting the people and denying the right of petition. Isnard appears to have been one of the few who had a true idea of Liberty. This is shown by his reply to one of those deputations which so frequently addressed the Convention. "Citizens, it is easy to recognize in these demonstrations the sentiments of Liberty, *but to have it, it is necessary to yield obedience to law*. Know then, that Liberty does not consist in words

or emblems. Know that tyranny is not less tyranny, whether hid in a cave or shown in public places—whether seated upon a throne or on the tribune of a club—whether wielding sceptre or dagger—whether crowned in splendor or a mere *sans-culotte*.”

4th June, 1793. A fresh deputation appears at the bar of the Convention, which is thus addressed by the orator:

“Delegates of the People: The citizens of Paris have not laid down their arms in four days; for four days they have demanded of the authorities their rights, outrageously withheld, and for four days the authorities laugh at their calm behavior. The torch of Liberty has paled—the columns of Equality are fallen—the counter-revolutionists exalt their insolent heads. Let them tremble! The most fearful lightning will yet smite them to powder! (Great applause.) Representatives, the factions are known to you! (Applause.) We have come for the last time to denounce them to you. Decree instantly that they are unworthy the public confidence—put them in arrest! *Save the people, or we will save ourselves!*”

This threat was directed against the Girondins; and was, of course, dictated by their enemies in the Convention, who thereupon decreed that the twenty-two members denounced by the *Commune* be put in arrest.

The Girondins being now under arrest, it was necessary to get up further charges against them, as an excuse for their execution. Hence on the 10th of June we find Chaumette, the tool of Robespierre, haranguing the Revolutionary Council on the existence of a conspiracy against patriots. He here states “*that an ingenious mechanic is making a guillotine with thirty collars, in order to behead thirty persons at once.*”

What a bloody imagination must that be which could suggest so fearful an instrument of death!

Hébert, another tool of Robespierre, reiterates the same complaints of counter-revolutionary movements in the Sections, and demands the arrest of the *scélérats*, who cabal against liberty.

Thus, also, on the 11th June, Chaumette announces that there is in Paris a plot to butcher the *Commune*, and that the rich desire to do in Paris that which has been done in Lyons; and that at some of their feasts “they drink not to the health of the *Commune*, but to its destruction.”

The same speaker thus discourses upon matters of religion: "These are the refractory priests ~~who~~ in citizens' dress bring trouble in the Sections, and would make Paris a second *Vendée*. Happily, the people are calm—the people are beginning to be wise. We must have *bread* before *mass*. We must have a day of rest for the people. We must have a Sunday, but not a Sunday stained by superstition. We shall undoubtedly have our *fêtes*, but moral *fêtes*. We will celebrate those of espousals, and of mothers, but, above all, of mothers who bring up their own children. We will have civic *fêtes*. On the 10th of August we will have a gathering, and *the people shall be God; there is no need of any other.*"

This reference to *fêtes* is explained by the fact that the new Constitution had ordained these festivals as a *quasi* religious element. Among others, there was the *fête* of beginning the tillage of the land; the *fête* of youth; the *fête* of marriage; the *fête* of maternity; the *fête* of old age; the *fête* of the rights of man; the *fête* of Equality; the *fête* of Liberty; the *fête* of Justice; and other *fêtes* severally of Benevolence, Poetry, Science, Fraternity, and of Mankind—the latter being celebrated on New Year. The reader will observe how closely these institutions border on those of heathenism, as described in the classics.

The *Commune* of Paris, which was the centre of all popular complaints, listens on the 18th of June to the following:

"Certain citizens complain of the managers of the Opera, which refuses to play a patriotic piece called the Siege of Thionville. The *Commune*, considering that for a long time the Aristocracy finds refuge among the managers of public amusements; considering also how these gentlemen corrupt public spirit by their performances: Ordered—

"That the Siege of Thionville, a piece truly patriotic, shall be performed *gratis*, and for the sole amusement of the *Sans-Culottes*, who, up to this moment, have been the true defenders of Liberty, and the supporters of Democracy."

To this the managers make the following replication, while promising a gratuitous performance of the piece referred to: "All the novelties they have brought out are patriotic, such as the Hymn of Liberty, the Camp of Grand Pré, the Republican Triumph, the Apotheosis of Beau-

repaire, etc., etc., and also at this moment they have other Republican works in preparation." They add that, "notwithstanding enormous losses which they have sustained in fifteen months, they have given 18,816 livres in patriotic donations."

The increasing famine in Paris brings out the following instances of *Civisme*: "The Section of Montmartre and Section of the Armed Man give notice to the consul-general of an order taken by them in consequence of the high price of food: they have imposed on themselves a *civic Lent*." (Applause.)

The *Moniteur* of July 29th, 1793, contains one of the most thrilling trials of any age—that of Charlotte Corday. The history of this remarkable woman is so romantic, that it will never lose its interest. She had left her father's house in Caen (in La Gironde), determined to destroy the miscreant who had deluged Paris in blood. Her decision had been fixed by the imprisonment of the twenty-two deputies, and she entered Paris with a determination to sacrifice her life to accomplish her end.

Obtaining access to Marat, on the plea of public business, she plunged a dagger in his breast, while his attention was engaged by a paper which she placed in his hands.

On trial, in reply to a question of the President, she gave her name, "Marie Charlotte Corday, aged twenty-five, born at Caen."

"Do you know who killed the deceased?"

"Yes! It is I that killed him."

"What led you to kill him?"

"His crimes!"

"What do you mean by his crimes?"

"The evils which he has caused since the Revolution."

The evidence of Citoyenne Errard, who admitted the prisoner to the house, is given. The prisoner is asked for her answer, and replies, "I have nothing to say—the fact is true."

The same reply is made to the testimony of the other domestics, Jeanne Marechal, Bassé and Marie Aubin; to the deposition of the latter she adds: "It is of the greatest truth. I slew one man to save a thousand. I was a republican before the Revolution, and I never failed in energy."

"What do you mean by energy?"

"That which gives selfishness the go-by, and sacrifices itself for one's country."

"Did you ever practise, before advancing to give the blow to Marat?"

"No! I am no assassin."

"Those who understand these things, say that if you had struck *en long* instead of *en large*, he would not have been killed."

"I struck just as it was—it was at hazard."

The accused sees that some one in the crowd is sketching her features, and turns one side.

Cheveau, who is appointed to defend the prisoner, speaks as follows:

"Citizen-Jurors: The accused avows with *sang-froid* the horrible crime which she has committed. She avows with *sang-froid* the long premeditation. In one word, she acknowledges all, and does not even try to justify herself. Behold, citizen-jurors, the whole defence! This imperturbable calm, and this entire self-abnegation, which can thus speak remorselessly in the face of death itself, seems sublime. It is not in nature, and one cannot explain it except by the buoyancy of that fanaticism which placed the dagger in her hand. It is for you, citizen-jurors, to judge what weight this consideration ought to have on the balance of justice."

Sentence of death and of confiscation of goods is pronounced.

"Turning to Cheveau, the prisoner exclaims: 'You have defended me in a delicate and generous manner. It was the only suitable thing. I thank you, and desire to give you a proof of my esteem. These *gentlemen* say my effects are confiscated. I have some things in prison: I charge you to acquit this debt.'"

"Charlotte Corday is conveyed to prison, and a confessor presents himself, to whom she replies: 'Thanks for their attention to those who sent you. I have no need of your ministry.' At this moment, the executioner enters the prison, to conduct her to the scaffold. She then wrote the following letter, which she requested to be sealed and delivered:

"'To Doulcet Pontecontant: Doulcet Pontecontant is a coward dolt, for having refused to defend me, when the thing could so easily have

been done. He who did it acquitted himself with all possible dignity. I shall preserve his memory till the latest moment.' ”

“In going to the scaffold, Charlotte Corday hears nothing but applause and bravos. A sigh is the only way in which she shows her feelings. Mounted on the scaffold, her countenance has all the coolness and color of one well satisfied.

“The fatal steel severs the neck. Legras lifts up the head to the view of the people, and gives it several slaps on the face, at which the public cry out in indignation.”

CHARLOTTE CORDAY'S LETTER TO HER FATHER.

“Pardon me, my dear papa, for having disposed of my life without your consent. I have truly avenged the innocent victims—I have truly prevented many disasters. The people, one day disabused, will rejoice to have been delivered from a tyrant. If I have desired to persuade you that I went to England, it was that I hoped to preserve my *incognito*, but I have seen the impossibility of this. I hope you will not be utterly cast down.

“Adieu, my dear papa! I pray you forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate. You knew your daughter; a wrong motive could not influence me. I embrace my sister, whom I love with all my heart, as well as my parents. Do not forget that line in Corneille:

“The crime makes the guilt, not the scaffold.”

Towards September the increase of public distrust is shown by the proceedings of the *Commune*. The *Moniteur* of the 8th reports that at the last meeting, “the Section du Pantheon announces that it has purged its bosom of all aristocrats, and invites all citizens to follow its example.”

The *Procureur* of the *Commune* (Chaumette) immediately urges that body “to purge itself of all friends of kings or queens, and even to put them in arrest.” He proceeds to accuse Lebeuf of not possessing a Republican character. He also denounces citizen Michouet, and demands that the character of these two be closely examined. He also demands the expulsion of all members accused of moderatism. Among others, Berthelin is excluded for having behaved in too humble a manner

toward the prisoners in the temple (the Queen and Princess Elizabeth). A citizen denounces Desavanne, and he is likewise cast out. On requisition of the *Procureur*, the *Commune* ordered the calling of the roll, in order to exercise censorship on the members; as a result, Jobert was accused of having discharged the dealers in silver, and the *Procureur* commands seals to be put on his papers.

A young man named Petuand, who had prepared this morning an address to the Convention against the decree of drafting, declares that he was misled by other persons of his own age. The Section, the organ of his repentance, declares that he is known as a good patriot. The *Commune*, in overlooking the young man's error, calls on him to denounce those who misled him.

A SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS PUPILS.

"The young scholars of the Abbé Autheaum solicit the liberty of their instructor, who has been arrested on suspicion. They declare that they will give their individual security for this citizen, to whom their very bodies and souls are attached. The *Procureur* (Chaumette) observes, that without doubt some one whom we little suspect has written the application. He addresses the scholars. He makes them feel the danger which they have ignorantly incurred. The *Commune* orders that measures be taken to learn the name of the author, and that the matter be put into the hands of the police."

AN AUTHOR IN TROUBLE.

Palissot, through one of his friends, asks for a certificate of *Civisme*. Chaumette takes the floor. "Palissot, a man of letters, has let his pen mould in the inkstand rather than write for Liberty. This is he who, like a venomous reptile, endeavors to sully the crown of the famous Rousseau. This is he who insults the sublime unfortunate, in his infamous comedy of *the Philosophers*. He dares to put Rousseau on *all-fours* and makes him eat lettuce. Cursed be those monsters who have drawn the steel of calumny against Rousseau. It is for patriots to avenge the sincere friend of humanity—the angel of light who showed liberty to man. In consequence of this I oppose the giving a certificate to Palissot."

"The citizens of the *Section Molière* announce that it will take the name of Section of Brutus. *Section of Champs Elysées* gives notice of forming a popular society under the name of Red Caps (a rage for popular societies is now prevailing).

"The citizens of the *Section Mutius Scerola* (late Luxembourg) present themselves before the *Commune*, and swear to traverse the camp of the enemy, and to plunge the dagger in the bosom of the new Por-sennas who conspire against Liberty." (Great applause and patriotic chants.)

September, 1793.—Scene in the Jacobin Club. Robespierre in the Chair.—"A squadron of dragoons is introduced with a blast of trumpets. Royer, their spokesman, expresses their determination to live or die for the Republic, to fight until the last breath under their banner. The trumpets then sound a blast, and Maure remarks that it is the trumpet of judgment of aristocrats." (Applause.) One of the trumpeters mounts the Tribune and exclaims: "Citizens of the National Dragoons, the country is in danger—the tocsin sounds—we hear it, and swear to exterminate the hordes of brigands who only obey despots." In fine, they swear not to return until they have purified the faith of liberty, and that if one of them be so base as to fly, there will be no need for the enemy to give him a fatal blow. (Applause.)

"*The Society of Jacobins of CHARLESTON, S. C., demands affiliation.*"*

The trial of the Girondins having been demanded in the club on the 12th September, the next issue of the *Moniteur* announces casually that they have been removed to the *Conciergerie* (i. e. the guard-house beneath the hall of the Tribunal).

"Saintext complains that the rich folks yesterday appeared at the Sections with a sort of affectation, and that it is necessary to have this influence counterbalanced."

Boissell.—"As for these upstarts who frequent the Sections, it is only by driving them away that we escape their influence. If an order be

* The fact that it was the descendants of these Charleston Jacobins who fired on the national flag at Fort Sumter, is a striking illustration of the principles of that infamous club. It is the only American club of whose affiliation we have any record.

not sufficient, we must use a cudgel. See how they enjoy themselves in their libticide projects."

The speech of Hérault de Séchelles (guillotined on the 3d of the next April), on the ceremony of inaugurating the Constitution, is a fair specimen of revolutionary eloquence:

"O Nature, Sovereign of savage and of civilized nations, the people, who have since the first rays of the sun surrounded thy image, are worthy of thee! They are free! It is thy breast—thy sacred sources which have regenerated them. After having traversed so many ages of error and of slavery, it is proper to return to the simplicity of thy path in order to find liberty and equality.

"O Nature, receive this expression of eternal attachment of Frenchmen for law, and for those fruitful waters which flow from thy breast—that pure cup which satisfied the first of mankind. Consecrate in this stroke of fraternity and equality the words which France offers thee this day—the brightest on which the sun has shone since he was suspended in the immensity of space!"

(What difference, one may ask, is there between this and any other sample of Heathen oratory or song; the *Carmen Seculare* of Horace, for instance?)

The procession having arrived at the *Place de la Révolution*, halted, and the speaker resumed: "Here the axe of the law has smitten the tyrant.* Justice and Vengeance, tutelar divinities of a free people, forever stamp on the name of traitor the execration of mankind. Freemen! people of equality! Only employ as the images of your grandeur the attributes of your labors, your talents, and your virtues. Let the pike, the cap of liberty, the plough, and the blade of corn, emblems of the arts by which society is enriched, form the decorations of the Revolution. Thou holy earth, overflow with these true benefits; spread them among all mankind, and only become sterile for those who yield to exclusive pleasure or to pride. Frenchmen, swear to defend the Constitution till death! The Republic is eternal!"

The *Moniteur* of 10th September contains the following examples of

* How little could the speaker imagine that he would feel the *Axe of the Law* on this very spot!

true grandeur among the hapless victims of popular despotism: "Jaques Constant Tundé, late noble, is condemned to death for emigration. He demands to speak. 'I shall die,' says he, 'as I have lived. This tribunal will yet repent of having condemned me—my prophecy will be sure.' The condemned then turns himself to the people and exclaims: 'Sovereign, I die content, since Louis XVII. will soon reign over the French.' "

A prophecy which in due time was fulfilled.

Amid these scenes of terror and despair, we are struck by a notice which appears in September, and which is like the voice of Christ amid the tempest:

"The citizen Sicard, instructor of deaf mutes, believes it to be his duty to notify his fellow-citizens that *public lessons of deaf mutes* are given every Friday, at 10 A. M., at the institution, No. 19 Rue de Petite Muse."

This was the beginning of that famous system which has now become universal. The reader will observe, that the philanthropist drops his true title, *Abbé* Sicard, for that of plain "*Citizen*." It is a wonder that he escaped the scaffold, when André Chénier, the poet, and others of the more gifted and philanthropic, perished upon it.

11th September. Charges brought against the Girondins in Jacobin club. Charges against Isnard of having attacked the sacred right of petition, and the sovereignty of the people, and of abusing the office of president, in order to bring down the most criminal imprecations on the Parisians, and threatening the ruin of the city.*

14th September. Chabot announces his wedding in the Jacobin club. "I invite the society to name a deputation to assist in my marriage, and in the banquet. I have determined that no priest shall sully my nuptials. We shall employ only the civil authority; the deputation ought to be there by eight o'clock, and I desire all to be finished by nine, for I wish not to be absent from the Convention, and my bride says that she will cease to love me if this affair causes the loss of a single day at the Convention, or the Jacobin Club." (Chabot was a chief witness against the Girondins, and was himself guillotined on the 6th of the next April.)

What makes *incivisme*, or bad citizenship. 19th September, in *Com-*

* Vide p. 363.

mune of Paris. The *Procureur* (Chaumette) moves to deny certificates of *civism* to certain classes, including, among others, "all who speak mysteriously of the mishaps of the Republic—who pity the lot of the people, and are always ready to unfold bad news with an affected grief—all those who change their behavior according to the occasion, and who, while remaining silent on the crimes of the Royalists and the Federalists, declaim with emphasis against the trifling faults of patriots—all those who affect a studied austerity and severity in order to appear to be Republican—all those who, having the words *Liberty*, *Republic*, or *country* on their lips, hang around the *ci-devant* nobles, counter-revolutionists, priests, and aristocrats—those who, having done nothing *against Liberty*, have likewise done *nothing for it*—those who fail to attend the Sections, and who give for excuse either that they do not know how to speak, or that their business prevents attendance."

"The *Procureur* demands that all officers in the Revolutionary army who ask for horses, be required to march afoot, at the head of their companies, and that the army be only allowed horses enough to haul provision wagons and to *draw the guillotine*."

Jacobin Club, 21st September, General Parien speaks thus: "You have made me brigadier-general, and I assure you that I will justify your confidence. My colleague, Boulanger, has asked for a guillotine, and I demand of you another, and I promise you that the aristocrats and the monopolizers will soon return to nothing." (Applause.)

Mormoro. "I declare to the society that citizen Parien has himself guillotined a very great number of aristocrats in la Vendée."

MERCY TOWARD LYONS.

12 Convention, September 21. "Decreed, on motion of Barrère, first, that an extraordinary commission be created, to inflict military punishment without delay on the counter-revolutionists of Lyons. Second, that all the inhabitants be disarmed, except the patriots who have been oppressed by the rich and by the counter-revolutionists. Third—the city of Lyons is to be destroyed, and nothing is to remain except the houses of the poor, those of the murdered and proscribed patriots, and those devoted to industry, and monuments consecrated to humanity and

public instruction. Fourth—the regathering of houses thus preserved shall bear the reformed name of *Ville Affranchie*. Fifth—there shall be raised on the ruins of Lyons a column, which shall testify to posterity the crimes and the punishment of royalists, with this inscription: ‘Lyons waged war on Liberty—Lyons no longer exists.’ ”

TWINS AT THE GUILLOTINE.

Jaques Bellanger and Pierre Bellanger, *twin brothers*, cattle butchers to the army, were convicted by the tribunal extraordinary of having promoted royalty—of having manifested a design to avenge the king’s death, &c., &c., and were condemned to death.

Gorsas, ex-deputy and editor, condemned at the same time, asks to speak; it is denied him; he turns to the people and exclaims, “I commend to you my wife and children. *I am innocent, and my death will be avenged.*”

HOLY OIL DENOUNCED.

“In *Commune*, Sept. 21, a citizen denounces the holy oil of Tours, which, like that of Rheims, has served to consecrate many tyrants. Ordered, that the popular society of Tours be written to to destroy this instrument of fanaticism and the credulity of our fathers.”

DEATH AN ETERNAL SLEEP.

In *Commune*, of Paris (same date) a decree is proposed by Fouché concerning the burial of the dead, among whose provisions are the following:

“Each corpse is to be borne to the place of burial covered by a pall, on which shall be painted, ‘*sleep.*’ . . . The cemetery shall be planted with trees, beneath whose shade shall be erected a statue representing *sleep*; all other devices shall be destroyed. . . . There shall be written on the gate of the consecrated field, out of pious regard for the *manes* of the dead, this inscription: (‘*La mort est un sommeil éternel.*’) *Death is an eternal sleep.*”

Rousseau. “The citizens of Montmorenci, always full of remembrance of the immortal author of ‘*Emile*,’ and ‘*The Social Contract*,’ petition

that the name of J. J. Rousseau and his works be added to that of their town. The decree is proposed, that the place and the valley take the name of 'Emile.' "

New Calendar.—Octobre is to be called *Vendémiaire* (vintage); Novembre, *Brumaire* (fog); Décembre, *Frimaire* (frost); Janvier, *Nivôse* (sleet); Février, *Ventôse* (windy); Mars, *Pluviôse* (rainy); Avril, *Germinal* (sprouting); Mai, *Floréal* (flowery); Juin, *Prairial* (meadowlike); Juillet, *Messidor* (harvest); Août, *Thermidor* (sultry); Septembre, *Fructidor* (fruitful). The week and the Sabbath are abolished, and in their place ordained as follows: *Primidi*, *Duodi*, *Tridi*, *Quartidi*, *Quintidi*, *Sextidi*, *Octidi*, *Nonidi*, *Décadi*—the latter (tenth day) to be a *fête*.

This would make in every year thirty-six decades and five odd days, which were to be called *Sans-culottides*, and were to be consecrated to national *fêtes*. The first, that of *virtue*; the second, that of *genius*; third, that of *labor*; fourth, that of *opinion*; fifth, that of *recompense* (or reward).

Chaumette on wild beasts. "Ordered by the *Commune*, on requisition of the *Procureur*, that all dangerous beasts, such as leopards, lions, and others seen in shows, be either slain or sent to the menagerie at Versailles. Chaumette also demands that the dial and the clock which stopped as by a miracle, and thus marked the hour of St. Bartholomew, be removed, and in its place there be an inscription to perpetuate that curse which rested on Charles IX., on Medici, on priests, and on king. He also required that the inscription which had been placed over the House of the *Commune* should bere placed by these words: 'The throne is cast down by the Sans-Cullottes.' "

Hébert follows it up. On requisition of the *Sub-Procureur*, "within eight days the Gothic images of the kings of France on the porch of Notre Dame be destroyed, and all marbles and bronzes, on which are inscribed the orders of Parliament against victims of fanaticism and ferocity of kings, be also destroyed."

Trial of the Queen. "Hébert proves the conspiracy thus: 'I found a church-book in her apartment, in which were these counter-revolutionary signs or figures: a flaming heart pierced by an arrow, on which was written, '*Jesu, have mercy on us.*' The public accuser, Fouquier Tinville,

remarks, 'that of the accused who had been brought before this tribunal as conspirators, and on whom the law has done justice with the edge of the sword, the most part bore *this counter-revolutionary symbol.*' "

The testimony of Hébert against the Queen is of the most incredibly infamous character, and such as could not be honestly urged against the most degraded of women. He quotes the statements of Simon, who, as her custodian in the Tower, had "*seen these things with his own eyes.*" We can imagine few contrasts so fearfully striking as that of the pure and lofty-minded Marie Antoinette, and that foul mass of corruption which reviled her. It is enough to say that these charges are too obscene to be published, and, being of course imaginary, give one an idea of the dark and unutterable pollution of the Sans-Culotte. One of these charges was incest; others were of a character equally revolting. Yet with lamb-like innocence the Queen bore it all, and died with a serene majesty which astonished the rabble that thirsted for her blood.

Execution of the Queen, 16th December, 1793. "During the trial Marie Antoinette preserved a calm and assured countenance, though during the first hours of examination she was observed to move her fingers on the rail of her chair, like one playing the piano. On hearing sentence pronounced, she did not exhibit a sign of alteration, and she left the audience without offering a word either to the judges or the people. It was half-past four in the morning, and she was then conducted to the condemned cell. At five the alarm was sounded in all the Sections. At seven the whole armed force was afoot, and cannon placed at the bridges and corners of the streets. At ten, patrols are detailed to walk the streets in large numbers. At eleven, Marie Antoinette, in white dishabille, is conducted to execution in the same manner as other criminals (in a cart instead of the coach which her husband had), accompanied by a constitutional priest in citizen's dress. All along the route she appeared to view with indifference the armed force (30,000 men), which formed a double column through which she passed. There could not be perceived on her countenance any abatement of stately pride, and she seemed insensible to the cries of *Vive la République! À bas la tyrannie!* which she could not but hear. She spoke but little with her confessor. The tri-color in the *Rue St. Honoré* attracted

her attention. Arrived at the *Place de la Révolution*, her attention was turned toward the Tuileries, and then could be seen signs of vivid emotion. She mounted the scaffold with courage—at one-quarter past noon her head was severed, and the executioner showed it to the people amid cries of *Vive la République!*"

THE PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF WOMEN

is a common circumstance in the columns of the *Moniteur*, but we only quote a single reference. In Convention, Sept. 18:

"The society of female *Républicains Révolutionnaires*, by their orator, bear witness to the Convention of their solicitude with respect to the necessities of life. The insolent tradesmen are making profit out of your slackness to execute the desirable stroke. She (the orator) compared the people to the blind, to whom light is promised, yet they go to the tomb mourning their choice of a worthless physician."

MARRIAGE AGAIN.

"In *Commune* of Paris, October 8, Laplanche (late priest), deputy to Convention, states that he has always been free from prejudice and superstition, and that he informs the *Commune* of an alliance which he has formed with the daughter of one of the *Mountain*." The President gives the bride the fraternal kiss. (Great applause.) Laplanche adds, "that he is agoing to Sans-Culottise the department of Loiret, notwithstanding his marriage."

Eulogy on a Sans-Culotte slain at Lyons. Dnfeuille to his brothers. Date, Ville Affranchie (late Lyons). "Brothers and friends, I send you some flowers cast by a friend on the tomb of a friend. Read, I beseech you, at your Tribune, the funeral eulogy which I send you, and if it causes some tears to flow, my end is accomplished, and I am satisfied."

The eulogy opens thus: "Impure city! new Sodom! was it not enough that thou didst bring forth during two centuries germs of all manner of corruption, and to have poisoned by thy luxury and vice France, Europe, the whole world? It was proper to crown thy infamy by giving the nascent Republic the example of a new crime. The entire Republic calls out for vengeance. Challier, we owe it to thee!

Martyr of Liberty! the blood of these miscreants is the lustral water which we bear to thy *manes*! Aristocrats and fanatics, serpents of the courts, *misérables*, thus you arrogate the power to put an end to life—thus you announce that in your hands the Eternal has deposited the square and compass of human virtue. Ye corrupt and greedy tradesmen! Ye women foul with debauchery! Ye adulterers! Ye prostitutes! tyrants of the people, ye do well to sit in judgment on the people's friend. Is a Messalina to pronounce on a Brutus? Is a Sardanapalus to condemn a Socrates?"

Report from La Gironde. "Many have been taken and punished. There are eight in the Paris jails who should be sent to Bordeaux, where their examples would be more effectual. One remarkable execution is that of Biroteau (one of the Girondins), whom we took off a vessel. The infamous traitor Lavanguyon, the villain who set the counter-revolutionists at work at Toulon, has perished on the scaffold. We have also punished the Mayor of Bordeaux, a man worth ten millions of livres and fruitful in resources of mind, and whom all who were not true Sans-Culottes looked on as a god. We have issued orders to provisionally change the name of the department of Gironde to that of Bec d'Ambes."

In *Commune* of Paris, 6th November. "A member of the Section of *Bonne Nouvelle* desired to present a babe which had been baptized by the name of *Reine* (queen). The mother asked the name of '*Fraternité*.' Many citizens added, '*Bonne Nouvelle*.' The name of '*Fraternité Bonne Nouvelle*' was given to the child, which received *civic baptism* beneath the flag of the Section, amid lively cheers."

November 8—Chaumette's wit. "Chaumette announces to the *Commune* that Orleans (*Egalité*) has gone to the punishment due to his crimes. 'I have sought,' says he, 'with both my eyes, some party to save this great man, but could not find one. This is the best reply we can make to the impostures of our enemies.'" (Applause.)

Authoresses at the Guillotine. "Madeleine Frances Dubét, Olympe des Gouges, Marie Madeleine Contelét, convicted of having composed writings tending to the destruction of the constitutional authorities, are sent to the block."

"Nicolas Leroi, convicted of having held propositions tending to inflame civil war, was condemned to death. When the said Leroi heard judgment pronounced against him, he darted from the bench of accusation, in order to rush violently on the judge and maltreat him. The doorkeeper prevented the outrage, and reconducted him to prison just in time to be sent to the scaffold."

Burying the victims of the Guillotine. Chaumette demands of the *Commune*, that the place where the bodies of executed criminals are buried shall be kept closed, in order to prevent *scélérats* from stripping the clothing from the dead.

The Age of Reason at hand. In Convention, Nov. 8. The orator of a deputation from Seine speaks thus: "Citizens, the Bishop of the Romish Church is dead. Will you allow the pontifical seat to exist? The citizens and the legislator only recognize the worship of liberty, or that of one's country. *Holy mountain* (the reader will note the play upon words), let a rock from thy summit roll down and crush this monster!" (Applause.)

In *Commune*, 9th Nov. "Chaumette renders an account of a memorable session of the Convention, where the fanaticism and jugglery of priests have yielded their last groans—where the ministers of worship have abjured their errors, and asked pardon for having so long abused the credulity of the people."

Priestly Recantation. In Convention, the President exclaims: "I announce to the Convention that Gobel, Bishop of Paris, with his vicars and many *curés*, ask to be heard."

Mormoro (the husband of the Goddess of Reason). "Citizen legislators; you have before you the Bishop of Paris and other priests. Led by Reason, they come to strip off the characters which superstition has given them. It is thus that the mountebanks of despotism concur in its destruction. Soon the French Republic will have no other worship but that of Liberty, Equality, and Eternal Truth, a worship which soon will be universal, thanks to our immortal labors." (Applause.)

The Bishop then publicly demits his office and accepts the worship of Reason.

Chaumette. "The day when reason resumes its empire, deserves a

place in the brilliant epoch of the French Revolution. I at this moment offer a petition, that in our new calendar a place be given to the *Day of Reason*." (Applause.)*

The President (addressing the Priests). "Citizens, the example you have given us are the effects of philosophy to enlighten the mind. Citizens, who come to sacrifice these ornaments on the altars of your country, you are worthy of the Republic! Citizens, who come to abjure error, hereafter you will only wish to preach the practice of virtue; this is the worship which the Supreme Being finds agreeable; you are worthy of him."

The members overwhelm the priests with transports; they give a red cap to Gobel, who puts it on (prolonged applause, with cries, "The embrace to the Bishop of Paris"). The President gives him the embrace. (The applause redoubles.)

In *Commune*, Nov. 10.—"The artists of the opera thank the Council for its invitation to participate in the the *fête* of Reason, in the late Metropolitan Church, where will be offered to Liberty the remainder of the prejudices of fanaticism."

"A minister of the Catholic worship deposits with the *Commune* his credentials, and asks his name to be changed from Erasmus to *Apostate*." (Granted.)

"The *Commune* ordered that those Sections which have renounced all worship save that of Liberty, should take possession of the paraphernalia in each church, and report to the Commission on Public Buildings, which is authorized to sell it for the benefit of the public treasury."

* On the 12th of the next April, Chaumette and Gobel, who now stand together in the Convention, stood side by side in the cart, bound for the *Place de la Révolution*. They were executed on a charge of atheism, and the very speeches made on this occasion were evidence against them. We give an extract from Gobel's speech: "Born a plebeian, I had early the love of liberty and equality. The will of the people was my first law, the submission of my will my first duty. That will has raised me to the Episcopal seat of Paris. My conscience told me that when obedient to the people I had never been deceived. I have improved the influence thus given me to increase the people's love for liberty and equality, but now, as liberty marches onward with resistless pace, all my sentiments centre in this, that there should be no worship but that of Liberty and Equality. I renounce my functions of minister of the Catholic worship; my vicars make the same declaration. We lay on your bureaux our credentials; may this example consolidate the reign of liberty and equality—*Vive la République!*" Great and unanimous applause from all members.

On motion of Chaumette, "The *Commune* ordered that the Revolutionary orders, anti-ecclesiastical, should be translated into Italian, and sent immediately to the Pope, in order to heal him of his errors."

Nov. 13. "The Sections des Lombards, des *Droits de l'homme*, and of *la Indivisibilité*, declare to the *Commune* that they wish no other worship than that of Liberty, sound Philosophy, and of Reason. They have closed the churches, and bear to the Convention, to lay on the altar of their country, all the finery which fed the pride of the so-called interpreters of Divinity."

"Citizen Wart deposits his priestly credentials, and declares that, wishing to be engaged in a manner the most useful to society, he had for the past year taken up the trade of a joiner."

"The Section *De la Cité* demands that its name be changed to that of Reason."

Nov. 14. "A member makes honorable mention of the patriotic zeal of certain Jews, in bringing their religious ornaments and relics, among which is that famous cope (ephod), which they say belonged to Moses."

"Hébert presented to the *Commune* various relics, among which were a fragment of the robe of the Virgin, made of *double taffeta silk*, three Apostles' eyes, made of rosin, and a piece of the rod which *Aaron* used in making water flow out of the rock. Also, a great number of the bones of the most renowned saints."

"Ordered, that these venerated gew-gaws be laid aside until enough are gathered for a bonfire."

"Chaumette announces that the Section of *Bonne Nouvelle* has ordered a *course de morale* for each *Décadi*, when, at the hour of mass, they will have a patriotic discourse."

"On the proposition of a member, the *Commune* orders that the departments be invited to batter down the steeples, since, by their elevation over other structures, they appear contrary to the principles of equality."

In *Commune*, 18th Nov. "The Section *des Marches*, and others, declare that, yielding worship to Reason, they have shut the churches of their *arrondissement*, and carried off all the effects which served to strengthen error and superstition. The Section of *Quinze-Vingts* offers certain orna-

ments of worship, and among other relics the famous shirt of St. Louis, which on examination proves to be only a woman's *chemise*."

"Dubarran reads a letter, announcing that Reason has great success in the department of Gers; many priests have been unpriested, their crosses have been destroyed, and fanaticism and fanatics are levelled."

"A *ci-devant* ecclesiastic of Soissons, who has got married, demands that all his *confrères* be required to abjure a vow which outrages nature."

Nov. 25.—"3,471 are reported in the various prisons."

"In the programme of the fête of Reason, it is required that there be in the Temple of Reason two large and commodious Tribunes, one for old men, the other for *femmes enceintes*, with these inscriptions—'*Respect à la vieillesse*,' '*Respect et soins aux femmes enceintes*.'"

Reason and bloodshed.—Report from Lyons: "The Revolutionary Tribunal is in all its vigor, and nothing escapes its vigilance. Ten members of the municipality have had their heads cut off at the place where the virtuous Challier reposes. Yesterday a *fête* was celebrated to his honor. The ceremony was imposing, and fanaticism was laid low. The first personage was an ass, decorated with pontifical harness, and on its head a mitre; within three days we have caused twenty-one heads to fall by the guillotine, besides the daily *fusillades*."

Again: "Citizen-President, I send you a second list of the guillotined; the total number up to this day is three hundred. No doubt the National Convention will see with pleasure the activity with which the Tribunal avenges the *manes* of the patriots murdered in this new Sodom. A much grander act of justice is yet in preparation: four or five hundred counter-revolutionists will one of these days expiate their crimes. Lightning will purify the earth at a single stroke. May this *fête* impress terror forever in the souls of the wretches, and confidence in the hearts of revolutionists! I say *fête*, Citizen-President; yes, *fête* is the proper word. When crime falls to the tomb, humanity breathes free, and it is the *fête* of justice."

From Strasburg: "The Revolutionary Tribunal which we have established for the judging of monopolists, agitators, and tradesmen, who do not conform to the tax, has already made useful examples. Many have

been condemned to pay fines of from 50,000 to 100,000 livres, and some to chains. We need some punishment in order to destroy cupidity, which is worse here than in any other town in the Republic; but the *Tribunal spares no one*, and *Ca ira*."

Again, 20th of December, report from Lyons read in the Convention: "Sixty criminals were put to death by *fusillade* on the 14th; on the 15th, two hundred and eight others received the same punishment."

In Convention—Anacharsis Clootz's last self-glorification. We quote from his speech concerning his book: "This singular work, by its method, its tactics, and curious developments, saps at a single blow all sects of revealed religion, ancient and modern. It is entitled, 'The Certainty of the Evidence of Mohammedanism,' because I throw a Mussulman between the legs of other sects, and they all tumble one upon the other. My book holds the place of a vast library. I rejoice to have been persecuted by an archbishop of Paris, when I urged the clergy of France to abjure a doctrine against which I launched my book, ten years before the fall of the Bastile.

"I owe it to my continual voyages and my cosmopolitan independence that I have escaped the vengeance of tyrants, both sacred and profane. I was in Rome when they wanted to jail me in Paris, and I was in London when they wanted to burn me in Lisbon. It is by moving like a shuttle from one part of Europe to another, that I have escaped *shirri*, *alguazils*, and police. At last comes the Revolution, and finds me in my element; for, as Brutus says, 'It is liberty, not locality, that makes the citizen.' My wanderings ceased when the emigration of *scélérats* commenced. Regenerated Paris was the post for the *orator of mankind*. I have remained here since 1789, and since then have redoubled my zeal against the pretended sovereigns of earth and heaven. I have preached earnestly that there was *no other God than Nature—no other sovereign than the human race—the people God!*"

Alas! the poor wanderer will never leave Paris—his fate is already sealed; and this boasted Atheism will be one of Robespierre's charges against him.

Youthful prodigy.—In Convention: "They lift up a young lad; he demands the fraternal kiss, in order that he may give it in turn to the

youth of his own age. He promises, both for himself and for them, to imitate the fine examples which the defenders of the people have given. His speech received applause. They bear the lad to the President, and he receives the fraternal kiss. The President then exclaims: 'I ought to inform the Assembly of what this lad has told me. He has recited the Declaration of the Rights of Man, which he has by heart. He asked me when the Assembly would make a catechism for youth: he burns to learn it.'"

The address of the youth of the School of Mars exhibits a still more vivid enthusiasm:

"Citizens! we rush to your bosom with the outpouring of a sentimental soul, and the tenderness of recognition, to offer our hearts and our arms to a society celebrated for its virtues and its heroism. Men incorruptible! Republicans well approved! you have been the Aurora of the Revolution—the Boulevard of Liberty—the terror of Tyrants—the shield of the oppressed—and the firm support of innocence. This day, superior even to yourselves and to your age, you will honor misfortune, respect the aged, encourage the arts, and illuminate this generation, enslaved by prejudice, superstition, and fanaticism. Accept our thanks; accept our oath to conquer our passions, to love probity and benevolence, to equal the Spartans in republican virtue, and to surpass the Romans in courage.

"Heaven aids us. Already foreign nations efface the rust of antique servitude, and wait for the Decii of France. Posterity will cover our tombs with the flowers of friendship and the laurels of victory, and sprinkle them with the tears of emotion!"

(Applause, in the midst of which the President gives the speaker the fraternal embrace.)

The address of the Section of Marat, though offered by men, is full as puerile as the foregoing:

"Legislators! let them tremble who meditate the ruin of the Republic. We have sworn in our hearts the inviolable oath, to prove to the universe that the shores of the Seine are peopled by men as brave as those whom we admire on the banks of the Tiber. We have our Horatii, our Fabii, our Cincinnatuses, and they understand how to save

Rome. We know that three hundred Spartans, by their glorious death, precipitated the fall of the Asiatic tyrant. Very well! we swear before you that the sublime inscription of Thermopyke will be ours," etc., etc.

In Convention: "Two couples, married yesterday, present themselves, and ask admission to the session; they prefer, instead of the ordinary way, to assist in the deliberations of the friends of Liberty, because they wish to educate their children in these principles. They are admitted, and receive the President's embrace."

Chaumette suspected.—In *Commune*, November 25th. Chaumette speaks: "You must have learned what passed at the Committee of Public Security relative to Pache, Hébert, and me. They told Hébert that it was Pache and I; and they told me that it was Pache and Hébert. Innocence and truth will break through these dark plots, and find zealous defenders. Robespierre is one of these: the energy of patriotism animates him—already the Society of Jacobins has purified itself."

(Chaumette little thinks that Robespierre has fixed his doom, and will have him guillotined in a few months.)

Danton suspected.—In Jacobin Club, December 6th. Robespierre exclaims: "Danton! thou art accused of emigration; they say of thy journey into Switzerland, that thy illness was a feint to hide thy flight; they say thy ambition was to become Regent under Louis XVII.; that thou wast the chief of the conspiracy—that neither Pitt, nor Coburg, nor Austria, nor Prussia, were our real enemies, but that it was thou thyself."

The Jacobin Club purifying itself in extraordinary session, December 16th: "Coupé is refused admission, on the score of having been a priest, and is still a celibate."

Casa Bianca is excluded because he did not vote for the death of the King.

Robespierre is passed in with great applause. Duhem is rejected on Robespierre's objections. The members of the Revolutionary Tribunal, Fouquier Tinville, accuser; Fleuriot, his deputy; Herman, its president; and Dumas, vice-president, are passed in on Robespierre's recommendation.

Camille Desmoulins is accused of having shown tenderness (*sensibilité*)

on the execution of the twenty-two deputies (the Girondins), and his admission is opposed on this ground. In reply to this charge, he answers: "A striking fatality has followed sixty persons who signed my marriage-contract, of whom there only remain two, Robespierre and Danton. All the rest are either emigrated or guillotined, and of the latter are the twenty-two deputies. A turn of *sensibilité* was therefore truly pardonable on such an occasion."

Robespierre pleads for Camille, on the ground that it was but a weakness, and he passes in (but he is a doomed man notwithstanding).

Anacharsis Clootz appears. He has been one of the leaders of the club—has been its president; but now is charged with two crimes—foreign birth, and intimacy with the guillotined bankers, Vanderneyver and sons.

Robespierre speaks, in his soft and cutting manner: "Citizens, can we regard as a patriot a German baron? Can we consider a man to be a Sans-Culotte whose income is more than 100,000 livres? Can we believe a man to be a Republican who lives only with bankers and counter-revolutionists? No, citizens! let us set a guard on these strangers who are more patriotic than the French themselves. Clootz, thou passest thy life with strangers—with the agents and spies of foreign powers. Like them, thou art a traitor, whom we must watch. Citizens, Clootz has tried to explain this. He knew the Vanderneyvers, and he knew them as counter-revolutionists. He assures you that he ceased their acquaintance, but this is only a Prussian trick. Why, then, Clootz, if thou knewest them for counter-revolutionists, didst thou seek to have them set at liberty? Speak, if thou hast any thing to say!

"I accuse Clootz of increasing the number of federalists: his expressed opinions—his persistence in speaking of a *Universal Republic*, has inspired a rage for conquest, and produced the same effect as the writings of Brissot. Disdaining the title of citizen of France, he took that of citizen of the world; indeed, had he been a good Frenchman, he would not have attempted the conquest of the Universe. Could these ideas of pretended philosophy enter into the head of a man of sense, much less of a patriot?

"Citizens, can you regard as a patriot, a stranger who is more demo-

cratic than Frenchmen, and whom you see at one time in the *marsh*, at another above the *mountain*? For Cloutz was *never of the mountain*. He was always *underneath* or *above* it.*

"Alas! unfortunate patriots, what can we do, surrounded by enemies who battle in our very ranks? They cover themselves with a mask; they tear us to pieces: we see the wounds, but not the murderers. We can do nothing more: our mission is finished. Let us watch, for the death of our country is at hand.

"Ah! I do not care for the death of patriots; they ought to make the sacrifice; but, alas! that of the country is inevitable if these neglects be permitted. Foreign powers are in the midst, their spies, their ministers, and their police; but we have the people, who wish to be free."

Cloutz is rejected at once.

Dec. 16. Work of the guillotine. Jean Baptiste Vanderneyver, aged 66, and his sons Edme Jean, aged 32, and Antoine August, aged 29, bankers (above referred to), convicted of conspiracy, etc., etc., were condemned at eleven o'clock at night, and executed at four o'clock the next afternoon.

Chabot, formerly chief witness against the Girondins, writes from prison, complaining of the treatment of his sister:

"They have arrested one of my fellow-citizens just as he went to console my wife and my sister for the absence of one who is most dear. On the 29th they submitted my sister to an examination as though she had been a criminal, and gave her all manner of suffering.

"Yesterday they basely demand of the police that she be not allowed to go out even for business. The Hébertists are more audacious than the Brissotines. Representatives, respect the mother of nine children, who has no other crime than that of being my sister."

The year 1794 opened with fearful signs of doubt and terror. The *Moniteur* of January announces "that Thomas Paine and Anacharsis Cloutz have been arrested, and their papers put under seal."

* The term *La Plaine* was applied to the moderate opponents of the Girondins; while *Le Marais*, or the marsh, was used to designate others who were still more lax in their theories. The Mountain, having destroyed the Girondins, began an attack on *La Plaine* and *Le Marais*.

In the issue of January 5th we read of stormy scenes in the Jacobin Club, where a fresh denunciation is uttered against one of its own leaders. This is none other than Camille Desmoulins, the young, the eloquent, and the beautiful, once the bosom friend of Robespierre, who, while he assumes his defence, has marked him for the scaffold notwithstanding.

Hébert exclaims: "There be many deeds which demand justice against Camille. All that could be alleged against Brissot does not approach that which can be charged against Camille. His object has always been to ridicule and calumniate patriots. This is the Camille who said loftily, 'that the nobles were necessary; that they were the only educated class.' It is necessary to protect the patriots thus slandered. Some accuse me of being a counter-revolutionist; let them examine my conduct. If they find me guilty, I refuse not to *lay my head on the scaffold.*"

Hébert was called to do this much sooner than he could have dreamed. In three months the accuser of Camille went to the axe under Robespierre's orders, and, what is more remarkable, he perished a week earlier than the man whom he now murderously denounces.

Robespierre formerly defended his friend with well-feigned kindness, although it is he—for it could be no one else—who has ordered Hébert to attack him, and now he sustains that attack by the following vein of biting sarcasm:

Robespierre. "It is some time since I have taken the defence of Camille. I will now make some reflections on his character, such as *friendship* must permit. Camille has promised to abjure his heresies; but he has not done so. Camille has a passionate love for Philopoteaux. Nothing is sublime but the works of Philopoteaux. He is his hero. He is his Don Quixote. Camille is an admirer of the ancients. Cicero and Demosthenes are his delight. The resemblance of the names has turned his head. Camille thinks, in reading Philopoteaux, that he is reading the Philippics of Demosthenes; but let him not be mistaken. The old Greek wrote Philippics, but Philopoteaux only writes *Philopotiques*. Camille has much of the *naïveté* of La Fontaine. They say that the latter, reading the prophets one day to a lady who knew of the Bible

but little, said, 'Have you read Baruch? Zounds, was he not a great man?' 'Baruch!' she exclaimed, 'who is this Baruch?' Very well; Desmoulins takes all who pass by the neck, and demands, 'Have you read Phillopoteaux?' and the reply is, 'Phillopoteaux! who is this Phillopoteaux?' Camille is a spoiled child who has a good disposition, but bad companions have misled him. I demand that his writings be burned."

Camille (who feels his doom). "That's well said, Robespierre, but I reply to thee in the words of Rousseau, '*to burn is not to answer.*'"

Robespierre. "Listen, Camille! if thou wert not Camille, one could not have so much indulgence for thee; the manner is bad, the intentions worse; but can the quotation find application here?"

Camille. "Robespierre, thou dost not understand me. How can you say that only aristocrats read my journal (*Le Vieux Cordelier*)? The Convention reads it, the Mountain reads it: are these aristocrats? Thou condemnest me here, but have I not read my journal to thee at thy house, and conjured thee in the name of friendship to aid me by thy advice, and to point out the path that I should follow?"

Camille struggles in vain against his enemy. His arrest and execution soon follow.

A girl at the *Commune*. "A young girl aged six years mounted the Tribune, and recited many stanzas of a patriotic nature which she had by heart. To a sonorous voice she added the art of declamation." (Applause.)

February 12. More suspicion. "The Judge of the peace of Tarascon, admitted to the bar, denounced an infernal cabal among the partisans of Barbaroux, under the guise of an exaggerated patriotism."

Condition of the prisons. January 6, 4,659 prisoners; 14th January, 5,030; February 21, 5,540; March 11, 6,064; April 2, 6,863; April 11, 7,007; April 17th, 7,541; 25th, 7,764.

In *Commune* of Paris. "A butcher is denounced for monopolizing candles to the value of 2,350 livres. Another citizen has been surprised with 400 livres worth of candles. These suspected men have been put under arrest."

"The Revolutionary Committee of the Section *Montagne* denounces

the traitorous *restaurateurs* of the *Palais de l'Egalité*, who have only changed their name, and might still be called the *Palais Royal*, on account of the insolent luxury they maintain. There we find the *restaurateurs* who have abundance of all kinds for the rich, at excessive rates, and these sumptuous feasts enable traitors to elude the law."

Complaint is also made of the butchers who sell tidbits to the rich, and will not sell meat *except to those who have money*.

March 16. Fouquier announces "to the Committee of Public Safety (which included Robespierre), that, agreeably to orders, he has arrested HEBERT and MORMORO, and others. Couthon announces to the Committee 'a new conspiracy to depopularize Robespierre and to elevate Hébert.'"

Barrère. "The Revolutionary Tribunal, the friend of the people and the Revolution, will do justice to the conspirators who are attempting our liberty. Go to-day through the streets of Paris—you shall know the aristocrats by their long faces."

Couthon. "Yes, in times of Revolution all good citizens should be physiognomists. It is by physiognomy that you know a traitor, especially one who has accomplices in the hand of Justice. These fellows have a haggard eye, an air of consternation, and a base gallows look. Good citizens, arrest these fellows."

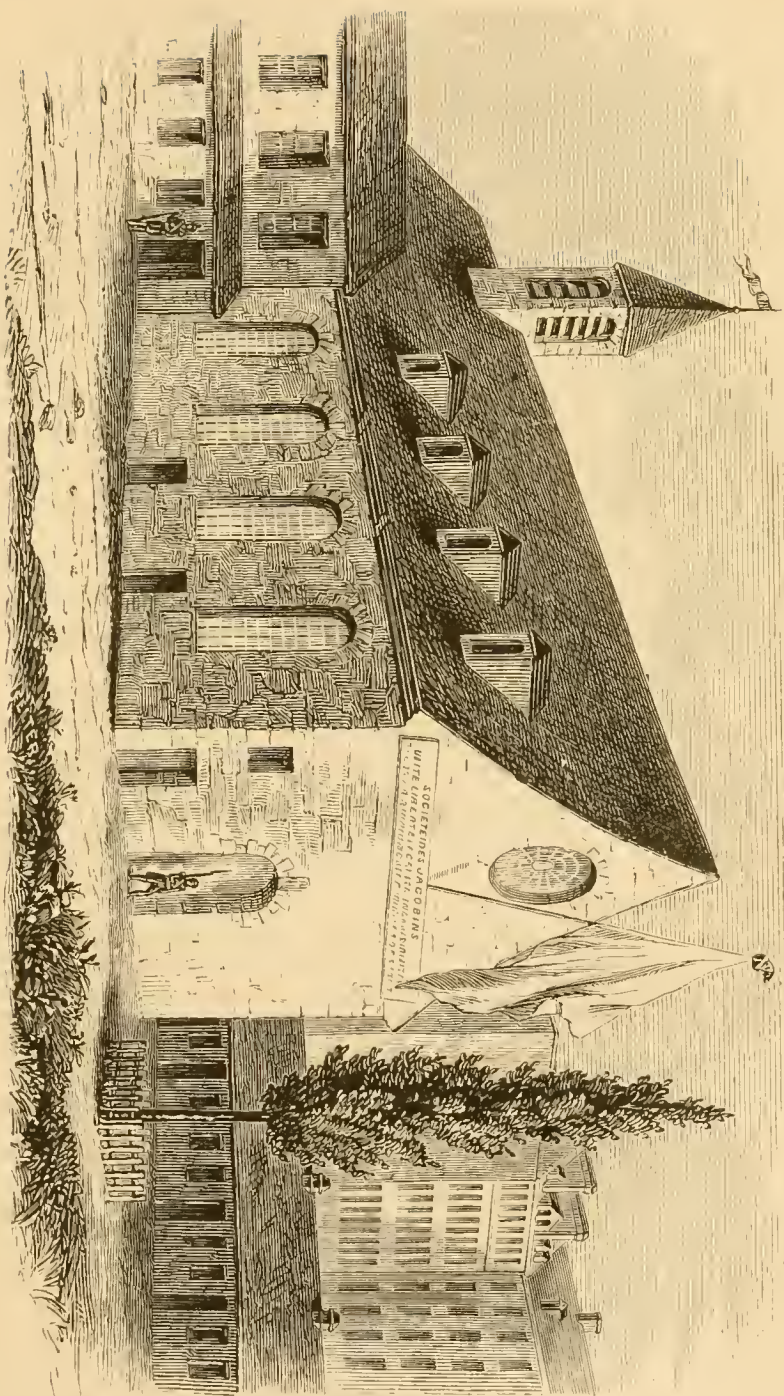
Barrère. "What ought one to think on seeing these men, with their huge moustaches and long sabres, insulting good citizens, and, above all, the Representatives of the people? They look on them as much as to say, 'If you open your mouth to say a single word I will exterminate you.' This I have seen with my own eyes." (Many voices, "Yes, yes, we have seen it.")

REPORTS OF THE NEW CONSPIRACY NOW ELECTRIFY PARIS.

March 18. "The Section *du Pantheon* goes in mass to felicitate the Convention on the energy with which it strikes the new enemies of the Republic, and invites it to redouble its vigilance."

Congratulation also from the Convention, on its energy in breaking up the new conspiracies.

Execution Extraordinary—Moniteur, March 25.—"HEBERT, MOR-



THE JACOBIN CLUB-HOUSE, AS IT APPEARED IN THE REIGN OF TERROR.

MORO, Anacharsis Clootz, and their accomplices, have been executed at five o'clock, at the *Place de la Révolution*. A prodigious concourse of citizens filled the streets through which they passed. Cries of *Vive la République* and applause throughout. This testimony of the indignation of the people against the men who had assailed the public safety, was proportionate to the extreme confidence in those who had detected them. The public satisfaction was mingled with profound indignation. It was a new proof of the love of citizens for a Republic saved by the punishment of these great culprits. Thus let all perish who dare attempt the re-establishment of tyranny."

The agony culminates rapidly.

April 1.—"Danton and others denounced; their accusation is moved."

April 4.—"Appearance at the Tribunal of the following remarkable group: Fabre D'Eglantine, aged 39; F. Chabot, 38; Hérault de Séchelles, 34; G. J. Danton, 34; Camille Desmoulins, 33; P. Phillopo-teaux, 35, and others.

"Fabre occupied the chief seat; he appeared in a state of suffering. Camille, having seen *Renaudin* among the jurors, offered challenge, but the Tribunal refused, since the demand should have been made at an earlier hour, and in writing."

"The same Camille, being asked his age, replied, '*I am the age of the Sans-Culotte Jesus—thirty-three.*' "

"Danton, being asked his abode and his history, replies: 'My abode will soon be nothing, (*néant*); as for my name, you will find it in the Pantheon of history.' "

Of Chabot, who had poisoned himself, it is stated that "the antidote worked effectually; his voice is not altered."

April 6.—"The above were executed at the *Place de la Révolution*, at half-past five."

On 10th of April another *journée* appears, in which we read the names of the widow Hébert, of Lucille Desmoulins (widow of Camille), of Bishop Gobel, of Paris, aged 67, and, chiefest of all, of GASPARD CHAUMETTE (called Anaxagoras), aged 31.

"In the act of accusation which Fouquier Tinville presents against these unfortunates, Gobel and Chaumette are charged with having

united with Hébert, Cloutz, and others, to efface all idea of the Divinity, and with a desire to found the Government of France on atheism, and to destroy even the idea of an *Etre Suprême*. They were convicted on the 11th, and guillotined the same day, at six in the evening.”*

On the 18th Floréal (7th May), Robespierre brings out the worship of the Supreme Being, in his grand speech in the Convention, filling eleven columns. The programme is thus announced in the *Moniteur*: “The people are eager to ornament and celebrate the fête of Divinity. There will be seen tri-colored bandrols on the houses and porches, ornamented with green festoons. The chaste spouse braids with flowers her daughter’s floating hair, and the babe at its mother’s breast, of which it is the most beautiful ornament. . . . The National Convention, preceeded by music, will be seen at the Tribune; in the centre, the President (Robespierre) appears in the midst of an amphitheatre. He makes us feel the motives which have determined this solemn fête. He invites the people to honor the Author of Nature. The people make the air resound with shouts, like the noise of a storm at sea.

“At the bottom of the amphitheatre stands a monument, on which are gathered all the enemies of public happiness: the grievous monster of Atheism, sustained by Ambition, Egotism, Discord, and False Simplicity, which in the midst of the rags of Misery reveals the ornaments of the slaves of Royalty. The President approaches, holding in his hands a fire-brand; he applies it to the group; it returns to nothing as fast as the conspirators who have fallen beneath the sword of the law. On the ruins arises Wisdom, with a calm aspect; at her appearance tears of joy appear in all eyes. It consoles the good, whom atheism would drive to despair. The Daughter of Heaven appears to say, ‘People! render homage to the Author of Nature. Respect the immutable decrees!’” Etc., etc.

* Robespierre, having determined to destroy Hébert and his friend Chaumette, together with Cloutz and Bishop Gobel, conceived the charge of atheism against them. It is evident that he felt the great lack of that religious element which aided Cromwell and other Republicans, and determined to reproduce it. For this purpose he charges his political enemies with *Atheism*, while at the same time he brings out the *Etre Suprême*. His hope, no doubt, was to have the aid of a religious enthusiasm, but in this he failed, for his conception of the *Etre Suprême* was too chill and abstract to awaken a single pulsation among the hardened masses of Paris.

From this extract the reader may form an idea of the six columns of rhapsody which depict the *fête* of the Supreme Being, and which might apply to a festival of Greek or Oriental mythology.

Robespierre's speech, as President of the day, is one of the best specimens of his oratory, and fills eleven columns.

IN JACOBIN CLUB.

"The Society of St. Genies notifies the Jacobin Club that it has expelled from its bosom the corrupt priests. Worshipper of Divinity! love thy neighbor; observe the law; this is the religion which we have hereafter. This religion has no need of priests or bishops, to whom they used to give an abbey for knowing nothing, and a diocese for doing nothing." (Applause.)

The Society of Fontainebleau utters the following: "A magnanimous people, which has destroyed fanaticism, recognizes the dogma of the immortality of the soul, consecrated to the great work of revolution—to the Author of Nature. Has he not already proved his invincibility? It is the Supreme Being who, in preserving from the tomb the incorruptible Robespierre, has saved the Republic from an eternal mourning."

In Jacobin Club.—"Robespierre denounces the Society of Nevers, because the *fête* of the Supreme Being was a failure, and they continue to preach atheism."

Change in the Tribunal, 11th June.—"In order to facilitate the work, Couthon remodels the Tribunal, which is re-established in the following manner. The Revolutionary Tribunal shall be composed of one president and three vice-presidents; one public accuser and four substitutes; twelve judges and fifty jurors. The necessary proof for the condemnation of the enemies of the Republic, is documents of *all kinds*, whether *material or moral, verbal or written*, which can naturally command the assent of every just and reasonable spirit. The rule of judgment is the conscience of the jurors, enlightened by the love of country—their object is the triumph of the Republic and the ruin of its enemies. The procedure is the simple means which good sense indicates to arrive at the knowledge of the truth. If there exist proofs independent of the testimony of witnesses, the *latter shall not be heard*, so long as the for-

mality does not appear necessary to discover accomplices. The law given for the defence of calumniated patriots, and to patriotic jurors, is *not accorded to conspirators*.

"The Tribunal shall divide itself into sections of twelve, three judges and nine jurors."

From this we learn that the inauguration of the *Etre Suprême* was only the signal for fresh slaughter.

Foreigners at the Tribunal.—In the batch of June 14: Thomas Delany, aged 17, and Patrick Roden, aged 28, both Irishmen; J. Murdock, aged 29, born at Edinburgh; and William Newton, aged 33, from London, are convicted of conspiracy.

June 23. Robespierre's life having been (as it was falsely said) attempted by a girl, her entire family appear among the doomed: A. C. Renault, aged 63; A. G. Renault, aged 30; *Anna C. Renault*, aged 20. Also, Virot Sombrenil, the father, aged 74; the son, of same name, aged 26. Also, *la Sainte Amaranth*, aged 17,* and others, convicted of conspiracy to assassinate—to create famine—the depravation of public morals—the opening of prisons, etc., etc. This *fournée* went to the guillotine in red shirts, the dress of parricides, on account of the attempt of Renault on Robespierre.

In Convention (Robespierre, President).—Speech of deputation from St. Martin's: "We have learned with indignation that some wretches have attempted your lives; but the Supreme Being, who watches over the destiny of the Republic, will save you for the welfare of regenerated France. It is in vain that despots cabal against Liberty. Continue, sage legislators, and soon the astonished Universe, contemplating our glory and our good success, which are your work, will only speak with respect of the French people and their worthy representatives. *Vive la R^épublique!*" (Applause.)

June 30. A *fournée* of forty is sentenced, consisting chiefly of the lower class of laboring women. It is remarkable that the Tribunal

* The history of the lovely Mademoiselle *Sainte Amaranth* is one of the strangest of the strange things of that fearful time. As she was one of the youngest, so also was she one of the most innocent and exquisite of the victims of the Reign of Terror.

would busy itself with such low game, but it appears that they were sent up among the rebels of *La Vendée*.

"L. Boissard, work-woman (day-worker—*journalière*), aged 18; M. Supin, widow (rich), aged 60; M. Alleaume, perruquier's apprentice, aged 17; the widow Tardy, aged 40; A. Lienard, aged 17; A. Grand, aged 19; the widow Guillotte, aged 60; the widow Prole (day-worker), aged 60; widow Morrissey (day-worker), aged 40; the woman Roland, aged 30; widow Lienard, aged 50; widow Rofin (day-worker), aged 30; the widow Maiment, aged 60; Madame Picard, aged 30; widow Bartheau, aged 62; widow Boisseau, aged 44; Madame Coubern, aged 44; Madame Peysac, aged 33; Madame Roche (housekeeper), aged 40; Madame Joly, aged 50; the woman Salomon (day's works), aged 30; the woman Joly (seamstress), aged 22—convicted of having participated in the crimes of the late tyrant of the rebellion at Lyons, of associating with federalists, of *complots at La Vendée*," etc., etc.

Two girls, one of whom was 13 years of age, were acquitted.

As a contrast to this plebeian group, we have, on the 3d of July, the following slaughter of the nobility: "Noailles de Mouchy, aged 79, ex-duke, ex-marshal of France, ex-governor of Versailles; also his wife, aged 66. F. P. Biron, widow of the late duke of Biron. J. G. Polastron, aged 73, colonel of the late regiment of the crown. Hector Genesthêt, aged 36, ex-marquis of Didier; also his wife, aged 26. Liegard de Liegny, aged 77, chevalier of the spurs; and others."

July 5. Robespierre has now reached the summit of power, and trembles on the verge of an unseen precipice, down which, in less than a month, he is to fall and perish. Are there no premonitions of this in his speech of this date in the Convention?—

"When crime conspires in darkness, is it for freemen to use stronger means than truth and publicity? Shall we go, like the conspirators, to plot in darkness? Shall we scatter corruption? No! the arms of Liberty and Tyranny are as different as Liberty and Tyranny themselves. Against tyrants and their friends we have no resource but truth and public opinion. The man of humanity is he who devotes himself to the cause of humanity, and who pursues with rigor and justice its enemies. He will always hold out the helping hand to outraged virtue and op-

pressed innocence. On the other hand, the barbarian is he who, while sympathizing with conspirators, has no bowels for patriots—who, while waiting on the aristocrats, is implacable to patriots. Let me speak for myself. In London, they caricature me as the assassin of honest men. In Paris, they say that it is I that organized the Tribunal, to destroy the Convention, and I am portrayed as an oppressor. In London, they say the affair of Regnault occurred because I guillotined her lover. Thus the most absolute of tyrants attack an *isolated patriot*, who has nothing but his courage and his virtue."

(A voice—"Robespierre, thou hast all the French for thee!")

This "man of humanity" continues his work by a *fournée* on the 10th July, of which the youngest is 57, while it includes one of 80 and another of 85 years.

On the 12th July, a *fournée* of sixty-nine is butchered, among whom are Bourre de Courberon, ex-noble, aged 17. Goussenville, the father, aged 49; the son, of same name, aged 20. Lamerelle, the father, aged 53; the son, aged 18; also a domestic, F. Bridier, aged 72.

On the 13th, this man, who "holds out a helping hand to oppressed innocence," sends off another *fournée* of forty-eight, among which is the family of the Tardieus, the father aged 64, the mother aged 56, the daughters severally 23 and 27 years of age. Also Borne, father and son—the former 49, the latter 20.

As a sample of *mercy*, A. F. Saint Marie, aged 14, convicted of knowingly mingling with the enemies of the country, is (on account of his tender years) sentenced to the house of correction for twenty years!

On the 15th July, a *fournée* of forty-four is also dispatched, of whom seventeen are over 50, and one is 80.

On the 22d July, two *fournées* of seventy each. On the 25th, another of strictly noble blood, including two brothers (the Magons), the one 80 and the other 81 years of age. These unfortunate old men are in contrast with the blooming St. Pern, likewise an ex-noble, who is but 17.

Troubles gathering around Robespierre.—In the Jacobin Club, on the 11th July: "Robespierre, Junior, expresses his views in a lively manner with respect to the torpor and silence to which the Society has

abandoned itself. Patriots are tormented, and the Jacobins fail to take up their defence. The evil culminates when the energy of the Jacobins is crushed. He complained of those who resort to base flatteries to create dissensions among patriots. 'Some have even said to me, that they valued me above my brother, but in vain do they seek to separate us. So long as he shall be the proclaimer of morals and the terror of *scélérats*, my ambition asks no higher glory than to share his tomb.' "

The orator invited all patriots to rally, and to denounce every abuse, and to take a mutual defence of all friends of Liberty. In fine, he demanded that public opinion be pronounced in all its energy.

Couthon. "All patriots are friends and brothers. I desire to share the dagger aimed at Robespierre (all present cry out, 'And I also!') The successors of Hébert penetrate our midst, to crush patriots. If a man of purity rise up against these *scélérats*, he is by some looked on as a moderate: if he is disposed to deal hard with traitors, he is treated as a man of blood. Behold the precipices between which the friend of the people must advance! Would he attain his end without wandering, he must pursue each of these factions, with such a courage, and with so active a perseverance, that none of the guilty remain unpunished, and that all at last rejoice in that calm which belongs only to the virtuous. This is the end sought by the Committee of Public Safety. Those who dare suggest that the committee desire to dominate, neither know the people, who will not suffer it, nor the committee itself, who cannot conceive the thought; and I declare that the dagger which shall pierce one defender of the country, shall pierce my breast also, or that I will avenge him!"

Robespierre. "Our principles are, to stop the effusion of blood poured out by crime. The authors of the plots we have denounced, aspire to immolate all patriots, and, above all, the Convention itself, since the committee has pointed out the vices that should be purged away. Who are those who cease not to distinguish error from crime? Are they not the members of the committee?"

The speaker closed by denouncing the author of these manœuvres. He demanded that justice and virtue triumph—that innocence be put at

rest—that the people be victorious—and that the Convention trample under foot all its petty intriguers.

8th Thermidor (26th July). Exciting scene in the Convention.—Robespierre mounts the tribune, and reads a long discourse. He complains of calumny, and that he has been pointed out as an enemy.

The point of debate on which the conflict hinges is this: “*Shall his speech be printed?*” This is moved by Lacointre, and opposed by Bourdon de l’Oise.

Couthon, aiding this movement, offers an amendment, not only to print but to circulate the speech through the Republic.

Cambon. “It is time to speak the whole truth. A single man paralyzes the will of the Convention. It is the man who made that speech. That man is Robespierre!”

Robespierre demands permission to reply to this accusation, which appears to him both extraordinary and unintelligible. He asks but liberty to speak his opinion. (A number of voices, “*We demand it too.*”)

Panis. “I reproach Robespierre for persecuting Jacobins merely because it seems good to him. I wish him to say if he has proscribed our heads—if mine is on the list he has prepared. It is time for me to open my bleeding heart. I have been drenched in calumnies. I have not gained in the Revolution enough to give a sword to my son or a petticoat to my daughter. Behold another fact, which proves how necessary is the explanation I require of Robespierre. A man approached me at the Jacobins, and said—

“‘You are the first *fournée*.’

“‘How?’

“‘Your head is demanded!’

“‘My head! who am in this good cause?’

“Patriots! there is no need that I should say more, since it comes from all parts that Robespierre has made the list. I demand an explanation.” (Applause.)

Robespierre. “I demand to speak: my opinion is independent. I flatter no one; I fear no one. I listen only to my duty. I ask no support, nor the friendship of any one. I have not sought to make a party

for myself. You can ask me nothing that I wish to extenuate. I have done my duty ; it is for others to do theirs."

Charlier. "When one vaunts the courage of virtue, he should have that of truth. Name those whom you accuse." (Applause.)

Many voices. "Yes! yes! name them."

Conthon's amendment is lost, and the vote is a proof that Robespierre's power is forever gone. On the next day comes the final struggle.

9th Thermidor.—The Convention meets amid intense excitement. The great question which thrills every soul is, "What shall be done with Robespierre?" If he be victorious, they must fall—if he fall, they shall live!

St. Just mounts the tribune, and discourses much in the same vein of Robespierre's previous speech. He avers that though the tribune should be to him a Tarpeian Rock, he should not speak a word less on the causes of this division.

Billaud Varennes. "Yesterday the Society of Jacobins was filled by apostates. Yesterday they exhibited in that society the intention of cutting the throats of the Convention! (Expressions of horror on all.) The moment to speak the truth has arrived. I am astonished, after what has happened, to see St. Just mount the tribune. The Assembly will perish if it quails. ('No! no!' cry all the members at once, waving their hats. The spectators respond with applause, and cries of '*Vive la Convention!*') You tremble with horror when you see where you are—when you see that our power is confided to the hands of parricides. Robespierre had his will dominant in the Convention for six months, and now, being opposed, abandons it. Know, citizens, that yesterday the president of the Tribunal openly proposed to the Jacobins to sacrifice all members of the Convention whom they call *impure*; but the people are there, and patriots know how to die for liberty. ('Yes! yes!' from all, and applause.) I repeat it, we will die with honor. All this makes me see the abyss beneath our feet. It only needs that we hesitate, to fill it with our bodies!"

Robespierre darts (*s'elancé*) into the tribune.

"Down with the tyrant!" from numerous voices.

Tallien. "I demand that we rend the veil—I demand the arrest of Henriot and his staff. I appeal to all the old friends of Liberty—to all the ancient Jacobins—to all patriotic journalists—let them concur with us to save the Republic. I will bear my head bravely to the scaffold, because I say to myself, 'An hour cometh when my ashes will receive the honor due a patriot persecuted by a tyrant.' The man in the tribune is a new Catiline. He wishes to attack us each in turn, that he may destroy us. I demand that we decree our session permanent until the sword of the law (the guillotine) has secured the Revolution, and that we ordain his arrest."

These two propositions are adopted in the midst of the greatest applause.

Robespierre insists on having the floor. "Down, down with the tyrant!" shouted anew by all the members.

Louchet. "I demand the decree of arrest against Robespierre."

Robespierre, Junior. "I am equally guilty with my brother. I partake of his virtues. I demand also the decree against myself."

The arrest is decreed. All the members rise, and make the hall resound with the cry, "*Vive la Liberté! Vive la République!*"

Fréron. "Citizens, this day liberty and our country emerge from ruin."

Robespierre (sarcastically). "Yes! for the brigands triumph."

Fréron. "They wished to form a triumvirate which recalls the bloody proscription of Sylla—they wished to exalt themselves on the ruins of the Republic—these men were Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just. Couthon is a tiger, thirsting for the blood of the Convention. He has dared, as a royal amusement, to talk in the Jacobin Club of five or six of our heads. ('Yes! yes!' in all parts of the house.) He wishes to make of our bodies so many steps to the throne."

Couthon (sarcastically). "I want a throne?"

9th Thermidor (27th July), 1794.—The decree of outlawry is carried, and the final scene at the *Place de la Révolution* follows on the next day.

The guillotining of Robespierre and his associates destroyed the Jacobin Club at once. We give a picture of the old Jacobin convent, in which the club met, and from which it took its name. The time chosen

by the artist is when the bold Legendre locks it up in triumph, and carries the key to the Convention. The club had been Robespierre's stronghold, and with him it fell, never to rise again. For two years it had ruled France, and in this brief period it won an infamous renown.

One of the most valuable of the many important lessons taught in the French Revolution is the danger of locating a political capital in the bosom of a large city. It was Paris that ruled the Convention, and thus Paris ruled France. This shows the wisdom of our ancestors in building a town for the very specialty of political purposes, avoiding thus the boisterous element of a city population and the danger of mob violence.

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Having thus run through the columns of the *Moniteur* during nearly two years of its issue, we make a closing reference to other Parisian journals of the Revolution, a list of which would comprise

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| Le Courrier Français, | Les Annales de la République, |
| Le Tableau Politique de Paris, | Le Patriot Français, |
| La Gazette Française, | Le Journal de Paris, |
| Le Courrier des Départemens, | Le Bulletin des Amis de la Vérité, |
| Les Nouvelles Politiques, | Père Duchesne, |
| Le Courrier de l'Europe, | Le Mercure Universel, |
| Le Journal des Débats, | Le Courrier de l'Egalité, |
| L'Ami du Peuple, | Le Vieux Cordelier. |

Most of these publications were ephemeral and unreliable, except as manifestations of fierce political strife, and hence we have confined our extracts to the *Moniteur*, which, as it gives no opinions, can more safely be relied on for facts.

The French Revolution has always been a thrilling subject for the student of history, but the present civil war brings its distant scenes home to our closer experience. Such as feel the charm increased by our own upheaval will find the subject handled by authors of great variety. To such, Thiers will present the claims of large detail, Lamartine those of poetic beauty, while Carlyle excels in melodramatic power. The latter, indeed, groups facts and characters in those rapid and changing *tableaux*, which, like Martin's pictures, bear an unapproachable grandeur.

EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

A few words of explanation may not be amiss, to those who have noticed the unpretending illustrations of this volume.

THE ST. MARY'S CHURCH is taken from an English work, containing views of the chief ecclesiastical structures in the Kingdom. Camden says that St. Mary's is on all accounts the first parish church in England. It was commenced in 1249, but was not completed until 1376, and was then famed for its beauty. The tower of the church was subsequently injured by a storm, and is represented in this imperfect condition. The muniment room, in which the parchments were said to have been found, is directly over the porch.

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.—This spot will always interest the stranger in Paris, from its terrible associations. It is near the Tuileries, whose dome may be noticed amid the foliage on the right hand. Directly in front are the Treasury and other public buildings. It will thus be seen that the Revolutionists chose the most convenient place in Paris for the Guillotine. On these public grounds thousands could gather and still find room. Louis Philippe ornamented the place, and endeavored, so far as possible, to remove the fearful associations which surround it. A pair of fine fountains give an air of taste and beauty, while the obelisk of Luxor adds an interesting feature. This was erected there by Louis Philippe, and stands not far from the very spot where his own father, Philip Duc d'Orleans (Egalité), was guillotined, following in a few months his own kinsman (Louis XVI.), for whose death he voted.

THE GUILLOTINE AND ITS VICTIMS.—These vignettes are taken from reliable portraits, and one can easily recognize the characteristics of the originals. Robespierre's face shows cunning—Marat is stamped by brutality. Anacharsis Cloots is full of self-conceit, Fouquier Tinville of ferocity. The grace of the lovely Madame Roland and the sweet simplicity of Charlotte Corday are correctly rendered, and are in contrast with the haggard and exhausted features of Camille Desmoulins. Chaumette exhibits his native boldness, but Camille sunk under disappointment, and is the only one mentioned as weeping at the scaffold.

BEATRICE CENCI.—This picture may be called the most popular portrait in the world. It has been reproduced not only in oil, but in every style of engraving, and has now a cosmopolitan existence. As is generally known, the family of the Cenci suffered for years from the most horrible and unnatural cruelty of Count Cenci, their father, whose wealth screened him from justice. Driven at last to utter despair, a domestic conspiracy was formed, and his death was the result. For this his entire family was beheaded, except the youngest child, who was only spared lest a noble house should become extinct. The original was painted by Guido in prison, the day before Beatrice's execution, and our engraving is a correct representative of its style and character.

DANTON.—During Danton's early career his portrait was very popular in Paris, and our print, taken from an old French picture, gives one a correct idea of the bold and indomitable Revolutionist. It was his mind that conceived the fearful Tribunal while he had charge of the Judiciary of France (as Minister of Justice), and only one year after its inauguration he appeared as its chief victim. Among his last words were these, as he mounted the scaffold: "DANTON: NO WEAKNESS!" He was born at Arcis on the Aube, and was guillotined in the *Place de la Révolution*, April 5, 1794, aged thirty-five.

Carlyle, speaking of his death, says: "So passes, like a gigantic mass of valor, ostentation and fury, affection and wild revolutionary manhood, this Danton to his unknown home. He had many sins, but one worst sin he had not—cant. No hollow formalist, but a very man—with all his dross he was man. Fiery real, from the great fire-bosom of nature herself. He walked straight his own wild road, whithersoever it led him."

THE JACOBIN CLUB-HOUSE.—It was by one of those fortuitous circumstances in which history abounds, that the society of Revolutionary opinion opened its sessions in the old convent of the Jacobins.

These *Religieux* having, like the Capuchins and Franciscans, and other orders, become defunct, their places were supplied by a far different body. The building became the pandemonium of Paris, and was rife with the hisses and applause of the vilest rabble. In this place the most fearful episodes of the Revolution had their inception, and the voices of its mobs filled France with blood. Over this club Robespierre held won-

drous sway, and when voted down in the Convention, he found a last short consolation in its applause. In this place Anacharsis Cloots expatiated on human rights and the world's brotherhood; and here too Camille Desmoulins had been a pet. On the fall of Robespierre, Legendre dashed over to the convent, and with a nerve which one may wonder at, locked the door, and then, returning to the Convention, flung the key on the floor amid the applause of the astonished benches. It is now supposed to be empty, and the sentinels at the doors guard against its future occupation by the doomed society. The reader will note the revolutionary flag surmounted by the *bonnet rouge*, the red cap of Liberty. Before the building stands the tree of Liberty, protected by a fence, while near the gable may be read the inscription :

“*Société des Jacobins.*”

“*Unité, Liberté, Égalité, et Sécurité.*”

Under which motto the most horrible crimes were committed.

HENRIOT STOPPING THE RESCUE.—This is one of the most thrilling scenes in the Revolution, and one to whose fearful character no artist can do justice. Our illustration is from a French design, and barely attempts the truth. A wanton thirst for blood alone could prompt the deed. Bulwer has placed one of his heroines (Viola) in this *fournée*, and the artist portrays one countenance in obedience to fiction rather than fact. Before the next day Henriot himself was besieged by the Convention, and sixteen hours afterwards he felt the keen edge of the same axe to which the day previously he had sent this very *fournée*. The reader will observe that the head of each victim has been cropped, in order that the hair might not interfere with the executioner.

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.—This print represents the scene in the town-hall, at daylight on the 10th Thermidor, 1794. The building is besieged by the forces of the Convention, which have at length forced their way in. Henriot, the Commandant of Paris, who leads the defence, is drunk, and hence loses the fight. Robespierre in despair shoots himself. His brother tears his hair at the sight, while Payan looks on in bitter agony. Leaning against the wall, in solitary horror, stands the young St. Just, his natural sowl fiercer than ever, while his right hand clasps a pistol, which he has not resolution to fire. Couthon sits at a

table, his forehead grasped nervously by his left hand, and while some one proposes escape he feels his helplessness as a cripple. One points to the door, out of which two are hastening. Escape, however, is impossible, since the enemy holds the lower hall. In the foreground, Coffinhal has seized Henriot by the throat, to throw him out of the window in revenge for his drunken neglect, and others are helping him.

The reader will note the costume of the day,—short-waisted coats, with long skirts and broad sashes,—a style of dress affected by the *Montagnards*, and in fact the fashion of the Revolution.

THE CHESS-PLAYERS, OR THE GAME OF HUMAN LIFE.—This impressive outline is one of those delineations which have immortalized the name of Retzsch. To those who are familiar with his style, we need not say that his genius delighted in simple outlines, in which, by means of a few touches, he could produce the most powerful effect. In this style of art he stands unapproachable, and his illustrations of Goethe, Schiller, and Shakspeare have their place among the finest creations of genius.

The picture represents Satan playing with Man for his soul. The scene is chosen with a sort of mysterious reference to the whole idea that is to be expressed. The very architecture intimates the presence of that dark being to whose sphere belongs all that is horrible, confounding, and seductive. It is a wide vault, whose arch is formed by two lizard-shaped monsters, whose heads, half bird, half locust, as well as their short, misshapen claws, adhere closely to its two pillars, down which they seem to creep. The upper surface of a sarcophagus is transformed into a chess-board; and Man, as a fair youth, sits at this table, his head, covered with the curls of early manhood, resting on his hand, and his countenance full of careful thoughts. Opposite to him, on the spectator's left hand, is Satan, the Prince of Darkness, seated in a large chair, one of whose arms shows an open-mouthed lion, "seeking whom he may devour," while, lower down, the claw of this lion, grasping a human skull, intimates his death-bringing power. A broad cloak, from which only his bony, claw-like hands appear, is thrown around him, and his hair and his beard bristle wildly about. In his cap is the long, crooked cock's feather, which ancient tradition has uniformly regarded as suspicious. The features of his countenance are noble, for he is still a fallen

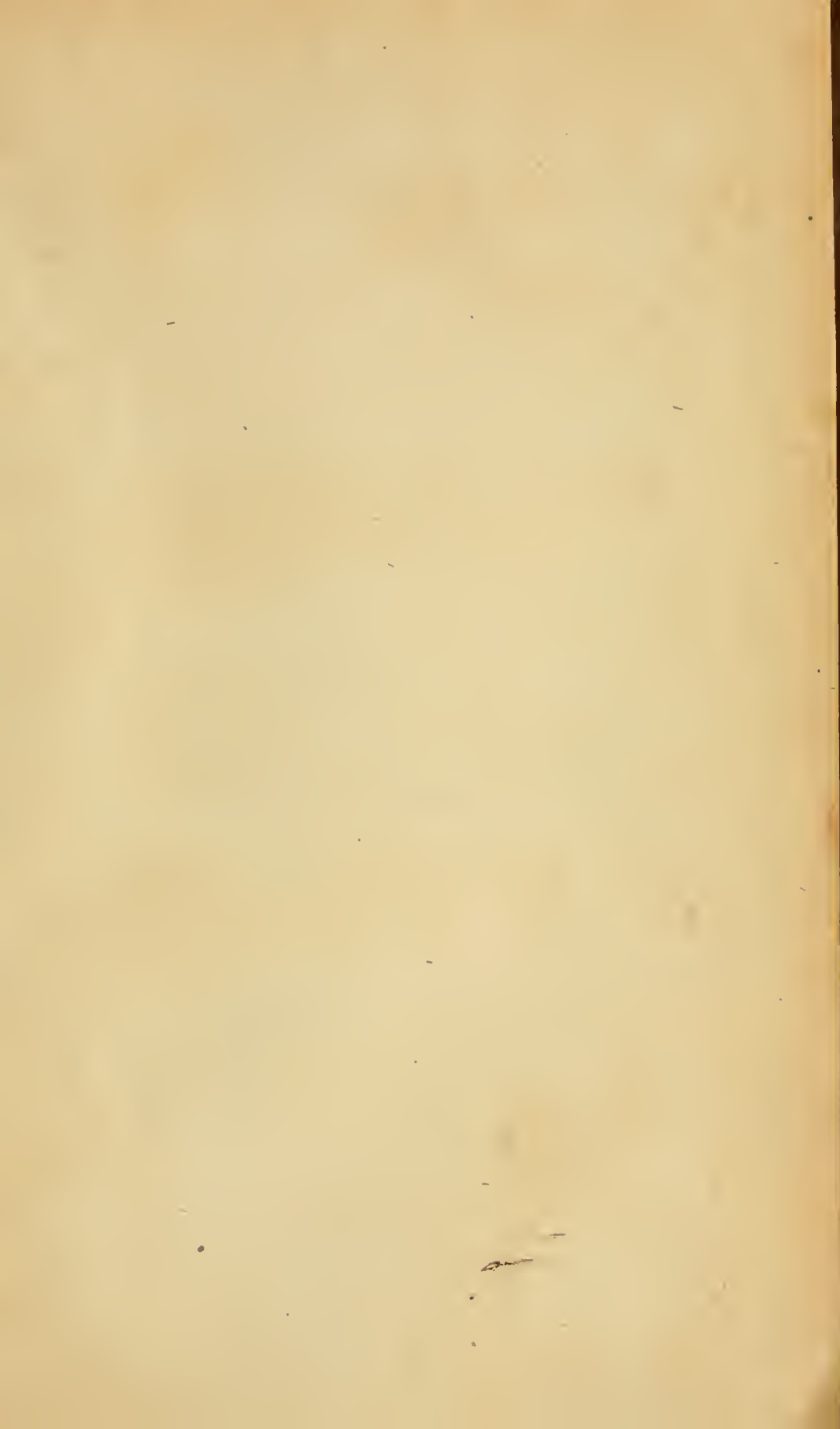
angel; but their expression, as becomes this fallen state, is devilish and hateful. He who was a liar from the beginning; he who plays falsely; he who breaks faith with all confederates, is undeniably before us, with all the coldness of a tiger, and with all the cruelty of a hyena. Contumely, scorn, hatred, malice rejoicing in mischief, may find here their appropriate features; and the hand on the chin may either conceal a demoniacal smile at the prize it is about to seize, or repress a horrid imprecation, before which the gates of hell would tremble, that deliverance may still be possible. Between the two players, somewhat in the back-ground, stands a gentle, lovely angel-form, with white and outspread wings,—a son of the Morning, the protecting spirit of this human being, but not seen by him. To thrust him away is beyond Satan's power;—the human being alone can renounce or reject him. But, on the other hand, the Genius himself, like conscience, can only gently warn, not directly counsel nor absolutely control conduct. He looks in sorrow down upon the critical state of the game; and is already partly turned away from the trust committed to his charge. But now let us look again at the game itself. The form of the King, on Satan's side, represents himself, muffled indeed in his cloak, but still to be recognized at the first glance. His forces are pressing eagerly forward. His queen, a voluptuous female figure with an unveiled bosom, is Pleasure, whose left hand draws her robe tightly around her alluring charms, while her right offers the cup of intoxication. The officers are six vices. 1. Indolence, sitting on an unhewn block of wood; a heavy, full form, with the head of a swine; hanging, misshapen arms, and clumsy legs. 2. Anger, rash and headlong, like the turkey-cock, that flies into a rage with every object it meets; wears the head of this bird, and fluttering his wings, bristles sharp quills upon his neck and back. 3. Pride, grave, moving stiffly forward, wearing on his head, which is tossed backward, a feather crown, one arm insolently thrust into his side; but forgetful, while he displays his splendid peacock's tail, how much of what disgraces him he leaves naked behind. Spurs are on his heels; an order is on his breast; one hand holds a full purse, the other is stretched out, as if giving command. 4. Falsehood, a form spotted like a tiger's, with the head of a cat, and the ears laid fawningly back. One hand is laid, as if to assure good

faith, upon her breast; while the other hides a dagger behind her back. 5. Avarice and Envy in one person, a bent, lean figure, gnawing its own hand, and pressing a casket closely under its arm. 6. Unbelief, an impudent, horned figure, both hands thrust into its sides, and overthrowing a cross with its foot. The eight Pawns are Doubts; small harpy-shaped creatures, with wings like bats, and sharp teeth. On the side of the Human Being, his own soul is represented as the King, with a broad robe firmly and anxiously drawn about him, and the wings of a butterfly on his shoulders. The Queen is Religion, the most powerful of all defences; a lofty, majestic figure, with ample pinions, stretching out one hand as giving protection, and holding in the other the sign of expiation. The Officers are, 1. Hope, with her anchor. 2. Truth, with a lighted torch and a reflecting shield, stands with Hope as a castle on her side. 3. Peace, with the palm. 4. Humility, her head bent in prayer, and her person sparingly clad. 5. Innocency, a naked child, stretching forth its arms confidently to all. 6. Love, two children embracing each other, cheek pressed against cheek, while above both rests a single star. The pawns are here represented as angels' heads, winged, and worshipping. They signify Prayer; for, as an Officer who has been lost, may be recovered in chess by a pawn, so may a spiritual loss often be recovered by prayer. The game stands ill for the Human Being. His adversary has already weakened the power of prayer, by taking from him several angels' heads: Love and Innocence are lost; Humility gone; and Peace, just seized, is still held in his claw-like fingers. Pleasure, Unbelief, and Evil Doubts are pressing tumultuously forward against Religion, who stands there tranquil and sublime; protecting Man, who is thus attacked in so many ways, but who, so long as he does not give up Religion, may yet hope for escape. Unhappy man himself has only vanquished Anger, and overcome a single Doubt. The ornaments of the outside of the Sarcophagus,—a Psyche alarmed at the approach of Death and images of terror—indicate more nearly the disposition and state of the human soul. Two Death's heads stretch forth from the ornaments of the panel, and, with fleshless jaws, seize on her delicate and ethereal wings. Horror-struck, she hides her face in her hands, whilst these impure monsters wind their protracted trains repeatedly round her light form, and, by

constantly relaxing and contracting themselves, cruelly sport with her faint-hearted despondency. But, if she should succeed, though with impaired flight, to struggle away from her tormentors, then these Phantoms, which are rooted in the Sarcophagus itself, would be unable to follow her, and those words of consolation would here, too, be fulfilled: "The terrors of the Grave shall not overcome thy soul."

Whether, therefore, we regard the originality of the invention, or the perfect keeping of the allegory, this design will still remain one of the happiest creations of genius and art. The mind that willingly turns its thoughts upon what is most serious in life, cannot easily remain unmoved by the deep meaning of the idea here represented; while many a presumptuous spirit, beholding Peace already in Satan's hands, Innocence gone, Doubts urgent, and the assured prospect, that the bold game itself must be lost if Religion be sacrificed, may yet cast a searching look upon what is passing within himself. Above all, would we draw the thoughts of Woman to this design, partly because, as the high heavens are most perfectly reflected in the tranquil mirror of the waters, so is all that is elevated most purely and gladly reflected from her tranquil spirit;—and partly, too, because the delicate and spiritual wings of many a gentle Psyche are wasted away and devoured by the loathsome Phantoms which have wound about them. To all, then, and especially to each such suffering Psyche, may this image declare aloud that all sufferings are earthly and transient, and that, by a quiet patience, they can yet struggle upward to a peace and happiness, to which their tormentors can never follow them.





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